

COMIC.

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Vol. I

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SENATOR MULDOON.

By TOM TEASER.



Muldoon paced the floor like a tiger, and began to roll up his coat-sleeves. "Be Heaven, I will thrack the scoundrel who made those portraits to the death!" he exclaimed.

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SENATOR MULDOON.

By TOM TEASER.

Author of "Muldoon, the Solid Man," "Mulligan's Boy," "Nip and Flip," "Jim Jams," "Corkey," "Muldoon Abroad," "Jimmy Grimes," "A Bad Egg," "Two in A Box," "The Deacon's Son," "Skinny the Tin Pedler," "Mulcahy Twins," "Hildebrandt Fitzgum," "Muldoon's Boarding-House," Etc.

PART I.

Just about a year ago this October a gentleman stood leaning over the rail of the Cunard steamship "Russia."

He was a broad-shouldered, rather stout gentleman of about fifty, with a good-natured, rollicking Irish face, adorned by side-whiskers of the supposed Dundreary pattern.

He was dressed in a fashion at once strange and comical.

A broad blue shirt, ornamented and atopped by a huge white collar, and tied in front by a gorgeous red scarf, a pair of white duck pants and a regular sailor's cap with long black ribbons pendant from its rear, was his attire.

He appeared to be completely satisfied with himself, however, if his remarks were any criterion.

"Faix, me suit is very *recherche*," soliloquized he. "It is the proper cap for a bould seaman. Ah, I would I were a corsair, to sail swately over the say wid a dagger in me hands and blood upon my boots. But me suit, if not, perhaps, gory enough for a villain robber, is jist roight for a quiet passenger ship, where the only blood yez see is on the roast beef, and the hoighest excitement is the death of the captain's cat."

Here the speaker was interrupted.

An officer, a big, burly son of the sea, came along with a typical roll of his body from side to side.

As soon as he caught sight of the figure at the rail he stopped.

He stared blankly at it.

He did not appear to believe the evidences of his eyes, and rubbed them with his horny fist as if he was not sure but that he was the victim of some optical delusion.

There was a sailor—a common sailor, so he thought—idling upon the sacred precincts of the passenger deck.

And, horror of horrors! he was smoking, for a tiny curl of smoke ascended upwards from a cigar held in said sailor's hand.

Second Officer Greggs—for that was the officer's name—felt his blood boil at this violation of ships' rule.

"You infernal fool," bawled he—(the second officer was an old sailor, and apt to indulge in black-tinted language occasionally)—"what the blue blazes are you doing up here?"

Muldoon, who didn't have the faintest idea that the second officer's abjuration applied to him, strolled carelessly around to see who the first officer was swearing at.

"Here, you idiot," cried Mr. Greggs, "did you hear what I said?"

The supposed sailor seemed, for the first time, to be aware that he was being talked to.

"Well?" said he. "What did yez say?"

"I told you to go below," shrieked Mr. Greggs.

"What for?"

"What for? You'll find out, blast your salty cheek. Go down below, I say."

"Whin I get good and ready."

The answer sent all of Mr. Greggs' blood apparently to his face.

"You—you—you," sputtered he, "you puppy—you land crab—you son of a sea-cook—you calico-eyed and flannel-mouthed offspring of a monkey and a mule, I'll put you in irons."

"Divil a bit. I prefer to be put in jewels. Who are ye, anyway; and are ye ofthen affected wid such spasms and apoplectic epilepsy? I would advise ye to retoire to a refrigerator and put cracked ice on yez skull to kape yez brain cool."

This remark was more than Mr. Greggs could stand.

To be thus addressed by a common sailor!

He started forward and made a move as if to knock the sailor down.

The sailor divined his intention, and dodged quickly to one side.

"Help! help!" exclaimed he; "there is a lunatic at large. The cell-door wur lift open, and he has escaped. Help! for Heaven's sake!"

The sailor's voice was a good one, and soon half a score of passengers came running up.

At their head was a gorgeously-attired gentleman, built like a prize-fighter, whose coal-black mustache was waxed till it fairly shone, and from the bosom of whose colored shirt sparkled a diamond big as a walnut.

The gentleman, whose face seemed of a sudden to beam with pleasure, flung off his coat and spat upon his hands.

"Is it a fight?" asked he, dancing expectantly around. "Is it a free fight, and kin anybody go in? Oh, say it is, and then—whoop!—look out for the wailing old ghost uv Bladder Canyon! Der touch uv his finger is paralyzin', and a blow uv his fist is an early grave. Oh, do say it is a free fight, and give der wailing old ghost a show."

Meanwhile the passengers crowded around, and were looking at Mr. Greggs for an explanation.

"It's nothing," said he; "only that blanket-faced sailor is up here smoking—blast his cursed nerve—on the deck reserved for you gentlemen and ladies. I ordered him below, and he gave me a lot of jaw-tackle."

The sailor's face flushed.

"Luk here, ye ould say-gull," said he, "do ye know who ye are talking to? I am a blanket-faced sailor, am I?"

"Yes."

"Well, do yez want to know what ye are?"

"What?"

"A weaver uv fiction."

"What's that?"

"Boudoir for liar!"

Mr. Greggs, losing all command of his temper, seized a belaying-pin, and was about to send it crashing into the presumptuous tar's head, when the gorgeously-dressed gentleman, who had characterized himself allegorically as a wailing ghost, suddenly sprang between the two.

Quick as it can be written—perhaps quicker—

a silver-plated revolver flashed in his hand.

"Mr. Greggs," he said, "jist yer lower dat piece uv wood. Do yer want to commit murder?"

"What have you got to say about it?" asked the first officer. "That man's a member of the ship's crew, and as such he is subject to my orders."

The other laughed.

"Greggs," said he, "jist yer take der jibboom uv yer coat and wipe der sand out yer eyes. Look at yer supposed sailor! Good! Just scrutinize der fairy face wid keer."

Mr. Greggs did so.

He peered at the face of the fellow who had dared to dispute his authority.

A wonderful change came over the first officer's face.

From rage it turned to sheepishness—just such an expression of face, in fact, as a small boy might have who has been caught in the act of robbing his mother's preserve-jar.

"Well, I'll be keel-hauled and holy-stoned," said he, "and left to rot up in the crow's nest if it ain't Mr. Muldoon!"

"Tis meself," said the supposed sailor calmly. "Me 'Pinafore' suit misled ye in rayg to my indentity."

"It did," groaned Mr. Greggs; "but where in the name of Davy Jones, did you get it?"

"It was an idea uv my own," replied Muldoon—for the figure in the sailor's suit was none other but our old friend. "Bedad, I win widout raypose for a whole noight thinking it up. Madame de Lacy, the Hebrew tailoress in Dublin, made it from maps furnished by meself. Ain't I a daisy?"

The gorgeously-dressed gentleman gave Muldoon a sad, sorrowful look of anguish.

"Muldoon," he said, "yer and I are relations; we've stuck together; we've got full together; we've—we've acterooally went to church together."

"Yes," replied Muldoon.

"We've slept in der same gutter, and rode innocently to der station-house on der same shutter."

"Yis."

"But now we part as strangers. Our dream uv love is over. I kin socialize wid a beggar and smoke wid a tramp, but I'll be derved if kin disgrace my reputation by associatin' wid thing in such a suit as dat. Do yer know yer look like?"

"What?"

"A wax-works uv Captain Kidd after being hung. Muldoon, I'm nuthin' but an old soft-shell crab, wid one claw gone and a hole in me back, but I'll give yer a piece of advice. For heaven's sake go, stay down into der bould, yer are enough to scare der paint off der ship's deck."

Muldoon gave Mr. Growler—for, as our readers have guessed already, the gorgeously-dressed gentleman was nobody but the Mike Growler, Senator from Nevada—a nod of pity.

"It isn't yesilf who is spaking, Mike," he remarked. "'Tis yez jealousy. Nobody but mesilf has such a suit."

"And nobody wants one," said Mike. "If you land in New York in that suit instead uv being received as a senator yer will be arrested as a lanatic. You better take it off, Muldoon, or yer wife will sue for a divorce."

Muldoon elevated his nose disdainfully.

"Ye have no eye for beauty av garb," he said. "I will go down into the cabin and crush the leddies."

"And yer will be crushed yerself," said the Hon. Mike, as he took a chew of tobacco and walked away; "fer ef yer ever walk into a cabin wid dat suit uv grave clothes onter yer der roof will fall down. Mind dat, cully."

But Muldoon was not be persuaded.

He knew none of his family knew about the sailor suit, for he had had it made secretly, and nobody except himself had, till our story opens, been aware of its existence. He strolled down into the main cabin.

Mrs. Muldoon, Mrs. Growler, Roger (Muldoon's son), Dan Muldoon and Hippocrates Burns were playing a social game of dominoes.

But when Muldoon arrived the game ceased.

The sight of him in his sailor suit was enough to make any game stop.

Hippocrates was the first to make any remarks.

He sprang up and yelled in the tones of a tragedian:

"Back—back, foul being!

"Be thou ghost of Hades?

"Or goblin vile?

"Take it away, my lord! take it away!"

As for Roger, he started up, and softly sang:

"What is it? Heavens, what is it?
Is it a chromo? Does it live, do you know?
Did it blow out, or did it flow out?
For heaven's sake, what is it?"

Dan arose, too.

"Give me a club!" demanded he. "Tell me its nature, and I'll kill it!"

The ladies said nothing, but their faces denoted intense surprise.

Muldoon was naturally not pleased at this not very flattering reception.

"Have yez all sparrows, or is it worms?" asked he. "Why am I saluted wid sich imbecility?"

"Ye ought to be saluted wid a cannon aimed square at yez head," replied Dan. "Where did ye get it?"

"Get what?"

"The suit av Pinafore relics. Bedad, I wouldn't be buried in such habiliments. They would doom a church."

"Terry," said Mrs. Muldoon, "ye love me, do ye not?"

"Ye know, Bedalia, me affection, loike the iver-green trees, niver withers."

"Thin will ye do me a favor?"

"Wid playsure."

"Take that horrid suit and pitch it overboard. Ye have no idea av yez awful appearance in it. Do ye suppose a true woife loike mesilf daysires to behold her husband drissed up loike a caricature in a comic play? Whin did ye get that suit?"

"None av yez business," sulkily said Muldoon.

"It wur not in yez trunk."

"I know it!"

"Where wur it?"

"Me loife-preserver wur inflated, and the suit wur hid in its air-cells," was Muldoon's reply. "So ye don't loike me attoire?"

Mrs. Muldoon said not.

"If ye will kape it on," she said, "ye will not have access to me chamber to-noight. It is down in the engine-room yez can slape—along wid the cannal coal."

Muldoon, mad at the unappreciation of his pet suit, turned to Mrs. Growler.

"Mary Ann," he said, "what is yez opinion ov me presince?"

Mary Ann, alias Mrs. Growler, Muldoon's sister, smiled a smile of merriment.

"You look," answered she, "just like a target which has escaped from some shooting gallery. How many shots for a dime, Terry?"

That was sufficient for Muldoon, the unkindest cut of all.

"Be Heavens!" said he, "whin I get to be Senator I will not raycognize wan av ye. It is aliens ye will be to me."

With this awful threat, Muldoon dignifiedly ascended to the deck. The captain was pacing lazily across his bridge, conversing with the first officer, while under the lee of the smoke stacks a group of passengers were gathered, passing away the hours as best they could.

Several glances were cast from the group at Muldoon, and presently he heard the sound of suppressed laughter.

Muldoon noticed that Mike Growler was amongst the group, and he readily conjectured the object of the merriment.

"They are laughing at me," he muttered; "'tis I who is food for their mirthful moods. And all on account av me suit. If anybody ilse wore it, its appropriateness would be universally lauded, but as it is I who is encased in it I furnish a target for vulgar jeers. Niver mind—he laughs loudest who has got the biggest mouth! Wait till I become Senator and tyrannize the State."

So speaking, Muldoon leant over the rail, watching the waves as they undulated past.

Suddenly a breeze came along. It was a sportive breeze, a breeze out for a frolic, and it silently took Muldoon's cap from off of his head and wafted it into the water.

Muldoon made an instinctive move to save his head-gear—but it was too late.

His hand only clapped his bare head.

"Stop the ship!" yelled he, "me hat is overboard!"

The group aft of Muldoon, those by the pipe, heard the cry. It was carried, however, indistinctly by the wind, and a fat, red-nosed army contractor, Mr. Higgins by name, who was returning to his native shores after "doing" Europe, misconstrued it.

"Man overboard!" he cried, rushing to the rail.

He beheld the hat float by. Naturally, in his excitement, he conjectured that a human being was connected with the hat.

"Man overboard!" shouted he, with renewed vigor.

The captain heard the cry. His laziness was gone in a second, for, with one exception—the shout of "fire"—that of "man overboard" is the most appalling at sea.

He became a being all activity.

"Stop the steamer, Mr. Haynes," he said to the first officer. "Man overboard! Lower the long-boat!" Then he rushed down to the deck to where Mr. Higgins stood, peering with distended eyes at the rapidly receding hat.

"Did you see his face, sir?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Higgins, "but I heard a cry and saw his hat float by. You see it?"

The captain did.

In a trice the long-boat was lowered, and the crew, sturdy salts every man, bent to their oars like Trojans, in pursuit of the supposed drowning man.

Meanwhile, with lightning rapidity, the news of the presumed accident had spread through the ship, and a hundred eager eyes followed the wake of the long-boat.

Muldoon still stood aloft.

But he was happy.

Really, his bosom was puffed with pride.

"Bedad," said he, "I cannot conceal me identity. Me personality appears to be known iverywheres. I niver tould the captain who I wur; niver did I state that I wur Terence Muldoon, candidate and first choice fur Senatorial honors. Yet, bedad, as soon as me cap blows off the big boat is sint in quest av it. There is a feather in me plumage which I will crush Mike wid. Shure, all av his clothes, down to his socks, moight blow off an' they wouldn't aven sind a naygur cook or a hen-coop afther thim. I must thank the captain."

So Muldoon went up to the commander of the ship, who was absorbedly watching his boat.

"Captain dear," said Muldoon, "'tis mesilf who hoighly appreciates yez courtesy."

"Hey?" replied the captain, somewhat impatiently.

"I want to ixpress me thanks."

"What for?"

"Yez politeness."

"Who to?"

"Mesilf."

The captain looked with surprise at Muldoon.

"My dear sir," said he, "really I don't know you, and I don't know what you are talking about. What is it you say you want to thank me for?"

"Fur sinding a boat afther me hat jist now."

"What!" exclaimed the captain, with emphasis. "I sent a boat after your hat?"

"Yis; it blew overboard!"

"But there is a man overboard!"

"Not aven an infant. 'Twas only me hat."

The captain, as he gradually comprehended the situation, was just about as mad as a man could be.

He said something which sounded like "dam-fool," and ordered a gun to be fired for the boat's recall.

The crew, who meanwhile had secured the hat, came pulling briskly back, and were soon on board.

"This was all we could find, sir," the officer in charge said, handing the cap to the captain.

That officer almost flung it at Muldoon.

"Take it," said he, "and be hanged to you!" and he strode savagely away.

The incident soon became noised about, and Muldoon was once more a laughing-stock, although, in truth, the captain and Mr. Higgins came in for a share of ridicule in sending the long-boat after a floating hat.

Muldoon got at last fatigued at the jokes which were openly by the men and shyly by the ladies directed at him.

He went down to his state-room just about dark, and, refusing to go to supper, laid off upon his berth.

He was tired with doing nothing—doing nothing is the hardest work in the world—and soon fell asleep.

A beautiful dream came to him. He dreamt he had been elected senator, and a smile played over his face as the bright visions of dream-land passed before his sleep-bound eyes.

He was the choice of the people, elected by a large majority—the banner statesman of New York city. He saw himself in a barouche, being slowly driven from the polls, while his enthusiastic supporters shouted themselves hoarse with delight.

Ah, it was a golden dream—a halcyon prospect.

But would it be realized? That is just what you are going to read the story to find out.

PART II.

MULDOON dreamed on.

While he was peacefully sleeping Roger came down into the cabin after something.

He beheld his father slumbering away, and a wicked idea occurred to Roger.

He crept softly out, without disturbing Muldoon's rest.

In the passage-way outside of the berth, two kittens were snoozing away their golden hours in cat-naps. From his pocket Roger produced a cord.

It was but the work of a moment to fasten the tails of the innocent, unsuspecting cats together.

Picking them both up, Roger carried them to Muldoon's room, and pitched them over into it.

Then he locked the door from the outside, placed the key in his pocket, and quietly walked away.

Muldoon lay calm as an angel. He was enthralled by a beautiful vision.

He was just addressing the Senate upon a great political issue, and the Senate was hanging spellbound upon his noble eloquence.

"America for the Irish," he was saying, "and the devil take the Dutch."

His speech was rudely interrupted—his dream came to an end.

Spit!

Spiff!

Scurry!

Pur-r-r!

Scr—scr—scratch!
Muldoon started up.
His state-room was nearly dark, and for a second he could not remember where he was.
But there seemed to be, from the racket which saluted his ears, a legion, at least, of fiends fighting, tooth and nail, in his room.
“Bedad, where am I?” ejaculated he.
Whoof!
Whizz!
Two dark bodies, with flaming eyes, flew over his bed.
Muldoon shrank back.
“Go, way! go way!” he yelled. “What are ye?”
Spiff!
Meauw—meauw!
The bodies flew back again, and this time a sharp claw scratched Muldoon’s wrist.
“Tigers, be Heavens!” exclaimed Muldoon.
“They have had a circus menagerie concealed on board av the boat, and the monsters have escaped. ’Tis doomed to death I am.”
Jingle!
Crash!
The cats—for, of course, the dark bodies were the two innocent kittens, innocent no longer, but transformed into feline demons by Roger’s act—had knocked over the water-pitcher.
Muldoon sat up and peered at them as well as he could.
“Are they rale, or brain phantasia?” queried he. “Bedad I fear for the latther. If I have the jams it serves me right; I had no business to dhrink sarsaparilla for me lunch. Go back to yez dens, ye wild furies.”
In order to hurry the wild furies to their supposed dens, Muldoon flung his pillow at them.
The flight of the pillow was followed by a second crash.
Muldoon turned pale.
“Begob, jist me luck!” said he. “I have foiled Mrs. Muldoon’s apothecary shop. All av her bottles av medicine which she kapes for curing colic and lung neuralgia are broken. ’Tis a wondher if I hav’n’t, also broken the looking-glass. If I have she will niver forgive me, for the ignominy of having to put on her wig wid a pail av wather as a mirror wud break her soul.”
Muldoon was not allowed to soliloquize long, because the cats started upon a fresh scrapping match.
Muldoon jumped out of bed with the bolster in his hand.
“Having failed to kill yez wid a pillow I will massacre ye wid a bolster,” yelled he. “If that fails I will go for ye nixt wid the bed itsilf.”
He struck wildly at the cats. Of course he did not succeed in hitting them, but what he did succeed in, by masterly efforts, was in knocking himself down.
He fell flat upon the floor.
Here was a chance for the cats.
They caught at it.
Somehow they managed to get the string which confined their tails about Muldoon’s neck—there being just about enough slack of the string to accomplish the feat successfully.
A cat was upon each side of Muldoon’s head.
They kept on trying to draw each other’s blood, reaching out furiously wth their sharp claws.
Muldoon was, however, between the angry antagonists.
And Muldoon received the whole benefit of their mrtual animosity.
They dug into his cheeks and face and neck as if he was their mortal enemy.
He bawled like a bull.
“Help! help!” screamed he; “will nobody come to me rescue? Kape off, ye fiends. Help! help!”
Muldoon bounced about the confines of the state-room like a maniac.
It was of no use.
The cats would not be shaken off. They clung to him like burrs to a blanket, scratching and spitting away like as if they were possessed.
Muldoon tried the door.
It was locked.

“The cats are gifted wid the divil’s own intelligence,” said he. “They locked the door when they came in, and have hid the kay. ’Tis me foot now ag’in st wood.” He lifted his foot and kicked with all of his might against the door.
The wood was frail.
Smash!
Muldoon’s foot flew through it as if it was paper.
It so happened that one of the women-servants, who had been scrubbing a cabin, was passing by with a pail of dirty water and a soapy scrubbing-brush.
Muldoon’s foot struck her square in the side and sent her reeling against the side of the passage-way.
She was a German woman, and she had a temper as spiced as red pepper.
She did not wait to ask the why or wherefore of the kick, but she went right for the man who gave it.
As Muldoon came through the broken door, she let the pail of slops fly square at his face.
Naturally, Muldoon was mad.
But the unexpected bath had one good effect.
It swept off the cats.
Yet Muldoon was not satisfied. He glared fiercely at the woman—that is to say, as fiercely as a man whose face was half covered with soap-suds could glare.
“What do ye mane, ye faymale outlaw?” asked he.
“Get oud, you Irish loafer!” she replied.
“Why did yez deluge me wid wather?”
“Why did you kick me?”
“I didn’t.”
“You did.”
“Woman, ye are wrong.”
“Nix. You kicked me with dot mule hoof out yours. I vos red, white und plue all over. You kicked me on purpose.”
“Divil a bit. If I kicked ye at all, it wur wid me fut.”
The German lady could not understand the fine distinction. She was kicked, that was all she knew about it.
“Shoost you dries dot again, und I makes you sick,” said she. “Bah! you flannel-mouth!”
“Lave me alone, ye pretzel-chewer!” retorted Muldoon. “A Hessian hireling loike ye, imployed in a menial capacity, has no call to bandy worruds wid a cabin passenger. Go back to yez intellectual job av scrubbing freckles off av the floor. I will no more av ye. If yez do not chassey away, I will call the captain’s attention to ye.”
“You vill?”
“Yis.”
“Sure?”
“Woman, I am a soldier’s widow, I niver lol.”
The threat of being reported to the captain roused all of the belligerent lady’s dander again.
“You oldt gorilla,” said she, “you pald-headed voman-kicker! Now you goes away to the captain, rebort me for a veek, if you vant to, but you goes mit der captain wth a head-dress.”
Quick as a flash, and before Muldoon could intercept her intentions or guard against it, she raised the empty pail, and dashed it over his head.
The pail was a very small pail.
And Muldoon’s head was a very large head.
The result was a pretty even fit.
Just a trifle too snug, however, to be comfortable.
Having performed this feat of mischievous revenge, the woman ran away, saying as she went:
“Shoost you go to the captain now, voman-kicker!”
“You—you—” yelled Muldoon, half-stifed.
“Ta, ta, voman-kicker, voman-kicker!” came back in tantalizing accents.
Left alone, Muldoon tried to get the pail off.
But he couldn’t.
It stuck as firmly as if it had been born upon him.
At last he came to the resolve that he must

have assistance, so he started in search of aid. The pail was of wood—very naturally Muldoon could not see through it—in fact, he could scarcely breathe.
Therefore he must feel his way along the passage-way till the cabin was reached.
Cautiously he made his way till, as he thought, he had gained the cabin.
He was wrong.
Instead of going into the cabin, he walked deliberately into a state-room.
The state-room was occupied.
A maiden lady of doubtful years, but cast-iron morality, occupied it.
She was resting upon her bed reading a novel when Muldoon came staggering in.
The sight of a man coming into her cabin would have startled the maiden lady at any time, even if there was nothing remarkable in the man’s appearance.
But the sight of a man with his head wrapped up in a pail was more than startling—it was paralyzing.
For a second the maiden lady’s tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.
Muldoon next went staggering blindly along, finally stumbling over the wash-stand.
Away he went, flat as a flounder, dragging the wash-stand down on top of him.
Then did the maiden lady find voice.
She set up a screech which would have woke a mummy into life.
Muldoon heard his piercing echoes through his pail.
“Be jabers,” said he, “I belave I have fell down into the engine-room and broke the whistle.”
The lady’s screams were not without effect.
Passengers, officers, and crew came rushing pell-mell into the passage-way.
“What is it?” gasped the second officer—bluff Mr. Greggs—who had mistaken Muldoon for a sailor, as related last week.
“I don’t know what it is,” responded the maiden lady, pointing to Muldoon. “Look at it.”
Mr. Greggs was puzzled just about as much as she was.
“It’s a man and a pail,” said he, after due reflection, “but blast my tarry top-lights if I know what the blazes—excuse me, ladies—the man is doing in the pail.”
“Kick it and see,” said a voice, which belonged to the Hon. Mike, who, of course, was one of the first upon the scene. “Lemme kick it!”
“Don’t, Mikey,” said his wife, “you might hurt the poor fellow. Who can it be?”
“Looks like a sailor by the dress,” said a passenger.
The words seemed to give the Hon. Mike an idea.
He looked at the strange hybrid carefully.
The result of the look appeared to confirm some half-formed opinion of Mike’s.
“I knewed it,” he said.
“What?” asked his wife.
“Dere is only one man who could get his head in a pail that way, and he’s done it.”
“Who’s the man?”
“Yer can’t guess?”
“No.”
“Well, it’s Muldoon, of course.”
“But what in the world did he do it for?”
“I’ll never tell yer, Mary Ann. Der never waz anybody what could exhume der motives uv Muldoon’s aets. Wot for did he buy a yard uv smoked glass ter luk at der comet for? Why did he git cast away upon a bathing-house? Why did he git dat Pinafore suit made? In fact, Mary Ann, why does Muldoon do anything?”
Mrs. Growler confessed she gave it up.
Muldoon’s acts were certainly remarkably eccentric at periods; but then eccentricity, so says a famous philosopher, is an attribute of greatness. Therefore, if the famous philosopher is true, Muldoon must have been a very great man.
But that was not getting the pail off of his head.
A caucus was held.
It was decided that part of the conclave hold

Muldoon by the feet while the rest pull away at the pail.

The only one who demurred at the fancy idea was the Hon. Mike.

He had a better scheme.

It was to take an ax—a ship ax—and chop off the pail.

But it being presented to Mike that such a course, if adopted, would probably chop off Muldoon's head, also, he reluctantly consented to abandon it.

So Muldoon was seized by head and heels, and a tug of war began.

It was hard work, and considerable muscular force was expended before the desired result was attained.

But at last it was.

The pail was off and Muldoon's brain-piece was free.

His face, though, would have made a good card for a slaughter-house.

The cats had scratched it up not a little, while the inside of the pail, while it was being drawn so roughly off, had marred it more.

"Yer look pretty, yer do," said Mike. "If I wuz yer I would lean over der starboard deck and mash mermaids. Wot a sweet face yer have!"

"Faix, his visage luks loike a chunk av a raw beefsteak!" said Dan.

"Or a map of a plate of hash!" grinned Roger.

"Muldoon's face lookie likee hellie," said St. Patrick, his Chinese servant. "Shootie it."

That was the last straw.

"Begob," said Muldoon, "I do not moind being jeered by white Caucassians, but whin a bloody ould Mongolian insults me, the line av self-conthrol is past," and a kick lifted St. Patrick clean out of the door.

The Chinaman rubbed the kicked part and faded sweetly away.

"Muldoon belly muchee madee," he lisped. "Me goee away—bobbee up selenely—by-by takee headee, goee down now!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Muldoon had come forward. Wifely anger gleamed in her eye.

"Terence," she said, in cold accents, "will yez plaze to explain yez conduct?"

Muldoon quailed before the glance of his wife.

"I can rule a nation wid acclamation, but niver could I rule Bedalia Muldoon," he murmured.

"Did yez hear me question?" asked his wife.

"Yes."

"Thin explain."

Muldoon proceeded to.

It was a very weak explanation, it must be acknowledged.

Dreams, cats, kicks, Dutch women, soap-suds and pails appeared to be [most mysteriously mixed up.

Mrs. Muldoon could not understand it.

In fact, Muldoon, as he went along, could not understand it himself, and the puzzled and skeptical glances cast at him by his hearers served all the more to confuse him.

"Yez see jist how it wur," he said at last, breaking off helplessly.

"I don't," icily said Mrs. Muldoon.

"I am more mixed up than I wur before yez began," said Dan.

"Ginerally speaking," remarked the Hon. Mike, "I kin see through a brick wall, but I'll be blessed if I kin see through dat fable av yours. Put it through a sieve."

"There is only one thing I can see about it," again spoke up Mrs. Muldoon, "and that thing is perfectly plain."

"What is it?" queried Muldoon.

"Ye have been at the brandy-bottle again," she said.

"Bedalia, ye wrong me," began Muldoon. "I have not used brandy excipt as a beverage for fifty years. I——"

"That will do," she answered, as she moved away. "Leddies and jintlemen, I thank yez for yez civility to me inebriated husband. What a dreadful thing it is to be the spouse uv an imbecile sot!"

With broad grins ornamenting their faces, the crowd moved away, Muldoon following forlornly in the rear.

"Where are yez going, Dan?" asked he of his brother.

"Play cards."

"Where?"

"In me room."

"I will join yez."

"No, yez won't," said Dan, with a wink at the rest of the party. "Ye have disgraced yez brother."

"And caused tears of sorrow to well in your son's eyes," solemnly declared Roger.

"An' caused der finger uv pity ter be directed at yer brother-in-law," said Mr. Growler, sadly.

"Muldoon, yer go right ter bed and try to get a bit uv sleep. Anybody wot sees rats and walks about wid their head in a pail is in a bad way. Der fust yer know yer will be goin' to heaven over der side uv der ship, wrapped up in a sheet wid a shot tied to yer heels."

Then the three walked off for a social game of poker, and Muldoon was left alone.

He went back to bed.

But not to sleep.

His sad reflections prevented him from so doing.

"I am the unluckiest man in the worruld," he said. "Fate is dead against me. Here I am, the victim uv circumstances, sober as a judge, and everybody belaves I am paralyzed drunk."

But here a golden gleam of hope occurred to him.

Was he not to be Senator?

What were all of the temporary annoyances of the present compared with the glorious blessings of the future?

The idea consoled Muldoon.

Turning over, he was soon asleep, his mind reveling in bright phantasmagoria of his senatorial career.

The days passed on.

Muldoon's scrape was soon gradually forgotten, his peace was made with his wife, and he became himself once more.

At last one bright autumn morning the stately steamship sailed majestically up New York Bay.

Home at last.

Off Sandy Hook the steamer had been boarded from a tug-boat by a dapper little gentleman—dressed to kill, as the saying goes.

It was Pythagoras O'Neil, the gentleman who had charge of Muldoon's interests.

The greeting between Pythagoras, Muldoon, and Mulcahy was most affectionate.

"How is me canvass going?" Muldoon asked.

"Splendidly," said Pythagoras, "elegantly. And your ovation, Mr. Muldoon—your ovation will be splendid. I have it all arranged."

"Is the ovation upon the quay now?"

"Yes, sir. And such enthusiasm I never saw. Why, the Muldoon Rangers, a body of young supporters of yours from Cherry street, have actually sat up all night to await your coming. And—ah! by the way, I would like to have fifty dollars to pay their fines."

"What fines have they to pay?"

"You see they all got so enthusiastic that about fifteen got into the station-house. But they are a noble set of boys. The captain, Hugo Rafferty, is a pearl. He's just a little overcome at present with joy at your safe arrival, and I had to take his sword away from him and lock him up in the freight-room, because he was playfully trying to run everybody through the body with it. He'll be all right, though, by the time we reach the dock. Then I've got a German singing society—"Die Muldoon Sangerbund"—to sing, an Italian band to play, and sixteen babies to kiss. You mustn't forget to kiss the babies, Mr. Muldoon; it will be a big card."

"Are the babies clane?"

"Clean as snow. I had them all washed this morning. There is one negro baby whom you must kiss sure. It will catch the colored vote."

"An' I may catch the measles," Muldoon groaned. "How does the press raygard me?"

"Splendid. Read that."

Mr. O'Neil handed Muldoon a paper.

"You will find a paragraph marked," said he.

Muldoon did find a paragraph marked.

It read as follows:

"BACK AGAIN.—We understand that the celebrated old crow-eater, Muldoon, who is try-

ing to disgrace the State Senate by being elected to it, arrives in New York to-day. A miscellaneous array of drunkards, thieves, shoulder-hitters and ex-convicts, it is understood, will receive him. The police reserves have been ordered out."

Muldoon's face was a study as he read the paragraph.

"Do ye luk upon that as splendid, Mr. O'Neil?" asked he.

Mr. O'Neil took back the paper, looked at it, and for a second was discomposed.

His self-possession, however, was soon regained.

"I gave you the wrong paper," he excused. "That is a mean, contemptible, opposition penny paper. Here, now, is one."

He handed a second sheet to Muldoon.

This paper caused a broad smile to play upon our hero's visage.

The news of his arrival was displayed in large letters:

"HOME AGAIN!

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE RETURNS!

MULDOON BACK TO-DAY!

The Pride of the Populace Arrives!

A Splendid Reception to be Given, Etc., Etc."

This favorable notice caused Muldoon to feel himself again.

Wine was ordered, and the corks flew fast till the pier was reached.

It seemed alive with people.

"They are all there to welcome you," said Mr. O'Neil. "It should be a proud day for you."

"'Tis a red-letther day in me calandhar an' loife," replied Muldoon. And he meant it.

The massive steamship was soon secured to the dock.

The gang-plank was put out.

Muldoon was the first to step upon it.

The moment Muldoon was seen upon it the wildest cheers rent the air.

"Hurrah for Muldoon! Muldoon forever! Three times three for the Senator!" and his enthusiastic supporters seemed fairly wild with joy.

PART III.

HANNIBAL was probably proud after he had achieved his perilous passage over the Alps—so doubtlessly was Alexander the Great when he sat down in the solitude of his tent and wept because he had no more worlds to conquer.

But neither of them was as proud, so self-sufficed with joy, as was Muldoon when he stepped out upon the gang-plank.

The dock was black with people. It seemed as if all of New York had turned out to welcome him back.

The Italian band was playing vigorously upon the wharf.

The "Muldoon Sangerbund" were vocalizing a welcome.

The "Muldoon Rangers," drawn up into line, were hurrahing with wild and enthusiastic vigor, while the populace were seconding their efforts with noble zeal.

Muldoon doffed his hat.

"Bedad! I am the people's choice," he said; "a thousand vociferations proclaim me popular eligibility for the Senate. Aven a policeman is waving his club wid frantic excitement!"

Thus congratulating himself, Muldoon proceeded on.

A few more steps and he would have been safe upon the dock.

Alas! it was not to be.

Muldoon was not destined to step upon the pier without an adventure—an adventure, of course, which would have only occurred to himself.

The forward hawser—the one which held the bow of the ocean steamer to the pier—suddenly snapped.

The tide was running swiftly out.

The result was that the bow swung down with the ebbing current, and the space between the boat and wharf was materially increased.

The gang-plank was, by some oversight, not secured at either end.

And when the steamer swayed away it slid from its support, tottered for a moment, and finally fell down into the water.

Muldoon, as you all know, was upon it.

He, very naturally, being upon it, fell with it. The cheers were stopped.

Hats raised in the air suddenly dropped.

The look of exultation which had illumined so many faces was changed to an expression of fear.

Even Hugo Rafferty, the captain of the Muldoon Rangers, who had escaped from his captivity in the freight-house, but partially sober, and had been charging round with his faithful sword, was shocked.

"He's a deader!" bawled Hugo. "He's a watery stiff, sure!"

Indeed it seemed for one awful moment as if Hugo's words might be verified.

The gang-plank struck the surface of the rolling river with a splash.

There was a second splash.

It was Muldoon.

As the plank struck the water it tipped to one side, and Muldoon was pitched over into the current.

He went down.

The people's choice was submerged beneath the waves.

Then did the horror-stricken spectators seem to regain self-possession.

Cries of advice resounded upon all sides.

"Get a rope!"

"Bring a boat-hook!"

"Throw a life-preserver!"

"Pitch a plank!"

"Hurl a board!"

"Lower a boat!"

"Where's a life-line?"

Leaning over the steamer's rail, Pythagoras O'Neil, with a face pale as a sheet, loudly called:

"Save him, boys! Save your noble leader! Save Muldoon—your future senator!"

Hugo Rafferty was the first to respond.

He seized an old iron anchor which was cast away upon the dock, and pitched it overboard.

"Ketch onto it!" he bawled, "and it will float ye ashore!"

Muldoon was just bobbing up when the anchor came flying at him.

It came very nearly hitting him upon the head.

He dodged it by good luck, and wildly shrieked, as he spit the salt water out of his mouth:

"Throw me the dock, ye devils. Wud yez behowld me sink?"

Hugo Rafferty responded bravely.

He didn't have a dock ready to pitch, but other articles were at hand.

Inside of sixty seconds he had flung a barrel, two chicken-coops, a basket of apples, and a soap-box at Muldoon, and started zealously to back an empty truck overboard.

Other people, however, if not quite so frequent in their attempts at rescue as Hugo, were more judicious.

Muldoon was caught by boat-hooks, secured by a lasso around one leg, and finally saved.

"Bedad," he said, as his well-meaning preservers struggled with him, "I belave I wud prefer to drown. The death wud be quicker."

His preservers, however, did not take that view of the situation.

Muldoon was poked, pushed, and bounced about until finally, by aid of a chain swung about his middle by some amateur life-saver, he was hauled up, like a bale of cotton, upon the dock.

The broken hawser by this time had been repaired, and a second gang-plank put out, so that when our hero finally reached land and safety, Pythagoras O'Neil and his family were anxiously awaiting him.

"Thank Heaven, you are saved!" exclaimed Pythagoras.

But Muldoon didn't appear to join very heartily in the pious expression of thanks.

"Who threw that anchor at me?" said he. "It wur a put-up job for me assassination. If it had iver hit me I wud have wint to the bottom loike to a ball of lead."

"Hugo Rafferty threw it," said Pythagoras, soothingly. "He meant it for the best."

"In me moind," replied Muldoon, "he's a thractor in disguise. Where is he?"

Just then there was a resounding splash from the other side of the dock.

"The stuffing has fell out of the pier," said Muldoon.

It hadn't, though.

Hugo Rafferty, in his half-intoxicated zeal, and oblivious of the fact that Muldoon was saved, had finally succeeded in running the truck overboard, and, clinging unwisely to its tail end, he went overboard also.

The public notice was soon attracted from Muldoon to Hugo, and six or seven Muldoon Rangers dove in after their leader.

They collided with one another, and nearly succeeded in drowning Hugo, who, being sobered by his involuntary bath, and being a good swimmer, after a while got out of their reach, and put for the shore.

Pythagoras O'Neil, like a wise diplomat, took advantage of the state of affairs.

He knew that Muldoon, wet as he was, would not gain extra health by standing upon the street exposed to the stiff breeze.

A carriage was near by.

Into it he bundled Muldoon, and the driver was ordered to drive as rapidly as possible to Muldoon's city abode—which was a neat brown-stone house upon Madison avenue.

Muldoon's reflections, as he was being driven along the route, were not of the most roseate hue.

"To-morrow I will be a butt av ridicule fur all New York," said he. "I arroive in New York to receive an ovation—instead, I receive a ducking. Me luck to an iota. If I should plant a rose-seed into me observatory it wud turn out a stink-weed. Niver did I boil a lobster widout it busted or escaped from the pot!"

Pythagoras tried his best to cheer Muldoon up.

He said the ducking was, as everybody knew, an accident.

"But I will make it out different," he said.

"I will say it was a fiendship plot for your death—that the rope was purposely cut by a hired assassin—an assassin bribed by opposition gold! We will offer fifty dollars reward for his capture."

"The reward will niver be claimed?" Muldoon asked.

"No."

"Thin offer a hundred dollars. I will be gin-erous or die!"

Pythagoras said he would do as Muldoon wished, and the house being reached, the subject was dropped.

After a good supper, a glass of wine, and a cigar, Muldoon felt decidedly better.

Pythagoras left, and Muldoon sat in his library, puffing forth big smoke clouds.

Suddenly a servant appeared—no other but Mr. H'enary Higgs—back to his old post.

"Well, Henry?" asked Muldoon.

"Somebody to see you."

"Who?"

"He didn't give his name, h'and h'if h'i was you, Mr. Muldoon—'oping you will h'overlook the liberty I take h'of h'advising you—h'i would get a gun."

"What for?"

"H'i think the person who wants to see you h'is a villain, h'and there h'is blood h'in his h'eye. H'i would."

Mr. Higgs was interrupted by a wild stamping in the hall, and a burly voice yelling:

"Where der bloody blazes is der duffer wot went ter see Muldoon, ter tell him dat I wuz below—where is he? Der galvanized ape?"

Mr. Higgs trembled.

"'Ear his voice," he said to Muldoon. "He's h'a devil."

"Sind him up," Muldoon said; "it may be wan av me Senatorial supporters."

Mr. Higgs, with a bow, obeyed.

Soon the door of Muldoon's room burst open. A big, burly fellow, carrying a big club, and with a big black patch over his off eye, came in.

He wore a collarless shirt, pants tucked into his boots, and a cud of tobacco was visible by its protuberance from one cheek.

He walked in and slung himself upon a chair,

playfully rapping the floor with his club as he did so.

"Yer Muldoon?" asked he.

"Yis," politely replied Muldoon.

"Got money?"

"Yes, a few spare dollars."

"Take it and go buy a new face. If yer went skating dat mug av yers would crack der ice. Yer know me?"

"I hav'n't the geniality of yez acquaintance."

"I am Billy the Kid."

"Plazed to see ye."

"Know my repertation?"

"No."

"Der's a leech in my tooth, and I'm wicked. Savvy?"

"I believe so."

"Dat's right. Know wot I want?"

"No, sir."

"Ten dollars."

"What for?"

"Saving yer life. Hadn't been for me yer'd been a stiff—a floating stiff. Der would have been eels in yer ears and a crab in yer stumick."

"How did ye save me loife?"

"Yer fell overboard, didn't yer?"

"There is an allegory to that effect."

"I kicked in a barrel av ile, and pitched der ile overboard. It saved yer life?"

"How?"

"Der ile calmed der water; made der rescue easier. Ten dollars."

"Faix, I don't see why I should give ye ten dollars."

Mr. William the Kid looked around.

A splendid clock was ticking away upon the shelf.

"Wot's dat clock worth?" asked he.

"Fifteen dollars."

"Know how to save five?"

"How?"

"Gimme ten."

"What do ye mane?"

"Jest wot I say; if yer don't give me ten cases I'll club der entrails out uv dat clock. Savvy?"

Muldoon saw that the ruffian was fully equal to doing what he promised.

He concluded ten dollars was cheap for getting rid of him.

"Here," he said, writing out a check, "is yer wealth. I suppose, Mr. Kid, ye will support me at the next election?"

"Not by a blank sight."

"Why?"

"Yer too derved high-toned. I hate a duffer what uses a handkerchief to blow his nose wid. Fingers is good enuff for me. So long!"

Rapping carelessly upon the floor with his club as he passed out, Mr. William, the Infant, faded away.

"The troubles av political loife have begun," said Muldoon. "He is the first stinker. Who's next?"

He soon found out.

A little darkey, with two rows of gleaming ivories in a grinning mouth of horse-collar size, came in.

"Dis Massa Muldoon?" interrogated he.

"Yes, me futurè President," replied Muldoon.

"De culled boys ob youse district sent me here."

"What for?"

"To see you."

"About what?"

"Dey say youse berry kind gemman. De ole man—dat farder ob mine—say last night dat youse'll be de berry first Hibernian gemman dat eber he voted for."

"Bedad! give him me best rayspects, and tell him his raymarks do great credit to his discernment. What can I do for ye?"

The little nig grinned again.

"We's got up a base-ball club," said he, "and de ole man say dat if we call it astah youse, youse might buy us de bats and de ball. Five dollars—do it up nicely, sah."

Muldoon groaned.

Here it was again.

But he saw it was necessary to accede to the strike, for there was a large African element in this district.

Five bright trade dollars were paid over to the sable son, who went away promising:

"Dah ain't a nig in de ward, sah, dat wouldn't cut his froat for you."

Hardly was he gone, and Muldoon settled down to rest again, before a terrible burst of music was heard outside. It wasn't nice music -- of a sober, sweet, subduing nature--music calculated to soothe the savage breast. Instead, it was that sort of music which puts murder into a man's heart, and makes him reach involuntarily for a carving-knife.

Muldoon put both hands over his ears, and pulled vigorously at the bell-cord.

Mr. Higgs responded.

"What is that awful uproar?" he asked.

"Music, sir."

"What sucker is doing it?"

"Band, sir."

"Where are they?"

"In front h'of the 'ouse, sir."

"If ye have a bombshell, for heaven's sake, fire it at thim and scatter thim, or go up on the roof and baptize thim wid a hose."

"H'i wouldn't."

"Why?"

"H'i believe h'it's a serenade, sir. They 'ave a banner with them h'and a picture h'on h'it. H'i thought h'at first h'it was a picture h'of h'an h'ape, but Roger says h'it h'is a life-size picture of you. Listen, sir. The music has stopped."

So it had.

"Thank the Lord," exclaimed Muldoon, fervently.

Just then came a sound of voices.

"Listen," said Mr. Higgs, "they h'are 'urrahing."

"Hurrying--it sounds as if they were crying. What are they hurrying about?"

"For you. Hark!"

Sure enough, shouts of "Muldoon!" "Muldoon!" "Muldoon!" were heard, while all of a sudden the band crashed forth again.

"Hey, Muldoon," Mike said, putting his head in the door; "go out on der balcony. Der boys want yer."

"Will it stop the music if I do," Muldoon queried.

"Uv course."

"Be Heavens I would go out on a toight-rope to accomplish such a successful effect. Lead the way, Mike."

The Honorable Mike threw upon the blind of the parlor and Muldoon stepped forth upon the balcony.

The street was crowded with people, while the band played away for dear life.

A storm of applause greeted Muldoon's appearance, which he gracefully acknowledged.

By the legend upon a banner Muldoon saw the serenade was due to the "Muldoon Young Men's Christian Association," of what ward or what assembly district was not, however, stated.

Muldoon felt his heart throb with gratification.

"They are all for me," said he. "Sect and creed are forgotten in backing me up for the Legislature. I bould the popular suffrage in the hollow av me haad. The gathering, too, is unsolicited--it is a spontaneous burst av popular enthusiasm. Hurray for meself!"

The Hon. Mike, hearing Muldoon's words, advanced forward, and with his natural modesty, took upon himself the office of Master of Ceremonies.

He placed his hand forward with a waving motion as a signal for quietness.

His signs were understood.

The band suddenly ceased its ear-splitting and headache-producing melody, and a sudden stillness ensued.

"Boys," said Mike, "I have der pleasure av introducing Mr. Muldoon. Jest yer foller his advice and yer will go to yer graves with glory. Catch on?"

Mr. Growler's address was just about suited to the mental caliber of those to whom it was addressed, and it was enthusiastically applauded.

"Hurray for Senator Growler of Nevada!" cried somebody who knew Mike.

The cheer was given with a will, for the bent

of the average crowd in a political campaign is to cheer. That is their chief object, and it makes no difference for whom or what they are cheering. Let them give their voices vent and they are perfectly satisfied.

The Hon. Mike retreated with a flush of pride reddening his cheek.

"Dey all know me," said he. "Der speech I made in der Senate about der advisability uv cremating all der Chinese, whether dey died or not, caught the affections of the people."

And self-sufficed, the worthy representative of Nevada sat down upon the rail of the balcony, and proceeded to fan his heated brow with his coat-tail.

Muldoon advanced to the front.

He assumed an attitude of the style which that great comedian, Billy Florence, assumes in the "Almighty Dollar."

A volley of hand-clappings greeted this assumption.

Muldoon recognized the tribute by bowing.

"Leddies and gintlemin," said he, "ye make me soul to swell wid deloight. 'Tis the proudest moment av me loife. I have just arroived, as ye know, from a foreign soil--from the land av the British red, queen-ridden England. It does me good to get back to me own America--the land av the free and the home av the brave."

Here cheers, yells, cat cries, and the wildest of laudatory exclamations interrupted Muldoon for awhile. When it had subsided he went on:

"As ye all know, I have been nominated to represent ye at Albany, to become wan av yer authorized law-breakers--law-makers, I should say."

"'Tis a post which I, if elected, will thry to fill to yer soul-felt satisfaction. I will discharge me duties to the best av me intellectual capacity. In fact, I will be utterly utter--too tooly all but in me guidance av public affairs. I will--"

Muldoon was not destined to finish his oration.

A band--a band four times as big, and four times more ear-splitting, came around a corner. And it was playing--each musician appeared to be putting in his work for dear life.

Muldoon's voice was utterly drowned.

"'Tis a put-up job!" said he; "that coterie av musical ruffians have been sint to still me eloquence!"

PART IV.

THE band seemed, as Muldoon said, desirous of crushing his eloquence.

"The strains of 'Oh, Fred! Tell Them to Stop' rang out upon the air with brassy resoundance loud enough to crush anything, except, perhaps, a fog-whistle.

Muldoon tried to go on with his speech.

He might just as well have tried to skate upon his ear.

Not a word which issued from his lips could be heard five paces off.

The band which had accompanied The Muldoon Young Men's Christian Association came to the rescue.

They started up.

One band was bad enough.

Two were worse.

The musical discord was simply horrible.

It was enough to make a man pray to be born deaf.

Muldoon placed both fingers in his ears, and turned with an agonized face to Mike Growler.

"Mike," said he, "have ye a revolver?"

Mike said no.

He had left it upon the piano.

"Why do you want it?" queried he.

"To blow an artery off," Muldoon replied. "I wud rayther die of blood-poisoning than be forced to listen to that band strife. I wud give fifty gould dollars fur an effective earthquake which wud engulf all av the musicians."

There wasn't, however, any earthquake to be obtained.

So the band kept on.

The band which belonged to the Muldoon party was led by a burly German, with mustaches *a la* Bismarck, and a fiery red nose.

The opposition band was generated by a Frenchman--a lean, lank Gaul.

Gradually the two leaders grew near to each other.

There was a look of deep scorn upon each face.

The German was the first to speak.

"Himmel!" said he, "vot you calls id!"

"Call what, sare," said the Frenchman.

"Dot awful discord."

"Dat was museek."

"You name id music. I dold you vot it vos. If id vos music, id vos sheed-iron music. It vos music vot would make maniacs out auf a man."

The Frenchman swelled up with insulted dignity.

"Eef I had ze band zat you have got," he said, "you know what I would do?"

"Vot?"

"Zere eez a dock near by."

"Yaw."

"I would lead zat band down to ze dock and jump off wiz it."

It was the German's time to get angry now.

"You dare talk about my band," said he.

"It vas de finest band in New York."

"Ven the rest are all seeek."

"My men are all artists."

"In ze white-wash line. Zey no know how to play. Vot zey play by, ze muscle?"

The German got madder.

"Pah!" exclaimed he, "there vos no use auf dalking to a fool."

"Who you call fool?"

"You."

"You say I vos a fool?"

"Yaw."

The Frenchman fairly bristled with rage.

"You repeat ze insult, sare, if you dare!" said he.

"Vot you do."

"You haf ze ruddy nose."

"Yaw."

"I have a right hand."

"Yaw."

"You call me fool again, and I take ze ruddy nose of yours wiz my right hand and I pull it."

"You would?"

"Oui!"

"You bulls my nose, und it vill be the vorse for you; for I vill blaster dot pig mouth auf yours all ofer your face. I vos a fighter."

The Frenchman smiled in derision.

"Sacre!" said he, "you fights ze notting. You runs away from a leedle child. You vas full of ze vind--like a bladder. You call me fool, if you dare!"

"Fool--tam fool--touble tam fool!" yelled the Dutchman. "Now vot you do?"

He soon saw.

His nose was grabbed by the game Frenchman.

"I pull ze gin-blossom off of your lager-beer face," said the assailant, tugging away at the other's nasal organ.

Whack!

'Twas the sound of a fist blow. The nose-puller got it square in the mouth, and he staggered back.

But he still held on to the nose and pulled with extra force.

As he staggered he slipped.

Down went both into the middle of the muddy street.

They rolled over.

A fierce fight ensued.

"Dutch hog!"

"French fool!"

"Shackass!"

"Son auf a gun!"

"E-e-diot!"

"Grazymans!"

"Suckaire!"

"Loafer!"

So they complimented each other as they struggled, giving and receiving blows with a right good will.

The rival bands ceased their strife of music.

With one accord, following the examples of their leaders, they sprang at each other.

A fierce riot ensued.

The air was full of guttural curses, flying instruments, and fierce yells.

The Hon. Mike meanwhile had got off of the balcony rail.

He seemed uneasy.

"It's a free fight, ain't it, Muldoon?" he asked.

"It has every symptom av it," replied Muldoon, dodging a stray brick which whizzed over his head.

"Anybody can go in?"

"Yes."

Mike took off his coat.

"I ain't been in a free fight for two years, since me and One-Tooth Docharty cleaned out Flannel-Shirt O'Neil's drinking saloon, der

crowd. Dere's one big galoot wot durned near cut off my ear wid a cymbal, dat I wanter stiffen."

"But what will yez woife say?"

"'Bout wot?"

"Yez ginerel demoralization."

"Oh—I'll give her a whole candy store. I'll tell her I was blown up by an electric light."

Away went Mike, and Muldoon was left alone to watch the fight out.

His waiting was not long.

A posse of police suddenly came charging around the corner, scattered the crowd like

"All right? Begorra, I should say it were all blood."

"Pshaw! you don't understand, Mr. Muldoon. I fixed it all."

"Fixed what?"

"The whole affair. First I got up the sere-nade, then I hired the other band to come and break it up."

"Were ye crazy?"

"No; it was political strategy."

"It may show signs av a wake intellect, but I'll be blessed if I understand it. Political strategy, though, is a good label to put on it." Pythagoras laughed gleefully.



The moment Muldoon was seen upon the gang-plank the wildest cheers rent the air. "Hurrah for Muldoon! Muldoon forever! Three times three for the Senator!" and his enthusiastic supporters seemed fairly wild with joy.

'Saint's Rest,' at Angel's Roost. Here I go. Whoop! Look out for der Howling old Hurricane uv Hell Gate wot covers its path wid gory corpses."

In a minute Mike was in the middle of the fray.

A minute more he came out of it.

It seemed scarcely possible that sixty brief seconds could change a man so completely.

Mike went in clean, well-dressed and good-looking.

He came out a ruin.

His clothes were torn, his nose was mashed, a stream of blood trickled from a cut lip, and one ear appeared to be half cut off.

"I ain't no hog," said he, as he walked up the stoop, "I've got enuff."

"Wur it a free foight?" asked Muldoon, with a grin.

"Yer kin gamble yer boots it wusn't a love-feast," replied Mike. "But I'm satisfied, fer it brings back old times. Makes me think uv the day down to Blood Creek, where I laid in a ditch for five hours wid sixteen bullets in me roight lung, an' a bowie-knife five inches inter my back. Dem wus der days when it wuz some fun living. Now I'm goin' up-stairs on der roof to fire bricks offen der chimby at der

chaff, and valiantly arrested an apple-woman and a blind beggar.

The fight over, Muldoon went back into the parlor.

"Me campaign is opening under glorious auspices," said he. "It is proceeding with great activity."

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Pythagoras O'Neil.

Pythagoras looked sleek and self-satisfied as ever, and a placid smile of contentment played upon his face.

"Ha, Mr. Muldoon," said he, "how do you feel?"

"Indignant!" replied Muldoon.

"At what?"

"The outrage."

"What outrage?"

"Are yez not acquainted with the incidents av the preceding hour? A concourse av gentlemen kem to serenade me. It wur done. I wur called upon fur a spache. I wur jist paralyzing thim wid me eloquence, whin a dirty band kem up an drowned me flow av language, and inded the proceedings wid a free foight."

"Precisely," said Pythagoras, rubbing his hands. "That was all right."

"New York, Mr. Muldoon," said he, "will be wild about it to-morrow. Six reporters are now writing it up at Levi's beer palace. Every paper to-morrow will devote at least a column to it. See—it will read this way:

"'Another Fiendish Deed! The Young Men's Christian Association, while serenading Muldoon, attacked by a Rabid Brass Band! A Terrible Scene! Muldoon's Brave Stand. 'I will die with the People.' The attack incited by political opponents! The awful results of party feelings, etc., etc.'"

"Now," said Pythagoras, as he finished, "do you understand?"

Muldoon began to.

"It was a good idea," said he. "The worruds, I suppose, 'I will die wid the People,' were uttered by me?"

"Of course."

"Faix, but they had slipped me memory; but all the same, it wur a noble utterance. I will have thim placed upon a piece of cardboard, and let Bedalia woruk thim out in blue worsted as a motto."

"It was a noble utterance!" said Pythagoras, enthusiastically. "It was a sentiment gleaming with the sacred fire of patriotism."

"Will yez put it down?" said Muldoon, proudly.
 "What?"
 "What yez jist said. Be heavens, I will have it framed."
 So they talked, Pythagoras taffying Muldoon up to the top bough until Muldoon began to realize that he was just about the biggest man ever created.
 "I believe I could give points in statesmanship to Napoleon," he said as Pythagoras arose to go.
 "Of course you could," said Pythagoras.

cock and wine all of the year around. He's a daisy sucker."
 With which remark Mr. O'Neil faded away.
 Next morning Muldoon was up early.
 Pythagoras had not lied in regard to the newspapers.
 The reporters had evidently been seen, for at least a column in every daily was devoted to an account of the supposed outrage, of which Muldoon was supposed to be the victim.
 Of course Muldoon was pictured in a heroic light, and resultantly Muldoon was satisfied.
 "After all," said he, "'tis a big intellectuality Pythagoras has. He knows how to con-

And she wasn't sweet.
 There wasn't a gambler in all New York who would have wagered even a cengh drop upon the possibility of her being a school-girl.
 She was not beautiful.
 But she was massive.
 She was about six feet tall, broad-shouldered, had a very perceptible mustache, and carried a big blank book, also a large cotton umbrella of an indigo tint.
 Muldoon arose in surprise.
 "Are you Terence Muldoon?" she asked, in a voice like rolling thunder.
 Muldoon confessed he was.



Muldoon was caught by boat-hooks, secured by a lasso around one leg, and finally saved. "Bedad," he said, as his well-meaning preservers struggled with him, "I belave I wud prefer to drown. The death wud be quicker."

"By the way, Mr. Muldoon, have you your check-book at hand?"
 "Why?"
 "I want a small check for expenses."
 "I gave yez a hundred dollars yesterday."
 "A hundred dollars, that is but a trifle. Why, I have had every pea-nut stand in the city painted green at your expense. That will capture the Italian vote, sure. And that is but a trifle to what I am doing to insure your election. Those two bands to-night will cost a cool fifty, with the fight thrown in. I won't charge for that, because it was unintentional. There has been bad blood between those two band-leaders for weeks. Just write off a check for three hundred."
 Muldoon obeyed.
 "Begob, if this kapes on," said he, with a sigh, "I will have to go to the capital as freight, for I will not have money enough to roide in a passenger car. Me balance at the bank is becoming as loight and airy as a spider's web."
 Pythagoras didn't care, though.
 He got the check, and that was all he wanted.
 "If Muldoon would only run for office all of the time," said he, "I would live upon wood-

duct a campaign. Shure, here is a paper wid a heading av: 'Martyr Muldoon.' If I foind out what reporter wrote that I will give him a valuable prisent. The title will take wid the masses."
 The above remarks were made by Muldoon just about nine o'clock A. M.
 He was sitting in his library reading the morning papers, and smoking away upon a cigar.
 By and by a knock came at the door.
 "Come in," said Muldoon.
 Mr. H'enery Higgs appeared.
 "H'are you at liberty?" asked he.
 "Why?" responded Muldoon.
 "Leddy to see you."
 "What's her name?"
 "Says she's h'a philanthropistess."
 "Show the lady with the musuem name up," replied Muldoon. "Perhaps it may be a mash. Me fairy face is constantly alluring famale hearts. Perhaps it is some soft, shy, sweet young school-girl who has been reading the 'Arabian Nights,' and behowlds in me an enchanted prince."
 Here the lady came in.
 She wasn't soft.
 She wasn't shy.

"Do you know," said she, "there are son to save?"
 Muldoon faintly asked where.
 "In Boola-Goola-Boo. You know, of course, where Boola-Goola-Boo is?"
 He confessed he didn't.
 "I know ivery place in the worruld except Boola-Goola-Boo," replied he. "Where does it live? Niver have I been introjuced to it. What is it, anyway?"
 "Boola-Goola-Boo," said the lady, "is an island. An island off the western shore of Africa. It is a sweetly fertile spot. Glorious waving palm trees, limpid streams, all sorts of tropical fruits. Yet my heart yearns for Boola-Goola-Boo."
 "Why?"
 "The population of Boola-Goola-Boo is fifty-six. All are Christians except one. And he—he will not be brought to the light—he refuses to see the error of his ways. He is aged and red-eyed, and dirty. He sits upon the fence, outside of our praying-meeting hut, and sings 'Pinafore;' he throws mud at our Sunday-school till the Sunday-school teacher, who is a real intelligent native of fifteen, goes home in tears. He gets full of palm juice every Saturday night and goes to our missionary's hut and

offers to stand that godly man upon his head for five brass buttons. Isn't that awful?"

Muldoon said it was.

It made him faint to think about it.

"But that is not all," said the grim female. "He has a hideous idol, made out of a soap-box and a feather duster, which he prays to."

"Fearful," said Muldoon, pretending to be shocked.

"New," said she, opening the book, "you would like to see that awful old man become a good citizen?"

"Yis."

"You would like to contribute to that purpose?"

"Faix, I hardly know."

"But you must, Mr. Muldoon. Your gift will be published in the paper to-morrow. The object of the fund, Mr. Muldoon, is to bring that dirty, red-eyed, aged old man here to America. Under the starry folds of the American flag we hope to save him. I might suggest twenty dollars as a gift. I will place your name at the head of the list. The sight of your name, which is already a household word in New York, will induce other people to subscribe."

Muldoon saw he was caught.

With apparent pleasure, but inward cursing, he wrote out a check, and the massive lady left, with repeated thanks.

He shook his fist after her retreating form.

"Oh, if I only had an air-gun or an electric-rifle!" he said. "The grass wud be growing grane over yez grave nixt spring. Boola-Goola-Boo wud niver trouble ye again. Ye wud be an angel, but ye couldn't set upon a cloud—ye would break the whole sky down. 'Tis a rainbow they wud have to erect fur yez to play yez harp upon—a rainbow wid masonry at each end."

So, Muldoon soliloquized, and he didn't get into a good humor again till dinner-time.

That night Pythagoras came rushing into the house in a state of great excitement.

"Mr. Muldoon!" called he, "where are you?"

"In the bath—gargling me fate," came back from up-stairs.

"Are you undressed?"

"Slightly. There is nothing but a liver-pad between me and indecency."

"Hurry up and dress."

"What for?"

"The Muldoon Rangers are coming. They are out on a torch-light parade in your honor."

"Shure, let them parade. The exercise will do 'em good."

"But you are to go along."

"Niver."

"Why not?"

"I have warts upon me fate, and I cannot walk. The carotid artery av me roight fut is swollen to a mastodonic size."

"But you needn't walk."

"Will I ride?"

"Yes."

"In a chariot wid red wheels?"

"No—you will be carried."

"In a hammock?"

"No—on a platform."

"Will it be drawn by spotted mules?"

"Nonsense. It will be placed upon men's shoulders. Hurry up. I hear the Rangers approaching now. Will you hurry?"

"Yes."

Mr. O'Neil was right about the vicinity of the Rangers.

They soon were in front of the house.

The band played furiously; the torches flared smokily, and wild cheers for Muldoon rent the air.

The Rangers had evidently stopped at several saloons upon their line of march, for they all seemed just about half-cocked—especially their noble commander, brave Hugo Rafferty, who was only persuaded with difficulty by Pythagoras from cutting the ears off of a passing small boy with his sword.

That sword was at once Hugo's pleasure and bane.

As a rule, he cut a fresh gash in his leg with it every five minutes, and when he wasn't doing that he was dropping it down and falling over it.

But he hung on to it grimly, and shrieked like a demon for Muldoon.

Presently Muldoon appeared.

He was dressed in full dress.

"Hurrahyer der old daisy—whoop!" bawled Hugo. "Rah! rah! rah!" and his followers did likewise.

Muldoon bowed gracefully.

He was about to make a few remarks, when four enthusiastic Rangers grabbed him, and bounced him bodily upon the platform, which was decorated with flowers.

The platform was lifted up on sturdy shoulders, and the procession moved.

Bouquets were flung at Muldoon—shouts rang out upon every side.

He took off his hat, and bowed right and left.

"I am the idol av the populace," said he. "Wan more hurroo, byes!"

PART V.

THE procession, of which Muldoon was chief ornament, was a sort of indefinite procession.

It was a procession without any definite goal.

It wandered up one street and down another street, with a wild and never-subsiding enthusiasm.

Perhaps it was because Hugo Rafferty directed the procession's progress.

Hugo was hardly able to direct his own movements, consequently he felt himself perfectly fitted to direct everybody else, a delusion frequently shared in by other people of better brains than Hugo.

The procession made several stops.

These stops were, by a singular series of coincidences, all in front of saloons.

At every stop Muldoon was forced down from his seat of honor and requested to "set 'em up."

Of course Muldoon complied.

Woe to the political candidate in New York who doesn't "set 'em up" for the boys.

After one of these frequent halts, Hugo got a very brilliant idea into his addled brain.

"Where are we?" asked he of Pythagoras O'Neil, who was trying to steady in some degree the erratic progress of the "Muldoon Rangers" valiant chieftain.

"Near Central Park," replied Pythagoras.

"Wha' are we near Central Park for, shay?"

"You led us here yourself."

"Who did?"

"You."

"Thash a lie! Wha' for I lead anybody to Central Park this time of night? Got no use for Central Park. Whiff!" and Hugo waved his sword wildly around, while Pythagoras dodged to save his head. "The matter wiz the procession," said Hugo, severely, "is that it's all drunk. Everybody's drunk 'cept me. Lucky I've gotter clear head about me, else whole procession get lost—fall in er river. Pythagoras?"

"Well, sir?"

"Turn er procession around."

"What for?"

"Goin' down-town."

"Where?"

"City Hall."

The idea of a nice pleasing stroll from Central Park to City Hall, a journey of about four miles and a fraction, was not especially delightful to Pythagoras.

"What in the world do you want to go to City Hall for?" asked he.

"Goin' to glorify Muldoon."

"Glorify Muldoon?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Make him lie in state."

Pythagoras could not resist the temptation to laugh.

"Muldoon isn't dead, is he?" he asked.

"Naw."

"Well, a man can't lie in state till after he is dead."

This invincible argument saddened Hugo.

It cast a gloom over his congenial spirit.

"Mebbe I better kill Muldoon," he advanced.

"Then he could lie in state like a daisy. Waiten I carve him up with my sword."

Pythagoras instantly negated this alarming proposal.

He saw it was best to humor Hugo.

"I've got a good idea," he said.

"Wash is it?" Hugo asked.

"Bully idea."

"Squirt it out."

"You know there's a statue of Washington down at Union Square?"

"Yes."

"It's an equestrian statue."

"Bet yer 'tain't. It's stone."

"That's all right. I mean to say Washington is upon horseback."

"Who said he wuzn't?"

"Suppose we knock Washington off of the horse and put Muldoon upon it?"

The idea was just crazy enough to appeal to Hugo's intellect.

He grasped Pythagoras' hand with great delight.

"Splendid!" he said: "magnificent! take er cake! Start er procession for Union Square."

Pythagoras succeeded, after hard work, in getting the "Rangers" turned about.

Then he slipped to Muldoon's side.

Muldoon was still upon the platform—a picture of misery.

"Be Heavens! rescue me, Pythagoras," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Why?"

"I am in a rigor of physical agony. They are all full."

"Who?"

"Me pall-bearers. Bedad, I fakter up and down loike a cork upon a wave. They stagger along as if their fate were encased in feather beds. The head pall-bearer will burn me up for shure."

"He seems all right. He walks steady enough."

"Faix, he's unconscious now. Wait till he recovers from his still. He's brunt the whole coat off av himsilf wid his torch, and now he wants to make a burnt offering out av me. Take the torch away from him, plaze. And, say—"

"Well?"

"Me loife is in dangher as long as the short assassin wid a red head—the man beyant ye—is in my vicinity."

"What ails him?"

"Dhrunk. Can't ye see it by his walk? he imagines ivery cobble-stone is a mountain, and he will split himself in two endeavoring to walk over their imaginary heights."

"That don't hurt you."

"I know it—but he has a dangerous hallucination in raygard to me."

"What is it?"

"He says that I'm a darty British spy, and that it is his duty to put a bullet in me abdomen. He has been thrying to borry a pistol for the last hour. If iver he does I'm a martyr. I—"

Here Muldoon's supporters stumbled over a gutter, and Muldoon, chair and all, slid down the platform. A second stumble slid him back again.

"Luk at that," said he, after he had regained his breath a little. "They have been playing shuffle-board wid me for the last six miles. What can I do?"

"Wait till ye reach a dark corner," said Pythagoras, "and then—"

"Then what?"

"Slip down and run. Shake the gang. They mean to take you down to Union Square and put you upon Washington's stone horse."

"Heavens!" groaned Muldoon, "what a roseate future! They're loible to kape me there fur a wake, an' place wreaths around me neck. I suppose if there is a funeral av any prominence takes place while I am there they will drape me wid black."

"Undoubtedly," responded Mr. O'Neil; "so you had better escape as soon as possible."

Muldoon resolved to follow the given advice. It seemed perfectly worthy of following.

A dark corner was soon reached.

ere was Muldoon's chance.
 was dark, one might say, as a coal-pit.
 he only gleam of light which illumined the
 he was the glare of several torches.
 But as the torches were burning low and dim
 the kerosene in their cups being mostly ex-
 hausted—the light afforded by them was not at
 all luminous.

Muldoon jumped off of the platform.
 He meant to leap to one side.
 Just, however, as he made the attempt, his
 foot caught somehow or another.

The result was adverse to what he wished.
 Instead of falling upon his feet at one side,
 he fell directly back into the rear ranks of the
 bold Rangers.

Instead of falling upon his own feet, he fell
 upon their heads. They, full of whisky and
 political enthusiasm, and taken all unawares by
 Muldoon's sudden downfall, reciprocated in a
 way which, though perfectly natural under the
 circumstances, was decidedly disastrous to Mul-
 doon. They took him for some loafer—some
 scion of the other side—who was trying to
 break up the procession.

There was but one course known to them.
 It was a simple one.

It was to club, in elegant phraseology, the
 stuffing out of the intruder.

They went for Muldoon.
 He was kicked.

He was clubbed.

He was fisted.

He was jumped upon.

He was hit by torches.

He was fired into the gutter and literally
 danced upon.

He was muddled.

His clothes were torn.

His nose was blacked.

His eyes were bloodied.

And finally, as a sequel, he was marched over
 by the whole procession, and left presumably
 for dead.

"Lay down, ye rascal," said the last fellow
 who kicked the supposable breaker-up of the
 procession. "Ye will endeavor to spile Mul-
 doon's victory, will ye, bad cess to yez sowl!"

Muldoon did not regain possession of his
 senses for fully a minute.

When he did he arose slowly and painfully to
 a sitting posture.

The procession had passed on.

The flare of torches could be seen in the dim
 distance, growing fainter and fainter every sec-
 ond.

Muldoon rubbed his forehead.

The events of the past two or three hours
 seemed like a dream.

He could scarcely realize their portent.

"Be Heavens!" gasped he, "I believe it is
 Resurrection Day, and I am first man up! I
 feel as if I had been buried for years."

He sat and mused.

"Foive brief minutes ago," soliloquized he,
 "I wur an idol uv the masses. Now I am a
 broken idol, a ruin av humanity. Luk at me!
 As a card for a butcher-shop I wud be invalua-
 ble."

He was not far from right.

Of all the totally broken-up and demoralized
 personages ever seen or written about, Mul-
 doon was assuredly one of the leaders.

He was a mass of bruises and cuts, and his
 garments were rent from top to toe. A look at
 the cut will tell you far better than words as to
 Muldoon's appearance.

While he was sitting, reflecting in a dazed
 sort of way upon his position, a policeman
 came around the corner. He had taken good
 care, you can bet, to not get around until after
 the procession had passed.

He spotted Muldoon.

He was a Dutch policeman, and Dutch police-
 men—why it is I can't tell—as a rule, are the
 hardest of all to get along with; and he bawled
 at Muldoon in a stentorian voice:

"Vat vas you about?"

Muldoon was not quite sure himself.

"Bedad I give it up," said he. "Ax me an
 isier wan?"

His remark was but a pleasantry, but the
 loughty guardian of public virtues did not see
 it so.

He considered it an insult, and resented it as
 such.

He grabbed Muldoon by the collar, or as much
 of the collar as was left.

"You bounces righd oud," said he, "or I
 dakes you in."

"Lave go av me person," Muldoon replied,
 hotly.

"Why?"

"Who are ye?"

"I vas an officer."

"Av what?"

"Der bolice."

"Wur there more loike ye?"

"Blenty."

"Be Heavens, it is lucky I don't own ye. If
 I did, are ye aware what I would do?"

"Vat?"

"I wud put yez twelve on a card, and sell yez
 for a quarter. Floi away wid yesilf and hail me
 a cab. I will roide home incognito."

The policeman did.

In his mind.

He wasn't that species of a policeman.

Instead of hailing a cab, he tightened his
 grip upon Muldoon's collar and drew his club.

"You gomes righd along," said he.

"Where?" Muldoon asked.

"To the station-house."

"What for?"

"You was trunk und disorderly."

That was too much for Muldoon. He knew
 he was not under the influence of intoxicating
 liquors.

At all of the stops of the "Rangers" at
 various so-called hotels, Muldoon, with an eye
 to prudence, had imbibed but sarsaparilla. It
 was rather rough on an old rounder like he
 was, but he had done it.

And now, after all of his self-denial—to be
 accused of being drunk. Oh, it was too bad!

"If I am dhrunk," he said, "ye are paralyzed.
 I don't belave ye can tell yez club from a tili-
 graph pole, and I have money to back me opin-
 ion wid."

He received a substantial reply.

It was a whack upon the head from the
 policeman's club.

"Come along," said the brave copper, "or I
 clubs der whole gum off of you. I vants no
 pack dalk."

Muldoon staggered up to his feet. His voice
 was expressive of outraged dignity.

"Begorra, ye lager-beer guzzler," said he,
 "ye have sealed yez doom."

The policeman was struck by the expres-
 sion.

"Why?" asked he.

"A year from now ye will be dangling from
 a gallows, and the newspaper byes will be sell-
 ing iextras dayscribing yez porthrait for foive
 cints."

"Vat for?"

"Ye sthruck me wid a club."

"I dinks so."

"Are ye aware who I am?"

"I don't vant to know. All I knows vas dot
 you vas a dramp and you vas drunk. Gome to
 reflect upon it, I bets you vas a gommunist,
 von auf those vellers vot veear a red flag and
 burns down parns. Himmel! I vas dead onto
 you!"

Muldoon assumed an air of majestic con-
 tempt.

Or at least he tried to assume it. If it was a
 failure it was the fault of circumstance, not of
 his endeavor.

It is hard for a man with a black optic, and
 a bladder-like nose, and a swelled jaw, to be
 majestic. Even Washington would probably
 not have been majestic under such events.

So, instead of impressing the Dutch police-
 man, he only made the Dutch policeman laugh.

"Vot vos id you vos drying to gif me—shim-
 mynastics?" asked he. "Who you say you vos,
 anyway?"

"Have iver ye trimbled at the name av Mul-
 doon?"

"Vot Muldoon?"

"Terence Muldoon, ex-alderman, and now
 candidate for senator."

"Yaw. I knows him vell. He vos a pully
 oldt Mick, von auf der boys from garret to
 cellar."

"Thin raylaise me."

"Vot for?"

"I am he."

The Dutch cop burst out into a laugh of in-
 credulity.

"If I vos Deitch, I vosn't a fool," said he.

"Dot vos doo thick. I knows Mr. Muldoon
 vell. You vosn't he!"

"I am."

"Broove id?"

Muldoon reached into his pocket. He pro-
 duced a Russian-leather pocket-book with
 "Muldoon" stamped upon it.

"There," said he, "will yez belave me now?"

It was unfortunate for Muldoon that he pro-
 duced the pocket-book.

Instantly he was grabbed by the zealous of-
 ficer.

"I dell you vot I believe," said the officer.

"You vos picked Muldoon's bocket auf dot
 bocket-pook. Come along."

In vain Muldoon protested.

The fatal club was raised ominously above
 his head.

"You resist," said the officer, "and I knows
 vot my duty vos."

"What!"

"To glub you. I brakes dot head auf yours
 into periods!"

Muldoon a last became convinced that dis-
 cretion was the best of policies.

So he went peaceably along.

It was not long before their destination was
 reached.

It was a destination to which Muldoon had
 been led several times before in the course of
 his checkered career.

It was a house of refuge over which a green
 light gayly burned.

In fact, it was the station-house of the pre-
 cinct to which the Dutch officer belonged.

Muldoon was led in.

As he entered, the sight of the face of the
 sergeant at the desk caused Muldoon to feel de-
 cidedly better.

The sergeant's face was a familiar one.

The sergeant's name was Terence Donohue,
 and Muldoon's political influence had been
 greatly attributable while Alderman in raising
 the fellow to his present rank.

"Bedad, I am saved now," reflected Mul-
 doon. "I will be released wid glory, and the
 Teutonic copper will be robbed av his shield.
 Terry Donohue and me are as solid as twins in
 a cradle."

Therefore, when he was walked up to the
 sergeant's desk, he expressed no fear.

The sergeant, who was entering the day's
 record upon the blotter, peered over his desk.

"Well, Ringer," he said, addressing the of-
 ficer, "what is the matter?"

"I vos got a brisoner," replied the officer.

"On what charge?"

"Drunk and disorderly."

The sergeant glared down at the prisoner.

"Ycur name?" asked he.

Muldoon's surprise was not feigned, as Ser-
 geant Donohue asked the question. It was
 real.

"Faix, Donohue," he said, "ye know me
 well. Why do ye dissimble?"

It was the sergeant's turn to denote surprise.

"I don't know you from a load of bricks,"
 said he. "Who are you?"

"Yez don't know me?"

"No."

"Luk again."

The sergeant did as requested.

He failed to recognize.

And no wonder.

Muldoon, with bruised and swelled-out face,
 tattered clothes and general mussed-up appear-
 ance, was a decidedly different person from the
 spruce, shapely, well-dressed Muldoon with
 whom he had had previous acquaintance.

"I don't know you," said he. "I don't want
 to know you. What is your name?"

"Terence Muldoon. Now do ye know me?"

"No, sir—I only know one Terence Mul-
 doon."

"Who's he?"

"Ex-alderman. Now candidate for State
 Senator."

"I am he."

The sergeant burst out into a broad laugh. Really, he could not help it, for the idea of this ragamuffin being an ex-alderman and candidate for legislative honors seemed very funny. "Well, we had a chicken-thief here last night who said his name was Thomas Jefferson, and a drunken Italian woman swore she was called Cleopatra," said he, "and now you call yourself Senator Muldoon. Next some sucker will steal a freight-car and give his name as Napoleon Bonaparte. You can't give me that. Door-man?"

The doorman responded. "Take this prisoner below," said the sergeant.

The order was obeyed. Muldoon was soon locked up in a dark cell, which, however, soon received another tenant. The new-comer was a young man, as well as Muldoon could judge.

He was drunk. Maudlin drunk. As soon as he got into the cell, he sat down upon the floor and wept.

"Zey took away my sword," said he; "frowed it in the gutter."

"What for?" Muldoon asked.

"Shaid I was full."

"Wur ye?"

"No, shir. 'Twas grief."

"What wur ye grieving about?"

"'Bout the loss of our noble shieftain."

"Chieftain, ye mane. Why do ye not pronounce it roight?"

"Cos grief prevents. We—have—hic—lost Muldoon, our noble shieftain. He must a—hic—been kidnapped."

A sudden light flashed across Muldoon's brain.

"Who are ye?" queried he.

Back came the reply, in whiskified and sobbing accents:

"Hugo Rafferty."

PART VI.

Yes, it was Hugo Rafferty who was locked up, and was Muldoon's companion in the prison cell.

Hugo had reached there very easily.

The procession had straggled along for several blocks before it was found out that Muldoon was missing, the discovery being made by a Ranger who had, for some unexplainable reason, kept sober.

Then, of course, there was a hue and a cry. Muldoon was instantly looked for.

Gutters were searched, lamp-posts examined, areas investigated, and one zealous Ranger actually screwed off the top of a hydrant to ascertain if Muldoon had not secluded himself inside of it.

But he was not to be found.

Empty was the platform—Muldoon was gone. Hugo Rafferty was naturally wild.

He swore that somebody had made away with Muldoon, and made a wild proposition to search everybody's pockets, to see if they did not possess the missing gentleman.

Finally, as a relief to his lacerated feelings, he burst out into tears.

It was not a hidden grief.

He did not retire to some secluded corner and weep in solitude.

Not much.

He posted himself upon the most prominent corner he could find and bawled like a bull.

The result was that the attention of a police-man was drawn toward him.

"What ails you?" asked the officer.

Hugo was too haughty to explain.

He wanted no such plebeian as a common police-officer to share his grief.

He drew his trusty sword, and haughtily intimated that if said police-officer did not make himself decidedly scarce, he would be forced to carve out the blue-coat's bowels, and fill his body full of apertures.

Wonderful to say, the officer refused to fade away.

Instead, in a most impolite style, he knocked Hugo's sword out of his grasp, and escorted Hugo himself to the station-house.

And that was just how Hugo came to be a companion in misery of his leader.

He would not, however, believe that it was really Muldoon who was incarcerated with him.

When Muldoon said so, Hugo swore Muldoon was a liar and a base impostor.

"Muldoon—gone—hic—forever," wept Hugo.

"Where?" asked Muldoon.

"How do I—hic—know. Maybe he's been—hic—carried away by gypsies. They—hic—stole, they stole the child away."

And in spite of all that Muldoon could say, Hugo would not be assured but that Muldoon was gone forever. And finally he maudlinly wept himself to sleep.

Muldoon was left to his own reflections.

These reflections, you can gamble upon it, were not pleasant.

They made Muldoon physically as well as mentally sick.

"What a condition for a man av me position," said he. "Here I am in a dungeon full av bed-bugs, wid a slaping distillery for a companion, and cockroaches for social friends. Bedad, I must be a wreck, if aven the sergeant, Donohue, who I get appointed meself, will not raycognize me. Oh, for an electric loight and a pier-glass, so's I could catch a soight av meself."

But there was no electric light.

Pier-glasses are also, as a rule, not furnished to prisoners in police cells.

He realized it was of no avail to wish for what he couldn't get. So philosophically—Muldoon was always a philosopher—he prepared to go to asleep.

He succeeded after a while.

"After all," said he, drowsily, "it is a (gap) tribute to me greatness. Nobody but meself could get themselves into such a scrape. I do not believe (gap) ould Napoleon or Julia Caesar could. I—(gap)." Here Muldoon drifted off into the realms of sleep.

He was soon in dreamland.

Dreams are temporary, but blessed assuagers of misery in mankind. In dreams the beggar becomes a king—the hungry man finds food—the bankrupt a railroad king.

Muldoon had a splendid dream. He was a Senator, and the whole country rang with his praise. The papers lauded him to the skies, and millions of people applauded his eloquence.

He was doomed to be cruelly interrupted in it, however.

The cell door flew open with a crash, which awoke him.

He started up. "Where am I?" he said.

"If ye don't know where yer are, yer will know in a week," said a rough voice, as the doorman, for he it was who had opened the cell door, took him by the shoulder.

"Where will I be?"

"On the Island for about sixty days. Here, get up, yer lush," and he proceeded to kick Hugo Rafferty until that dear youth was awakened to consciousness.

Hugo was fuller from the effect of his sleep than he was before he went to sleep.

From which statement, as our readers will readily perceive, Hugo was pretty full.

He could hardly walk, and was literally carried out of the cell by the officers, who came to the doorman's assistance.

Muldoon was marched up-stairs to the large room, where a miscellaneous assortment of vagrants, tramps, petty thieves, and other criminals, raked in over night by the police, were waiting to be escorted to court.

The captain was at the desk, and Muldoon tried to explain affairs again.

"You, Muldoon," said the captain, "get out, and don't give me any more chin. Officer Ringer?"

The Dutch copper who had arrested Muldoon came up and grabbed him.

Just at this period a delegation of shiny-hatted, striped-shirted, diamond-studded gentlemen appeared.

A gentleman, whose hat was the most shiny, whose shirt was the most striped, and whose

diamond was the biggest, rushed up to the desk. "Captain," said he, "have you seen Muldoon?"

Before the captain could reply, Muldoon cried out himself:

"Be 'Heavens, it is Mike Growler! I am saved."

Mike started back.

Muldoon's appearance was enough to make anybody start back.

He took a long gaze at the apparition. At first he could not seem to believe his eyes.

"I'll—be—blasted—and—dod—rotted—and—cut—inter—pieces—for—a—one-eyed—old—striped—skunk—ef—it—ain't—Muldoon!" he ejaculated slowly.

"Ye are roight," said Muldoon, gleefully. "'Tis meself."

"But how did yer get inter the fix?" asked Mike. "We have been near crazy up to der house about yer. Yer wife is sick a-bed wid anxiety. Mary Ann is frigid wid grief, and Dan, wid brotherly love, has offered a reward uv fifty dollars fer your dead body. He has just drove to the Morgue in a barouche wid Hippocrates Burns to inspect the corpses."

Muldoon explained how he had.

There was a shower of laughter from the shiny-hatted, striped-shirted, diamond-studded gentry, who were politicians.

Politicians of good degree, too.

There was an ex-congressman, two or three state assemblymen, a pair of aldermen, and a coroner in their ranks.

They were all friends of Muldoon's.

He knew the whole gang, and on that account their laughter nettled him.

We can stand the laughter of foes better than we can that of friends.

The crowd geyed him unmercifully.

"What a scare-crow!"

"Is it alive?"

"Has it feet?"

"Who found it?"

"Any more upon the same card?"

"Oh, it's too ripe."

"Only one in a box."

"Did it have a shell?"

"Spit on it and see if it will swim?"

At last Muldoon got mad.

"Bedad," said he, "I will have no more of yez petty witticisms, nor yer personal innuendoes. Take me away."

"We will," replied Mike; "the first place we'll take you to will be der back-yard and wash yer off wid a hose."

Muldoon thought all was now settled, and that he could fade right away in company with his friends.

He was doomed to disappointment.

As he made a move to leave the captain interfered.

"Sorry, Mr. Muldoon," he said: "but you will have to go to court. Of course the justice will discharge you, but I can't."

Muldoon's face fell.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Police law."

"Bedad, the first thing I will do whin I get senator will be to abolish the police. Thin there will be no trouble about law."

Of course such a distinguished prisoner as Muldoon could not be expected to walk to the court-room like a common prisoner—a poor devil without friends or political influence.

It was decided that he and the officer, Ringer, who had made the arrest, must ride in a carriage; while the political gentry would follow in several more carriages.

Muldoon and his custodian rode first.

The officer was downcast and crushed at the mistake he had made in arresting Muldoon.

He was afraid Muldoon would bear him a grudge for it.

"If I vos haf known it vos yourself, you," said he, "I wouldn't haf arresseded you for worlds."

"Couldn't ye tell by me natural dignity that I wur a man av great renown?" asked Muldoon.

"Faix, I have been towld again and again that I have an aigle eye and a falcon glance. I have frayquintly been compared to Apollo in me bearing. Do ye know who Apollo was?"

The policeman humbly said he did not. He

was not much acquainted outside of New York. "Apollo," said Muldoon, "was an entymological hero. He was fabulous for his beauty, and fabled for his good looks. All ay the ould goddesses were crushed upon his good looks. He wur an ancient masher."

The Dutch officer asked Muldoon how it was possible for him to recognize greatness in such a battered-up and bruised wreck as Muldoon was when arrested.

"Dere vos a glass in the front auf the carriage," he said. "Look yourself mid it, and see if you can excuse me for not knowing you." Muldoon looked as directed.

One sight of himself was enough to exonerate the officer.

"Bedad, if it wur not fur me vaccination mark I wud not raycognize meself," said he.

"You vesn't dink me no ill?"

"No."

"You von't pear me ill for doing vot I thought vos my duty?"

"Niver," was Muldoon's reply; "ye done just roight. Be heavens! whin I git into power I will kape me optics upon yez interest; I will make yez boss inspector av the burnishing av hydrants."

The policeman was overpowered at Muldoon's magnanimity.

He professed himself zealous to do all he could for Muldoon, and swore he would be one of his most zealous supporters.

The court was soon reached.

Muldoon was led into the prisoners' dock, and after a few other cases were disposed of, Muldoon's was called.

The policeman declared the arrest to be a mistake, and Muldoon felt confident of being discharged, as he saw all his political friends, captained by the Hon. Mike, sitting in reserved seats near the justice.

Muldoon was acquainted with the dispenser of justice, and he winked up at his judicial nibbs after the case against him had been stated.

The justice did not recognize the wink.

He frowned severely upon the culprit.

"So you were drunk, Muldoon?" said he.

"No, sir," replied Muldoon.

"You wasn't?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't go around all night kicking over ash-barrels, ringing door-bells, and offering to fight all creation?"

"No, sir."

"I suppose you didn't fall down any areas, and try to tear up telegraph-poles to pick your teeth with?"

"I didn't."

"Ah, indeed. When arrested you didn't say you were a delegate to the Yorktown Centennial, and offer to lick the policeman for one butter-cracker?"

"The man who says so is a liar."

"Indeed. Well, I say so. I am a liar, eh? You come here a dissipated, drunken loafer, and insult an officer of the law. I will fix you, sir. Ten years!"

Muldoon staggered.

Ten years!

What could it mean.

There sat all of his friends placidly hearing the sentence, and not one made the slightest sign of interfering in his behalf.

"Yez honor," said he, in a half-dazed way, "I—I—"

"That will do," said the justice, sternly. "Another word and I will double your sentence. Next. Officer, take the curiosity away;" and the justice leaned down and whispered a few words into the officer's ear.

A regular Dutch smile came upon the officer's broad features.

He led Muldoon away.

But not to jail.

Oh, no!

Into the justice's private room was Muldoon led.

"You will sit here for a while," said the officer. "Your friends vant to pid you good-bye."

Muldoon mechanically dropped upon a chair.

He could not fairly realize what he had just passed through.

His unexpected sentence had placed him in a mental stupor.

Presently the door opened.

A procession came in.

A procession of the politicians, with Mike leading.

Their faces were sad.

Tears seemed to stand in their eyes.

Altogether, they looked about as jovial as a line of freshly-buried corpses.

Mike approached and wrung Muldoon's hand.

"Good-bye," said he. "Ef yer die in prison we will meet again in Chicago. Farewell, old pard; I will take keer uv yer wife. In fact, I'll be a husband to her."

The rest approached.

Each wrung Muldoon's hand.

It was a sort of a take-a-last-look-at-the-corpse affair.

They spoke as they bid Muldoon *au revoir*.

"You'll look nice in a striped suit."

"Your hair will be cut bare-footed."

"How will ye feel making shoes?"

"The hard work will kill you, sure."

"Yer'll never leave the prison alive, Muldoon."

"You will serve out the most of your time in a coffin."

"We'll take good care of your son."

So they spoke, and Muldoon made no reply till all were passed by.

Then he called to Mike.

"Mike," said he, with a wild glare in his eyes, "I want to whisper to ye."

"What is it?" Mike asked.

"Have ye a boomerang in yez pocket?"

"Why?"

"I desoire to swallow it and commit suicide. Niver will I go to jail."

Mike's reply was a loud laugh.

Simultaneously all of the rest laughed.

"It's too good."

"It's too good—too darned good," roared Mike. "It's der best joke ever since long afore the war, when we got Crockery-eye Skidmore drunk, blacked him up from head to toe and sold him inter slavery fer a full-blooded nigger to a Virginia planter, who was jist about as loaded as Crockery-eye. Uv course, when the planter got sober he kicked about der joke, and shot the roof off of Crockery-eye's head, but dat didn't spile the joke."

Cries of glee also arose from the rest.

"Sold again!"

"Caught once more!"

"Taken in!"

"Fooled!"

"Bamboozled!"

"Hoaxed!"

"Wine on Muldoon!"

Muldoon could not catch onto what they were about.

"Joke," he repeated, "what joke? Have I a maniac assemblage for friends?"

"Git out, yer old fur-tongued idiot," said Mike.

"Yer thought yer were jailed for ten years, didn't yer?"

"Yes."

"Yer ain't."

"How?"

"'Twas only a job we put up to scare yer. The judge stands in with us bully."

Here the door opened.

The justice himself appeared.

"Hello, Muldoon," said he, with a smile.

"Why, ain't you gone to jail yet?"

The tone of voice in which he spoke, and the twinkle in his eye, assured Muldoon that the words of his friends were true. It was a joke, of which he was the victim.

But he was too glad to get mad, and laughed now with the rest, although the laugh was forced—very forced.

He went home in the same carriage which had brought him to court.

It was several days, however, before he became presentable—so as he could appear in public again. His canvass was not neglected in the interim.

Pythagoras O'Neil pushed it with great vigor, and it seemed as if Muldoon must succeed, for his opponent, a respectable old chap named Lawrence—a retired ship-builder, whose only qualification was his "boodle"—did not appear

to have any show. Muldoon was lucky also in the attitude of the press.

As a rule the papers all spoke well of him.

Except one paper, an influential organ of the opposite party, which, from fear we might be sued for libel, we will call the *Daily Rooster*.

They went for Muldoon tooth and nail.

It called him all sorts of unpleasant names. Intimated that he was a bank robber and a swindler, a thief and a chicken-fighter—that he could not read or write, had defrauded his aunt, beaten his wife, and sent his mother down to an early grave.

Naturally Muldoon was mad at these attacks.

And when one day the *Daily Rooster* came out in a big-typed, double-leaded article, which stated that Muldoon was strongly suspected of having stolen Stewart's body, and of complicity in the assassination of the late Czar of Russia, Muldoon became madder.

It was early in the morning when he read it, right after breakfast, and it nettled him so that he proceeded out to a near-by whisky-mill, and started to assuage his sorrows with a whisky-cocktail.

One of these beverages was not sufficient, and Muldoon took several.

The result was that an idea—a whisky-cocktail-inspired idea, doubtless, came into his head.

He would go to the *Daily Rooster* office and lick the editor.

He went to a gunsmith's near by, and bought a revolver, a doubled-barreled gun and a big club.

Then he proceeded to a dog fancier's, and for five dollars (and the deposit of the dog's worth) hired a bull-dog of massive neck and frothy jaws, who was warranted to be a fighter.

The dog was secured to Muldoon by a big chain, and, thus armed, he started forth to subdue the *Daily Rooster*.

A cab was hailed, and Muldoon, dog and weapons safely ensconced in it, and driven to the office.

Arriving at it, he dismissed his cab, and quickly hied into the dark doorway.

The doorways of all newspaper offices are dark.

It seems to be one of the unprinted rules of the craft that everything pertaining to a newspaper office shall be as dark, and dismal, and gloomy as possible.

The editor's office, as Muldoon found out, was one flight up.

Muldoon started up.

He beheld a door with the titled information, "Editor," upon it at the top of the staircase.

"Be Heavens," said Muldoon, "inside uv that door lurks the villain who has maligned me. In a few moments he will be a reeking corpse."

PART VII.

MULDOON proceeded up the stairs until he reached the door on which "Editor" was labeled.

His pistol was firmly grasped; his club was also in hand, and the bull-dog dragged after him with bloodshot eyes and frothy gums.

Muldoon pounded at the door with his club.

Rap!

Rap!

Bang!

"Who's there?" called out a voice.

"Open and see!" was Muldoon's reply.

"Open, ye scorpin av literathure!"

"Come in," replied the voice.

Muldoon obeyed the command.

He turned the knob, the door flew open, and he entered into an apartment.

It was a newspaper apartment.

It was easy to tell that.

The dusty floor littered with papers, the dirt-covered, cob-webbed windows, the files of exchanges hanging upon the wall, the abundance of spittoons and lack of carpet, all told that it was a newspaper office.

Behind a rickety desk—a desk full of pigeon-holes, and each pigeon-hole full to suffocation with manuscripts of all sorts and sizes—sat a brisk, cheerful little man, with spectacles, and a big scissors in his hand.

He looked somewhat surprised as Muldoon came in.

Muldoon's appearance was enough to surprise anybody.

"Well, sir," asked he, "what can I do for you?"

"Is this the office av the *Daily Rooster*?" Muldoon queried.

"Yes, sir."

"Begorra, I am glad av it. Do you know me?"

"No, sir."

"Ye are not faymiliar wid me identity?"

"No, sir."

"Nlver saw me before?"

"Not as I can recollect."

"Well, yez will recollect me hereafter."

"Why?"

"Be Heavens, I have come to extort an apology or clane out yez ould office."

"Indeed—who are you?"

Muldoon struck a position calculated to awe the brisk little man down upon his knees in terror.

"I am Terence Muldoon, candidate for Senator, whom ye have so basely maligned in yez ruffian sheet. Are yez the editor?"

The brisk little man smiled sweetly.

"No, I am not the editor," said he. "I am only third assistant errand boy. I gargle spittoons and polish up the door-knob of the big front door. You would like to see the editor?"

"Yes."

"Which one of them?"

"Are there two?"

"Oh, yes! Will you see both?"

Muldoon was rather staggered at the prospect of two editors.

It was a contingency that he had not expected. If he had he would have probably taken another cocktail.

But he was in for it now.

He considered himself good for one editor. The bull-dog ought to be equal to the other.

So he replied, bravely:

"Bring on yez double editor. If he wur a triple I could lick him."

"All right," cheerily replied the brisk little man. "Just take a seat, and hang that kitten of yours up on the wall. I will go after the editors."

"Will ye pass an undertaker's upon the way?" asked Muldoon.

"Why?"

"If yez do ye moight as well order a twin coffin for yez editors. They will need it after I conclude me argument wid them."

"All right," replied the other, as he went out of the door.

He was gone for quite a while.

But meanwhile Muldoon's vigil was broken.

In at the door came a young man.

He was a pale-faced young man, dressed in seedy black, with care-worn kid gloves, and a will-of-a-wisp of a cane.

"Is the editor in?" asked he.

A harum scarum idea was suggested to Muldoon by the question.

Why couldn't he be editor, *pro tem.*, with the bull-dog as assistant?

"I am the editor," said he. "What do ye want?"

The young man drew himself up to his full height, which action made him bear a striking similitude to an animated telegraph-pole, and glanced down upon Muldoon.

"I am a poet!" said he.

"Indade!" replied Muldoon, "I wud have tuk yez for a tooth-pick or half av a hair-pin."

The poet took no notice of the insult.

"Six weeks ago," he said, "I sent you a poem."

"What sort av a poem?"

"Sentimental."

"What did yez label it?"

"The Dreamy Polecat—a Rhapsody of Nature." You declined it."

"Av course."

"I did not care for its declination, for I am used to having my buds of genius declined. There seems to be a conspiracy against me. But what I object to is the way in which you declined it."

"How?"

"You said you were not giving prizes for puzzles any more, and you had no use for it."

"Nayther we did."

"Perhaps not. But you need not have needlessly insulted crushed genius. I will take that poem back, if you please. Have you it herer?"

Muldoon said he hadn't.

It had been used to start the fire with.

Then did the poet get up upon his intellectual ear.

"I want my poem," said he, "or I want its value."

"What was its value?"

"Ten dollars a verse."

"How many verses?"

"Fifty."

"Then yez want five hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bedad, if yez wait till yez get it, you will die av old age. I will give yez a three-cent postage stamp and call it square."

"You dare to trifle with a son of genius?" haughtily said the poet. "I want the poem or my demand."

"Shure, I'm glad to learn ye are a son of gaynius, for I took ye for a son of a gun," easily remarked Muldoon. "Do ye see that door?"

The poet assented by a curt nod.

"It's a purty door, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where ye wud luk purty in connection wid it?"

"Where?"

"On the outside av it."

The poet, however, refused to take the hint.

"I will stay here," said he, "till I take root—until I get either my manuscript or its equivalent in gold."

Muldoon arose with a sigh.

"Begob," said he, "I hate to take loife, for it requires so much extra washing to remove the blood from me hands. Wud yez plaze fade away peaceably?"

The poet wouldn't.

He refused to be a fader-away.

"Touch me if you dare," he said; "the genius of Byron rests in my soul."

"The genius of Byron will rist on the sidewalk in a minute," said Muldoon. "Plaze go av yez own accord."

"Never," said the poet, "never."

That was the last word the poet ever said in that office.

In four minutes he was at the foot of the stairs, all broken up, while Muldoon was wiping the sweat off of his face with his coat-sleeve.

"Twur good practice for me future rounds wid the editor," he soliloquized. "I fale aquil now to licking a battalion. I wondher how long it will be before the victims come to the sacrifice?"

It was not very long.

Heavy footsteps were heard upon the stairs, and presently a couple of broad-shouldered, close-cropped, bullet-headed fellows, with square chins, and fists which seemed all knuckles, came in at the door.

"Where's der bloke wot wants to see the editors?" asked one.

"Me," replied Muldoon.

"Well, we's here, ain't we, Patsey?" said the first speaker.

Patsey, the second arrival, intimated, by a surly growl, that they *were* there.

"Wot der yer want ter see us about?" asked the first speaker again.

"About the scurrilous reports and allegations—I mane allegations that ye published about me in yez vile paper."

"Wot reports and allegations?"

"Ye said I wuz a baboon!"

"So yer are."

"A chicken-thafe!"

"So yer are."

"That I caused me mother-in-law's death!"

"So yer did."

"That I am a habitual sot!"

"So yer are."

"That, if I get elected, I will accept every bribe offered me!"

"So yer will."

The fellow's coolness, his backing up of the

newspaper statement, was fast getting Muldoon wroth.

"Ye know what ye printed were loies,"

said. "Now I want ye to take them back."

"Will we, Patsey?"

"Naw!"

"No taking back, Patsey?"

"Naw."

Patsey's companion turned to Muldoon.

"Patsey says we ain't goin' to take nawthing back," said he. "Now wot are yer going to do about it?"

Muldoon rose up in his majesty of club, pistol, and bull-dog.

"I intend to carpet this office wid yez remains," he said.

The fellow laughed.

"Yer've got inter der wrong place," said he. "Der lunatic asylum is next door. When did yer escape?"

Muldoon determined to do or die. He made a furious onslaught upon the editors, as he supposed they were.

They at first made no effort to defend themselves.

They only dodged around nimbly, making fun of Muldoon.

"It's a jimmer-jammer!"

"A wild man uv der west!"

"A wind-mill!"

"It's wound up for a week!"

"When it's run down it will stop!"

"Look at der pup!"

"Taint, it's a cat-fish."

"Wudn't it make a purty locket, Patsey?"

But at last Muldoon, maddened by the taunts showered so freely at him, got a good whack with his club upon Patsey's head.

The blow caused Patsey to stagger back. He didn't feel half so funny as he had before.

"Soy, Mikee," said he, "we might jist as well begin to bury der corpse! Climb in."

They did.

How it occurred, Muldoon could never succinctly relate.

A whole war seemed to be crammed into just about fifty seconds' space.

He appeared to be in the power of a couple of human thrashing machines.

He was pounded.

He was kicked.

The floor was cleansed off with him.

The hall was dusted free of dirt with him.

He was pitched to the ceiling.

He was fired upon the floor.

In short, he appeared to be used as a sort of human foot-ball, bounced hither and thither at the pleasure of his assailants.

As for the dog, that ferocious-appearing bull-pup upon which he had placed so much reliance as an aggressive and defensive factor—that dog was a failure, the rankest sort of a failure.

All it did was bark—furnishing, as it were, a musical accompaniment to the strife.

And finally, as a last result, Muldoon was pitched bodily down-stairs, the same stairs which he bounced the poet down.

Down he flew, dog, gun, pistol, club and all while one of the "editors" assisted him with a kick. 'Twas a regular case of grand bounce.

Slowly did Muldoon pick himself up. He looked something like an exploded arsenal.

"Begorra!" he said, "never will I tackle a newspaper office again. I will beware a bbrain-workers. If those two sluggers are editors the amount av intellectual capacity which it requires to run a newspaper must be about equal to the mental force necessary to run a sewing-machine."

Sadly Muldoon went home in the same cab which he had been driven down in.

"Did yer see the editor?" asked the cab driver, with a grin.

"Sloightly," said Muldoon, with a sigh. "I saw him all I wanted to. If I had seen him some more it would be to the Potter's Field, and not to the house yez wud have been obliged to dhrive me."

Meanwhile the brisk little man had reappeared in the office of the *Daily Rooster*.

He was counting out several silver dollars to Patsey and friend.

"You did well, boys," he said.

"Yer roight," hoarsely said Patsey; "the next time der kicker comes we'll kill him."

With which pleasant promise Patsey and partner slouched out, while the brisk little man laughed serenely, rubbed his hands gleefully, and went on with his arduous editorial work with the scissors.

For verily the little brisk man was the editor—he at whose bald head Muldoon's wrath had been directed.

The supposed editors—they who had given Muldoon all the satisfaction he wished—were simply a pair of bruisers, found by the editor at a near-by saloon, and brought in for the occasion. The ways of newspaper men are dark.

Muldoon reached home—solemn and sad.

He went right to bed.

"Broke up again, be Heavens!" said he.

"Me luck to an iota. I believe if I should kick a cat it would turn into a tiger and rend me limb from limb."

He told Mrs. Muldoon that dyspepsia was the cause of his sudden retirement.

But Mrs. Muldoon would not believe it.

"Ye can give me no dyspepsia-taffy, Terence," said she; "it is yez ould complaint—gin!"

Muldoon was willing to have her believe so.

"If me escapade iver gets noised about, I will be a butt av ridicule for iverybody!" he said.

It did get noised about, however.

The *Daily Rooster* next day came out with a full account of Muldoon's belligerent expedition to the office for the purpose of making a scattered corpse of the editor.

It described, very funnily, it must be confessed, how the two bruisers had for the while appeared as editors, and their success in giving Muldoon all of the satisfaction he desired, in one sense.

Everybody read it.

Muldoon was a laughing-stock, even to his own family.

Even the street boys got a hold of it.

Queer, ain't it? but the boys do somehow get a hold of all the subjects of the day.

They took advantage of their knowledge to make Muldoon's life a miserable existence.

They surrounded his house at all hours, screeching:

"Hey, Muldoon!"

"Did yer lick the editor?"

"Is he dead yet?"

"Where did ye bury him?"

"Wuz he hurt much?"

"Did ye go to the funeral?"

And other remarks and queries of a similar nature decidedly unpleasant to Muldoon.

But at last it wore away, as all New York sensations do, succumbing to some other exciting event of cosmopolitan life.

Then there came a second blow for Muldoon.

His opponent, as I said before, was a respectable old party named Lawrence, a rich old gentleman with a big purse, but nothing which would personally recommend him to the masses—a figure-head, politically speaking, who took no active part in the canvass except to put out money.

The managers of his party soon discovered the error they had made in his nomination.

Therefore, after due consideration, it was decided to withdraw Mr. Lawrence and put up a different candidate.

It was done.

Mr. Lawrence was persuaded to withdraw.

Another candidate was put up.

It was a gentleman named Michael McCady, the proprietor of a corner liquor store, who was supposed to have—and really did have—a big "pull" in the district.

Muldoon's success, which was assured as long as Lawrence was against him, was not quite so certain when McCady was his opponent.

And McCady spared no effort to achieve his own election.

A great aid—in his own estimation—to McCady's success was McCady's brother Pat.

Pat was a typical ward politician.

Six feet high, with shoulders like a bullock, red-haired and big-fisted; he was a great man.

He went for Muldoon blind.

In every groggery, in every barber shop, at every political meeting, Pat laid out Muldoon cold.

Some of his speeches, harangues of epithet, and vindictiveness, and personal feeling were printed in the papers.

The reading of these elegant philippics drove Muldoon half wild.

"Bedad," he said to himself at last, "Pat McCady must be settled. Wur I able I wud lick the sucker meself. But physically he is me superior. I cannot cope wid him meself. I must resort to Nihilistic principles, an' lay out the devil by force of numerical superiority."

He was aware that Pat would speak at a meeting that night, after which, as was his custom, he would go to a certain saloon in the vicinity, where he would pass away the rest of the evening.

Muldoon knew pretty well the route which Pat would take.

Muldoon's idea was this:

He would secure the services of a brace of good fighters and "lay out" Pat.

Muldoon's next move was to get his fighters.

He did not have much trouble about that, for just as he was reflecting whom he would secure, Hugo Rafferty came in—Hugo having just got off of the island, where he had been sent for ten days after his exploits on the night when Muldoon got locked up.

Here was the ally Muldoon desired.

He confided to Hugo the story of his grievances against Pat McCady.

Hugo's soul burned with indignation.

"I will get foive uv the byes and volcanoize the devil," he said.

"Ye are roight," replied Muldoon. "If yer rinder him unconscious for jist about seven wakes, I will niver forget the favor."

"He will be a wreck," said Hugo; "but where will we lay for him?"

"At Blank street and Blank avenue."

"Beyond the vacant lot?"

"Yis."

"At what time?"

"About eleven."

"How will he be dressed? Ye know, Mr. Muldoon, we don't want to slug the wrong man."

"Certainly not. But ye cannot mistake Pat. He wears a hoigh hat and a loight overcoat. Bedad, politics pays. Whin first I knew Pat, it wuz a red-shirt and a greasy butcher-boy's cap that he wuz arrayed in. Now ye know his apparel, ye cannot go wrong as rayspects his identity."

Hugo said he couldn't.

He would go at once and select his fellow-conspirators.

And having received a five-dollar bill to pay expenses, Hugo started off upon his errand.

Hugo had not far to go upon his quest to secure coadjutors.

There was a beer saloon near by, to which resorted the "Muldoon Rangers," and to this bower of pleasure went Hugo.

He found several of the "Rangers" assembled around a square-cornered table deeply engaged in the mysteries of that Teutonic game, yclept "Bismarck."

A few moments' chat upon Hugo's part, a round of drinks set up (as the saying goes), and Hugo soon engaged the aid of four tried and true companions in the noble action of slugging Pat McCady.

It being only about six o'clock, there was a lapse of five hours before Pat was expected to pass by the designated spot.

Hugo and his *confreres* employed the time in filling in with lager.

The result may be easily guessed at. At half-past ten, the time stated for Hugo and company to start for the scene of their operations, Hugo was unmistakably full, and his friends were not much better off as regards sobriety.

"Reck'lect, fellers, said Hugo," as they reached the vacant lot. "Reck'lect Muldoon's orders. We've gotter break Pat McCady all up. Do you know how to recognize McCady?"

They didn't.

They had never seen Pat.

With an expression of solemnity, well fitted to the magnitude of the occasion, Hugo said:

"The fust feller ye see wid a hoigh hat and a woite overcoat ye—*what?* What do ye do?"

With marvelous unanimity came the reply:

"Slug!"

PART VIII.

THE watchers stood as still as they could for five minutes.

Presently one of Hugo's adherents, who was glorified by the appellation of Cock-Eyed McGoogle, heard footsteps approaching.

"Hist!" he said.

They histed.

"It must be he," said Hugo, with bated breath, as he slipped on a pair of brass-knuckles.

"Sure," said Owney Killooley, one of the conspirators, as he drew a sand-club from beneath his coat.

"He's a deader," said Cock-Eye, reflectively, placing a stone in his closed fist, so that he could hit harder.

The footsteps drew nearer.

The conspirators sank down in the shadow of the fence, so that they could leap out and surprise their victim.

"Whin I say 'bounce' slug," whispered Hugo. "Bedad, we'll bedew the sidewalk with McCady's brains."

The footsteps were right upon them.

They shrank still closer to the fence of the vacant lot.

Hugo peered out cautiously so as to be able to give the signal for the assault.

But suddenly he arose up.

"Yer needn't prepare for der funeral," said he, in accents of disgust.

"Why?" asked one.

"Tain't McCady."

"Who is it?"

"Some old female lagot dat oughter be in her bed, 'stead of rambling round a-fooling uv politicians like us."

Sure enough, a fat female form came around the corner and passed peaceably by, totally unconscious of her proximity to danger, nor noticing the fist which was shook behind her back at her.

Then they patiently proceeded to wait again. Meanwhile Muldoon was sitting in his room thinking of McCady.

A brilliant idea came to him.

There would be nothing he would like better than to be a witness of McCady's discomfiture.

Why shouldn't he be?

He could go down to the scene of the attack and watch it all. What a pleasure it would be.

He put on his hat—a high hat—and his ulsterette, which, in accordance with the prevailing style, was white, or at least so nearly white as to be hardly distinguishable from it.

Putting on his gloves, and taking a cane in his hand, he sallied forth.

He met his wife, just returning from the theater, as he was going out.

"Where are ye bound for, Terry?" she asked.

"Affairs of state, Bedalia," Muldoon replied.

"What affairs?"

"I have to attend an Inter-Ocean Conference at the Brunswick Hotel."

"What is it?"

"What is what?"

"An Inter-Ocean Conference."

"'Tis a saycret clique of America's greatest statesmen. Besides meself, there will be present General Grant, Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, Wm. Evarts, ould Sammy Tilden, and Dennis Kearney. Matters av great interest will be discussed. We intind to make an island out av New Jersey. But hark ye once, not a worrud av me errand."

Mrs. Muldoon was evidently impressed.

She promised solemnly not to breathe a syllable, and Muldoon went off.

"Begorra, she swallowed the taffy wid relish," he said, as he strode chucklingly down the street. "But she will give it away if she has to whisper it up the chimney. The most miserable crayture on earth is a woman wid a saycret."

A brisk walk soon brought Muldoon to where the vacant lot was.

He reconnoitered about carefully.

He could see Hugo and friends looking patiently for Pat McCady.

"He has not as yet come," said Muldoon. "He is dilatory to-night. Bedad, I know what I will do. I will walk past me brave Hugo, and see if he is awake. From the rigidity av their attitudes, I should judge they were all wrapt in slumber."

He pulled his coat collar up around his ears.

He slouched his hat down over his eyes.

But a small portion of his countenance could be seen.

And that in the faint, shadowy light was not easily recognizable.

"Take that for Muldoon!"

"One for our noble senator!"

"Blackguard the brightest bye in all America, will ye?"

"Death to McCady!"

"Yer will never back-cap Muldoon again!"

"Break his head!"

"Black his eyes!"

"Crack his jaw!"

"Jump on his gums!"

There were the exclamations which greeted Muldoon's ears as the assailants fought, apparently for the privilege of killing him.

They all piled into him at once, and, in the

It was the high hat and the light-colored coat which had occasioned the case of mistaken identity.

"If ye hadn't turned up yez collar and slouched down yez hat, we niver wud have slugged ye," apologized Hugo. "Shall we wait for McCady?"

Muldoon said "no."

He was totally disgusted, and he wanted to give up the whole affair.

"McCady is probably in his bed half an hour ago," Muldoon said. "'Tis now half-past eleven. Probably he wint home by a different route."



Bouquets were flung at Muldoon—shouts rang out upon every side. He took off his hat and bowed right and left. "I am the idol of the populace," said he. "Wan more hurroo, byes!"

He turned the corner towards Hugo.

That brave chieftain was on the alert.

"Byes," he said. "here comes McCady. See the loight coat?"

"And the hoigh hat!" hissed Cock-Eye.

"'Tis the bloke," said Killooley. "Are we all ready?"

"Yes," Hugo whispered. "Remember, when I say 'bounce,' slug!"

Onward came Muldoon.

The assaulters were as quiet as so many statues.

"I believe they are all dead," Muldoon soliloquized.

Dead!

If they were dead, Muldoon would never care again to have an acquaintance with corpses!

He proceeded till he was just abreast of the men.

"Bounce!"

The word rang clear and loud upon the stillness of the night.

The lurking men seemed all of a sudden endowed with life. They sprang forward like so many human tigers.

The next thing Muldoon knew he was being used as a sort of foot-ball—a flesh and blood foot-ball.

crowded confusion, really did more damage to each other than they did to Muldoon.

He, however, did receive several good blows which made him see stars.

But, somehow, exactly how he could never tell, he succeeded in wriggling out of the crowd and gained his feet.

His hat had been knocked off in the scrimmage, and his overcoat was torn open.

"Be Heavens, byes," cried he, as he staggered back, "do not ye know who I am?"

Muldoon's retrograde movement brought him beneath a gas-lamp.

The light which issued from it shone down upon his face, making his countenance fully visible.

Hugo Rafferty gave utterance to a cry.

"It is Muldoon," he cried, "or else it is his ghost."

"Devil a ghost—but it ain't yez fault if I ain't," Muldoon replied woefully. "What did yez mane by yez assault upon me?"

"We took you for McCady," said Hugo, humbly.

"Do I luk loike that sucker? Begob, if I do, I wish ye had kilt me."

Hugo said Muldoon did not bear the faintest similitude to McCady.

Here Muldoon picked up his hat.

"Luk at that top-knot," he said with a sign of despair. "I paid seven dollars for it at Haroun McGee's, the Arabian hatter. Gaze at it now. It looks loike a mangled accordion. And me coat—that is a woolen shipwreck!"

Hugo expressed his grief.

So did Cock-Eye.

But Cock-Eye put it practically.

"Dere's no use kicking," he remarked. "What can't be cured must be endured. Let's smile."

Of course there was a smiling-place, otherwise known as a whisky-mill, near by. One never has far to go to find a place of liquid refreshment in New York.

Muldoon accepted Cock-Eye's invitation.

At first he smiled soberly.

Then less soberly.

Then placidly.

And at last joyously.

Finally, when Muldoon went home—after paying for all of the drinks—of course he was in a cheerful mood.

He was no longer mad.

Upon the contrary, he regarded the episode through which he had just passed as a joke.

"Bedad," he uttered, as he wended his way

unsteadily along through the somber and deserted streets, "but it were a noble joke. The idea av the scalawags mistaking me for McCady! Me, the hour-glass av fashion and the mould av stoile, mistaken for a pot-house politician. Faix, it is too ludicrous!"

The more Muldoon thought of it, the funnier it appeared.

His brain was just sufficiently affected with alcohol for that result.

"Shure, I must tell Bridget," muttered he, as, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in unlocking the front door, and went stumbling up-

It was a sticky and affectionate boot. It appeared to cling to his foot with a misplaced yearning.

He pulled at it.

He tugged at it.

It came just about half off, and there it stuck.

It would not go farther.

At last Muldoon got mad.

"I will pull off that boot if I break ivery damned muscle I own," he said. "I will not be forced to knuckle down by any boot in the worruld!"

He summoned all his latent strength and pulled away.

"The tirrible example in a temperence play. Terry, ye are full again, spoite av yez promises to me to reform."

Muldoon tried to assume a majestic attitude.

But it is hard for a bare-footed man, especially a man who has just emerged from a struggle with a rocking-chair, to be majestic.

Muldoon did not succeed.

Instead, he appeared to be fuller than he really was.

"Faymale," he remarked, "I will have none av yez reproaches. Bekase a jintleman is overcome wid indigestion, ye call it intoxication. Well, ye know. Bedalia. I niver dbrink anything



The events of the past two or three hours seemed like a dream. He could scarcely realize their portent. "Be Heavens!" gasped he, "I belave it is Resurrection Day, and I am first man up! I fale as if I had been buried for years!"

stairs. "She will be convulsed wid mirth when she hears av it."

So soliloquizing, he succeeded in attaining his own room.

The hands of the French clock, which was ticking monotonously upon the mantel-shelf, indicated the hour of one.

Muldoon turned up the gas-jet and looked at his wife.

She was sleeping soundly away—in fact, a melodious snore was issuing from Mrs. Muldoon's placid nostrils.

"How she will peal wid jocularity," said he, as he unsteadily got off his coat and hung it up tenderly upon the floor. "Faix, I must give it to her by daygrees or she may have a fit."

First he decided, however, upon taking off his boots.

Taking off one's boots is not a difficult feat—if one is sober.

But when one is partially under the influence of stimulants it is apt to become a very difficult act.

So it was with Muldoon.

He sat down upon a rocking-chair to accomplish the proceeding.

The first boot came off all right.

The second did not.

The effort was successful.

The boot came off.

So did Muldoon.

He came off backwards, rocking-chair and all, and the piece of furniture and himself fell with a crash to the floor.

The noise woke Mrs. Muldoon up, which was not at all wonderful; it was enough to awake a Rip Van Winkle or one of the famed Seven Sleepers.

She sat up in bed.

"Help! help!" yelled she, rubbing her eyes. "Robbers! robbers!"

Muldoon arose from the embrace of the rocking-chair.

"Quiet, Bedalia, ye ever roipe rose-bud," said he. "'Tis I."

"Who are I?" ungrammatically asked Mrs. Muldoon, repressing a strong desire to shout for aid again.

"'Tis mesilf—Terence," he replied. "Yez own dicky-bird av a husband. Do I luk, Bedalia, loike a robber?"

Mrs. Muldoon favored him with one penetrating glance.

"Ye don't look like a robber," she said; "but I tell ye what ye do look loike."

"What, ye culprit fairy?"

harder than whisky, and, be heavens! that is timperence for an Irishman!"

Mrs. Muldoon was forced to confess that it was.

"But, Terry," said she, "why didn't ye bhring me Lome something?"

"I did," was his reply.

"Is it iysters?"

"No."

"Bananas?"

"Bedalia, do ye suppose yez husband wud demean himself a lugging a bunch av bananas through the streets at midnought? Wud yez have me misconsthred for an Italian?"

"Is it candy?"

"No. The candy warehouses all close at ten P. M."

"Then it is chistnuts."

"Chistnuts! Bedalia, are yez woid?"

"Why?"

"Chistnuts this year are sure death. Aich chistnut, so scientific gintlemen say, reeks wid malaria. Do ye suppose, Bedalia, me fair lady-love, that I desoire to kill ye?"

"Thin what have ye got for me?"

"A story, Bedalia. Bedad, it is so funny that ye will split yez soides wid cachinnation."

Mrs. Muldoon smiled contemptuously.

"I don't want to hear any stories," she responded.

"Arrah, but ye must. Listen, Ye know Pat McCady, me antagonist's brother, he who spakes at all av the mass-matings?"

"Yes."

"Well, I determined to lay out the rascally demagogue."

"Yersilf."

"Nay, Bedalia, I have too much pride to soil me hands wid his carcass personally. I procured a couple of bravos to chug the divil."

"Did they?"

"No—now, Bedalia, prepare to pucker."

"Why?"

"Here's where ye burst; I wint down mesilf to watch the proceedings."

"Yes."

"And I—oh, Bedalia, it is the bist joke av the cintury—I wur—I wur——"

"Ye wur what?"

"Laid out by mistake for McCady. Me hat wur crushed, me coat ripped, and I wur knocked down flat. Oh, it was awfully comic."

Mrs. Muldoon looked at her husband icily.

"I don't see anything funny about it," said she.

And in spite of Muldoon's explanations and roars of merriment, she persisted in not seeing anything funny in it.

Muldoon, however, persisted in saying it was the height of comicality, and went off to sleep laughing, vowing he would have an account of the affair published in all of the papers.

Next morning, however, when he got up with a headache, it did not seem so funny, and the newspapers, luckily for himself, were never favored with a word about it.

If they had, it is very probable that he would have figured again as a target of mirth for the city.

He stayed in the house most all day, talking with Pythagoras O'Neil about the election, which was now but a week or two away.

He was assured that he had every chance of success.

"The people are crazy for you," said Mr. O'Neil; "they look upon you as the standard-bearer of the masses."

"Tell them I am," eagerly responded Muldoon. "Assure them that whin I get elected I will pass a bill making two hours a full day's wurruk, and fill up the Croton Reservoir with lager. That ought to take."

"It will," softly replied Pythagoras. "It is only such a brain as yours, Mr. Muldoon, that could agitate such noble measures. Ah, senator, in future ages you will shine upon the pages of American history as the peer of Washington."

"Perhaps I may," said Muldoon, "but me wife will never acquit Martha. Her intellect is not copious sufficiently. Well, it serves me roight for not marrying a Knickerbocker. If iver I become President, I will be forced to send Bedalia away upon a foreign mission."

The wily Pythagoras said that it was very possible that Muldoon would be President in time. He was not acquainted with a man who could fill the chief magistracy with more *eclat*.

Thereupon was Muldoon so delighted that Pythagoras was asked to dinner and was wined and dined upon the best, which was just what the artful wire-puller desired.

After dinner, which was prolonged until about half-past three, Muldoon and Pythagoras retired to Muldoon's study to smoke.

They were deep in politics again, when they were attracted by the yells of a troupe of children outside.

"School is out, and the boys and girls are merry," said Pythagoras.

"'Tis roight ye are," responded Muldoon. "It but shows me popularity with the roising generation. Bedad, ivery baby upon the block plays in front of me house. Yesterday there were five games of marbles, a game of hop-sotch, and a proize foight between a butcher by and a boot-black going on upon me solde-walk at wonst."

"Ye love children?" said Pythagoras.

"Ye are correct. It wuz only a wake ago I stood god-mother for a Chinayse kid. It wuz

a splendid bid for the support uv the Mongolian element."

The children outside had redoubled their noise.

"The uproar is unusual," said Muldoon. "I wondher what is up? I niver knew thim to be so boisterous before excipt whin Roderick Mac-Callum, the shoemaker's son, had a live rat tied by the tail to a top-cord."

"Suppose we see what is the cause?" suggested Mr. O'Neil.

The resolution was adopted.

The pair proceeded out upon the front stoop.

The sidewalk was full of excited children—children of various ages, boys and girls—plebeians and politicians.

The cause of the excitement was very soon ascertained.

In the center of the crowd was a goat hitched to a sulky, in which was seated a neatly-dressed, pale-faced little lad, attended by a servant.

"Shure, it is young Astor wid his goat equipage," said Muldoon.

But there was a decided hitch between young Astor and the goat.

Young Astor desired the goat to go.

The goat's desire was entirely different.

He didn't want to go.

He wanted to stand still.

In vain young Astor whipped the recalcitrant Billy.

In vain the servant kicked at the obstinate animal's sides.

The goat wouldn't go, although young Astor and the servant were assisted in their efforts to get the goat forward by numerous volunteers, who pulled, hauled, pushed, and shouted at the goat with great zeal.

Finally, young Astor burst into tears, for he had just bought the goat and sulky that day, and, child-like, was greatly disappointed at his failure to ride swiftly away, an object of envy to all of his playmates.

Muldoon felt moved with compassion.

"Won't the goat go, Willy?" asked he.

Young Astor sorrowfully said it wouldn't.

"Billy must be broke," replied he, between sobs.

A massive idea occurred to Muldoon.

"Don't ye cry, Willy," said he; "I will make him go."

"You, Mr. Muldoon?" exclaimed Willy, in surprise. "Can you make a goat go?"

"I can," answered Muldoon. "Bedad, I can droive any goat in the wurruik. The study av me loife has been goats."

He descended the steps of his stoop.

Young Astor got out of the sulky.

Muldoon got into it.

His bulk as compared with the diminutiveness of the goat and sulky caused the crowd to laugh audibly. Even Pythagoras O'Neil was forced to snicker in his handkerchief.

"Ye may laugh, byes and gurls, if ye want to," said Muldoon, good-naturedly; "but be Heavens, I will conquer the goat!"

He grasped the reins.

"Get up, Billy," said he.

To everybody's amazement the order was obeyed.

Away started the goat, Muldoon puffing at his cigar and holding upon the reins. "Aven a goat acknowledges me will power," complacently said Muldoon.

PART IX.

Muldoon rode along behind the goat as if he was used to that sort of locomotion all of his life.

The goat trotted as docilely as a goat could possibly do, and Muldoon gently chirruped to it to increase its speed.

Muldoon steered his horned steed around the corner, while the yelling crowd of boys and girls followed after.

The crowd, though, was not all boys and girls.

There were a great many adults in it—matured men, and not a few women.

It was no wonder that they joined in with their youthful associates in following the goat-carriage's course.

Muldoon upon that goat-carriage was a sight

we couldn't see every day, and it was worth while losing a few moments' time to witness it.

There was a great variety of opinions existing amongst Muldoon's followers as to what had prompted him to take the ride, for it is decidedly out of the usual course of events for a well-dressed, diamond-pinned, silk-hatted gentleman of certainly forty-five years, to spin merrily away behind a goat.

They yelled their various opinions after him.

"He's mad!"

"He's drunk!"

"He's crazy!"

"Got the jams!"

"He's doing it for fun!"

"No; for a bet!"

The last opinion was delivered by a fussy little man with a pug nose—one of those self-opinionated little men whom we find in every crowd, in every case of public excitement, who know all about everything, and are always found out at the end to know nothing at all.

His remark, however, was caught right on to by the crowd.

It was whispered from ear to ear, each person, of course, adding such verbal touches as his fancy suggested.

By and by it was a certain fact to the crowd that Muldoon was to drive that goat around the block for a wager of one thousand dollars, and that a respectable old party who was looking out of a window near by in a state of great excitement and a ruffled dressing-gown was the other party to the wager.

This statement was received as gospel, and the crowd pressed harder behind Muldoon.

They were of different minds as to whether the feat would be accomplished.

"He'll do it!"

"He won't!"

"Why not?"

"The goat will run away."

"The goat will balk."

"He'll lose his bet if the goat does go. The sulky is not strong enough to support his weight."

"Oh, yes, it is. Those little vehicles seem very fragile, but they are real strong, nevertheless."

So the opinions flew around while Muldoon flew on.

He was happy.

He was the hero of the hour, and that was just what suited him.

A craving for notoriety always was one of his failings.

"Bedad," he soliloquized, "me bhrain is frequently appalled at me own capabilities. I appear to be able to do anything, from running the ship av State to engineering a goat-carriage. Some new example of me great will-power dawns upon me ivery day!"

Here he came to a second corner.

He wheeled around it suddenly.

Near to the corner was a coal-cart, backed up against the curbstone, ready to deliver its contents upon the sidewalk.

A withered and ancient old man, who was placidly puffing away at a pipe, was just about taking out the pin which fastened the back-board to the cart.

Muldoon perceived the situation.

He tried to pull in the goat.

The goat would not be pulled in.

And all of Muldoon's tugging at the lines could not pull him in.

His mouth seemed to be lined with cast-iron, and no amount of sawing at the bit would check his speed.

Then Muldoon yelled at the withered and ancient proprietor of the coal-cart.

"Hould on!" cried he. "Don't let that coal down! Do yez want to suffocate me wid black diamonds?"

The driver made no reply.

He puffed calmly away upon his black-hued pipe.

He withdrew the pin, the back-board creaked open, and out came the coal in a solid torrent.

And Muldoon just arrived with his equipage in time to catch the full force of the coaly out-pour.

That settled it.

In less time than it takes to write it Mul-

doon, goat, and sulky were buried in a mass of coal.

Muldoon, however, was not quite submerged. His head was visible above the black pile.

"Ye son av a Thug!" bawled he, at the driver of the coal-cart. "Extricate me till I kill ye."

The driver was a picture, or seemed to be, of astonishment.

"Where did ye arrive from?" asked he. "Were ye concealed in the load. Faith, I thought it dhrove heavy."

"Be heavens, if yez don't dig me out ye will be concealed in a grave," replied Muldoon. "I believe it were a put-up job to end me loife."

The driver put his hand behind his ear.

"Spake loud," bawled he. "I be deaf."

"No matter if ye are dead," said Muldoon.

"Ye can help me out. Yer deafness cannot affect yez arms. Take hould av the shovel and exhume for me."

"Hey!" shouted back the driver; "spake louder."

Muldoon got mad.

"Shure I can get out mesilf," he replied.

He began the attempt to make his way out, struggling desperately to release himself from his unpleasant position.

Suddenly he felt himself going down.

He clutched vainly out with his hands to save himself.

The action was useless.

Uttering a wild cry, he disappeared from the view of the spectators.

They were horror-stricken.

"Where has he gone? He must be dead. Where did he disappear to?" shouted one excitable old lady who was present at the scene.

The ancient driver of the coal cart seemed to divine what she asked by intuition.

He removed his pipe from his lips and a smile played round his wrinkled mouth.

"He has gone down the coal hole," remarked he.

So it was.

The coal hole upon the sidewalk was open to receive the load of coal, and Muldoon, with his usual luck, had fallen through it.

He descended very quickly and bounced out into a dark cellar, which was but dimly lighted up by the gleam of a tallow candle in the hands of a pretty servant girl, who was drawing some cider from a keg near to where Muldoon fell.

She started back in affright as soon as he bounced down.

"Help! thieves!" yelled she.

He was just as much surprised as she was.

His sudden fall seemed for the moment to deprive him of his senses.

"Hey?" interrogated he, in a dazed sort of way.

"Help! robbers! assassins!" screeched the pretty servant-girl, making a break for the cellar-stairs.

"What's the matter, Jane?" shouted a voice from the hall above.

"A robber, Mr. Blank, a robber," she answered.

"Where?"

"In the cellar—oh, come quick!"

"Give me my revolver," a voice was heard to say; "I'll settle the villain." A second elapsed, Muldoon was picking himself up, and Jane was cowering in a corner, when heavy footsteps were heard coming down the cellar-stairs.

Click!

A revolver was plainly from the sound being cocked and made ready for use by somebody.

The person who cocked it was the owner of the voice from above.

He was a bald-headed, stout man, trembling in every nerve from excitement, and holding a big bull-dog revolver of an ancient pattern in his hand. "Where is he, Jane? Where is he?" queried he.

"There, Mr. Blank!" said Jane, in feeble accents; "see him!"

Mr. Blank did behold Muldoon.

He acted right away.

Bang!

The report rang out loudly; but the bullet didn't come within a mile, so to speak, of Muldoon. It buried itself harmlessly in a beam overhead.

"Have—have I killed him?" questioned Mr. Blank.

"I—I don't know," replied Jane; "he can't be dead, because he is moving!"

She was right in that.

Muldoon was moving.

It was enough to make anybody move to be shot at as a burglar when the person knew he was innocent of any burglarizing designs.

"Hould on!" Muldoon cried, "would yez kill me?"

The answer came swiftly.

Bang!

Mr. Blank had fired again, and for a wonder his aim was pretty direct.

Muldoon could feel the wind of the bullet as it whizzed past his cheek and flattened itself upon the wall behind him.

Just half an inch to one side and it is probable that this story would never have been written, for half an inch to the right would have sent the leaden missile crashing through his brain.

As it was, it was a very narrow escape—an escape too narrow to be comfortable.

Muldoon thought so.

He had now fully recovered his senses—the momentary daze had left him.

"Howld on!" cried he. "Don't shoot!"

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Three more chambers of Mr. Blank's revolver went off in rapid succession, but still Muldoon was not touched.

"Will ye cease?" begged he, as he dodged invisible bullets. "I am no burglar—I am Muldoon!"

He advanced towards Mr. Blank.

That valiant gentleman retreated.

But he held the pistol presented point-blank at Muldoon.

"Advance and I will send a bullet through your heart!" he said. "I can do it, for I've got a—a focus upon your heart."

"But you know me, Mr. Blank," Muldoon replied.

"You may know me, but I don't know *you*," decidedly answered back the other.

It was no wonder he didn't.

Muldoon's face and clothes were so blackened with coal-dust that he had the appearance of a blackamoor more than anything else.

Indeed it is scarcely possible that Muldoon's own mother, had she been alive, would have recognized him.

Just then a violent rapping came to the basement door.

"Go up, Jane, and see who it is?" ordered Mr. Blank. "I will keep this fellow quiet."

Jane, glad of a chance to escape from what she considered a perilous predicament, darted past Muldoon and her master, and flew upstairs.

She ran to the door, which was being violently knocked upon.

She opened it.

Two burly policemen stood with drawn clubs before her.

"What is all this racket in your house?" asked one. "We have heard pistol-shots."

Jane gave an exclamation of joy.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she ejaculated. "Master will be so pleased to see you."

"Why?"

"He needs your assistance."

"What for?"

"He's got a robber down into the cellar, and he's been a-shooting at him."

"Did he hit him?"

"I guess not. Master ain't used to firing off a pistol, and all he's hit has been the walls and ceiling. But he's got the robber captured all the same, because he's got his pistol right against the robber's stomach, and if the pistol goes off the robber is dead."

The policemen listened to the story somewhat impatiently.

"We'll soon settle the affair," said one;

"show us the way to the cellar."

Jane gladly obeyed.

The policemen were soon descending the cellar steps.

"Mr. Blank—Mr. Blank!" cried Jane from

their rear, "here's two brave policemen come to help you!"

To say that Mr. Blank was joyous at the information is simply to speak the truth.

"Here, gentlemen, here, this way," said he.

"Here is the desperate robber."

Muldoon was by this time reconciled to his fate.

He began to see the comic side of the adventure.

"So ye arrist me?" said he.

"Yes," replied one of the policemen, viciously grasping his collar. "We've got yer."

"It is lucky ye have."

"Why?"

"Ye have struck rosy luck in me capthure."

"How?"

"There is a thousand pounds offered for me apprehension—dead or buried."

"Who by?"

"The English government."

The policemen were impressed.

A man for whom such a reward was offered must be a great criminal.

And greatness, even in wrong-doing, commands a certain degree of respect.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the policeman.

"I am Saffron-Snoot Docherty, the Welsh Jack Sheppard," was Muldoon's reply. "Perhaps ye have heard av me? Twur I who locked a whole squad of mounted infantry into a switch-house at Bally-google, Ireland, and blew them up wid dynamite. Not a sowl escape d!"

"What did you come into my house for?" agitatedly queried Mr. Blank, in evident fear.

"Twur my purpose to set foire to it and burn yesilf up," said Muldoon, calmly. "Ye have English blood in yez arteries, and the Land League has signed yez death-warrant. Lade on to the bastile, jintlemen. I follow!"

The policemen marched Muldoon up the stairs.

At last they reached the kitchen. It was light there.

As soon as Muldoon's face was plainly to be seen, Mr. Blank started back.

"Why, I have seen you before!" exclaimed he.

"Give me a wash-cloth and I will reveal my identity," Muldoon said. "Cowld wather will make a great change in me appearance."

He was allowed to wash at the sink.

When this job was finished, and he turned his cleansed face to Mr. Blank, that gentleman fairly reeled back against the wall.

"It's—it's Muldoon!" cried he.

The policemen, too, were staggered.

They knew Muldoon perfectly well. Many a sly meal had they eaten at his area-gate.

"What does it all mean?" faintly queried Mr. Blank. "Why, I might have shot ye!"

"Yes, if ye had aimed at some other object," retorted Muldoon, a sly twinkle in his eye; "but as long as ye fired at me I knew I was perfectly safe. Ye will never captain a rifle team."

"I'm glad I am a bad shot for your sake."

"And for yesilf, too. The stain av blood is hard to wash out from a man's hand."

Then Muldoon proceeded to explain what he was doing in Mr. Blank's cellar, and how he came to get there.

All laughed heartily at his relation of his ride and its hapless ending, and the policemen went off.

"Dhrop round at the basement door after dark to-night, boys," said Muldoon, "and I will have a flask av St. Jacob's Oil for ye—the kould ye woipe yez mouth off afther ye swallow it."

Then Muldoon started for home.

There was a crowd about the door anxiously awaiting his re-appearance.

When he came out it must be confessed that there was a little disappointment.

They had vaguely expected to see him come, all bloody, or with his head mashed, or a leg fractured, or perhaps borne out with his body full of holes.

But they soon rallied from their disappointment, and loud shouts of welcome rang out upon the air.

"Muldoon forever!"

"Three cheers for Terence!"

"Hip!"
 "Hip!"
 "Hurrah!"

The cheers rang out with that hearty emphasis which only can be given by an American crowd.

Muldoon took off his hat and bowed gracefully.

"Speech!" howled the mob.

He put up his hand for silence.

Instantly all was quiet.

"I thank you, me friends," he said, "for yez good wishes, but me eloquence does not flow with freedom. Falling down a coal-hole takes the gift av gab all out av a man. Au revoir—I will see you sooner."

This speech did just as good as any labored effort would have done, and Muldoon walked back home, escorted by all of the small boys and idlers of the vicinity.

As he reached his own house he beheld a sorrowful sight.

It was a broken goat-carriage, a crushed goat, and a crying boy. It is perhaps needless to say that the crying boy was young Astor.

Muldoon was seized with sorrow as he gazed upon the tableau. He realized that he was responsible for it.

He called the boy.

"Here, Willy?" queried he, "what ails you?"

Willy did not feel able to reply.

He pointed to the goat and to the ruined sulky, while a fresh flood of tears poured down his cheeks. Half an hour's speech could not have as well explained the situation as did his gesture.

Muldoon patted the lad's curly head.

"It is all right, Willy," said he. "I will buy ye a frish goat and a sicond sulky—a sulky wid tassels on its wheels and a flag upon the axle."

"Will you really?" asked the child.

Muldoon struck an attitude.

"Upon the worrud av a Muldoon," he said, "and niver did a Muldoon lol."

That appeared to satisfy the boy.

He wiped away his tears, bid Muldoon good-bye, and proceeded homeward, while Muldoon went up into his own house.

The whole family were congregated in the parlor as he entered that apartment.

There was his wife, the Hon. Mike, Dan, Roger, Mrs. Growler and 'Enery Higgs—not to mention Pythagoras O'Neil.

He was received with sarcastic interrogations.

"Did you like your ride?"

"Wasn't it enjoyable?"

"Are you still alive?"

"Goat-driving is nice fun, isn't it?"

"You looked pretty."

"You should have had your picture taken while you was upon that sulky."

"What a sweet ornament it would have made for a morgue."

So they spoke, and Muldoon felt disconcerted. He wondered from where they could have obtained their information in regard to his adventure.

He soon found out.

Pythagoras had followed him, had beheld his fall down the coal-hole, had awaited the result of the incident, and had obtained the facts of the case from one of the two policemen who had temporarily taken Muldoon in custody.

Therefore the family were fully aware of all that happened, and many were the jokes Muldoon was forced to bear on his adventure.

Well, at last, to cut our story short, election-day arrived.

Of course it was a day of great excitement and interest for Muldoon.

He was up early, and after voting—for himself, of course—hired a carriage and was driven around to all of the polling-places.

At several he met with McCady, his antagonist.

Of course they greeted each other with great friendliness, and socially drank together as if they were old and attached friends.

At last, having done all he personally could, Muldoon went to his head-quarters—a floor over a beer-saloon—and waited anxiously for the returns.

Would he be elected?

Or would he not?

Aye, Muldoon would have given a big boodle to know.

PART X.

MULDOON looked at the clock which ticked away upon the wall of his head-quarters.

Its hands pointed to half-past two, therefore there was just about an hour left for balloting. Muldoon wished it was already over.

He sat by the table and drummed away idly upon it.

Presently Pythagoras O'Neil came in.

"How goes it?" asked Muldoon, anxiously.

Mr. O'Neil rubbed his hands.

"Elegantly—elegantly," he said. "You will win without a doubt. McCady is nowhere. Why, in our district, where there were only fifty-six legal voters, your vote is seventy-five. We have smart men working for us, and they work with a will. I have had to get Hugo Rafferty out of the clutches of the law twice already."

"Why?"

"His enthusiasm has carried him away. He voted in every election district—there are forty-five—for you before nine o'clock, and then he went and stood guard near a polling-place with a meat-ax in his hand. He swore he would chop whoever did not vote for you into sausages. Naturally the police, for form's sake, had to remove him."

"Bedad, Hugo is a tried friend," Muldoon said. "If I am elected he will receive his reward."

"How?"

"I will make him supervisor av weather-cocks for New York Bay."

Here a newsboy put his head inside of the door.

"Extra!" bawled he.

"What's it about?" asked Muldoon.

"Full account ov der election."

"Who's elected?"

"McCady."

Muldoon grabbed a spittoon and flung it at the boy, who with a jeer of defiance disappeared.

"That bye will ind his existence upon the gallows," declared Muldoon; "the idea av his stating that McCady was elected!"

A second boy arrived.

"Extra!" yelled he. "Here's all about the election!"

Muldoon tried to appear careless.

"Who's elected?" he inquired.

"Der best man, boss."

"Who's he?"

"Der people's pride."

"Which is that?"

"Muldoon."

There was a joyous sparkle in Muldoon's eyes.

"Come here, me bonny child," he said.

"Faix, it is aisy to see future greatness in yez eyes. If yez kape on ye may become a successful thrain-robber, rayspicted by all who know ye. How many papers have ye?"

"Twenty-five," replied the boy, edging toward the door.

"How much apiece?"

"Five cents."

Muldoon threw out a two-dollar bill.

"Kape the change," he said; "buy barrels to cilibrate me election."

The boy snatched the bill and ran out like one possessed.

"Shure, he appears to be in an awful hurry," said Muldoon. "Perhaps the sudden acquisition of so much wealth has driven him mad. He has doubtless gone out to bite the two dollar bill to see if it is good."

Stooping down, Muldoon picked up a paper.

There was a heading of "Extra," sure enough, but what was beneath caused his brows to contract.

He read:

"Extra! Latest news from the Abyssinian war. Two hundred British cavalry drowned by a water-spout."

"What the divil does it mane?" he asked of Pythagoras.

Pythagoras smiled as he took up the paper.

"Note the date," replied he.

Muldoon did.

He flung the paper savagely down.

"February 10th, 1878," said he. "I've been sowld again. That young son av a gun has stuck me wid two-year-old papers. Be Heavens, I noticed the gallow's-bird expression upon his face."

"He's a smart boy, Mr. Muldoon," said Pythagoras. "He will make his way in the world."

"He will make it downward, thin," answered Muldoon, "for if I iver catch a howld of the young rascal it is slaughter him in cold gore, that I will."

While Muldoon was speaking the Hon. Mike arrived.

The Hon. Mike was excited, but he was also happy.

"Get a chair for der steel-clawed old vulture av Pike's Peak," he requested. "Generally speaking, I'm an old iron-clad condor wot kin exist fer a century widout getting tired, but I feel just a trifle fatigued just now."

"What have you been doing?" queried Muldoon.

"Wot ain't I been doing? Muldoon, if yer was a foster-sister av mine, I couldn't have worked harder for yer."

"In what way?"

"I've made fifteen speeches, drank twenty-two cock-tails, and walked arm-in-arm wid a nigger and a Chinese past all der polling-places. And it was all fer your sake. Oh, I am a roaring old beast of destruction when I get started. McCady heard I was out canvassing for you."

"What did he say?"

"Dey said he sobbed like a child. 'Mike Growler working for Muldoon!' remarked he. 'Pack up my carpet-bag and buy me a ticket for Ireland. I'm beat.'"

With which explanation of supposed fact Mike took off his coat, sat down into a chair and suggested that he was a dry old desert and needed liquid refreshment.

A cock-tail was soon forthcoming, and with the drink upon the table by his side and a big cigar between his teeth, the noble Nevada lily waited for returns.

Pretty soon there was a new arrival. It was Hugo Rafferty.

Hugo was in his usual state—that is to say, he was pretty well full.

Liquor has various effects upon the human being.

Frequently it goes to his head.

Frequently it goes to his legs.

Occasionally, with a Celtic gentleman, it goes to his fists.

With Hugo it went to his eyes, producing a copious flood of tears.

"If he were driven along the streets, what a splendid sprinkler he would be," remarked Muldoon.

Hugo made an unsteady effort to embrace Muldoon.

"Letsh me fall upon your shoulder and weep," requested he.

Muldoon dodged out of the way.

"What do ye want to let flow the briny tear for?" he asked.

"Fer you."

"Why?"

"Yer beat."

"I am?"

"Yes. Letsh weep tergerer. Birds of a—hic—feather weep tergerer;" and Hugo was so overpowered by grief that he sank down upon the floor in a helpless heap.

"P'ralysis," he feebly ejaculated, as he tried to pick himself up without any assistance whatever—"p'ralysis. Over-excitement has caused—hic—p'ralysis."

"Paralysis be blasted!" said the Hon. Mike, decidedly; "it's bad gin."

He grabbed Hugo's collar, and had that young person upon a chair in a second.

"Behave yerself, ye galvanized lush," he remarked, "or I'll take yer down into the backyard, and play on yer wid a hose. I'm a stony old slab from Flint Creek, and I twitter just what I mean. Now what are yer weeping about?"

Hugo wiped away his tears sufficiently to reply:

"Muldoon is defeated."

"Defeated?"

"Yes."

"By what?"

Here Hugo was seized with a fresh accession of tears.

The salty drops of woe fairly ran down his breast in bucketfuls.

"He's licked," he sobbed, "by pictures."

"By pictures!" repeated Mike, incredulously.

"What do you mean?"

Hugo stopped his current of sorrow long enough to look at the Senator from Nevada.

"Ain't yer seen the pictures?" he asked.

Muldoon, who had been listening to the conversation, here interposed.

His anxiety was manifested in his words.

"Hugo," he said, "what are ye spaking about? What pictures do ye bear reference to?"

"The ones of you," was Hugo's answer.

"What ones?"

"Ye haven't seen them?"

"No."

Hugo burst into another flood of tears.

"They'll be here in a second," he said. "By those pictures yer was proved to be—"

"What?"

"An Irish nigger, a Chinese Irishman, and an Italian Irishman."

Muldoon arose in wrath.

"Where are the blasted pictures?" he asked.

"Outside," said he. "I left them upon the landing. I couldn't—hic—bear to show 'em to yer."

Pythagoras O'Neil ran outside and in again in a second.

He bore three big paper bills in his hand.

Mike grabbed one, Hugo staggered under a second, while Pythagoras supported the third.

They were gaudily-colored pictures, representing Muldoon as a Chinaman, a negro and an Italian.

Upon them were the various legends:

"Vote for Muldoon, the Chinese Irishman!"

"Vote for Muldoon, the Irish Nigger!"

"Vote for Muldoon, the Italian Irishman!"

If there ever was a crazy man, it was Muldoon at the sight of those bills.

He paced the floor like a tiger, and began to roll up his coat-sleeves. "Be Heaven, I will thrack the scoundrel who made those portraits to the death!" he exclaimed.

"Where did you get these bills, Hugo?" asked Pythagoras.

"They're all over the ward."

"I haven't seen any before."

"They were just put out at one o'clock. Everybody's—hic—laughin' at 'em. It was McCady's idea."

"The idea will prove McCady's death," swore Muldoon, as he tugged away at something in his back pocket.

The something proved to be a big revolver—almost a small cannon.

"Wot are yer goin' ter do wid der musket?" Mike asked.

A wild gleam shone in Muldoon's eyes.

"This pistol," replied he, "has seven chambers."

"Yes."

"Aich chamber is replete wid a bullet."

"Yes."

"Bedad, ivery bullet will go into McCady's coward carcass. I could tolerate being called a Chinese Irishman, I could overlook being addressed as an Italian Irishman, but whin I am exposed to public gaze labeled as an Irish Nigger, it puts bloodshed in me heart. Where is me hat?"

His friends began to feel alarmed.

Would he really be fool enough to go on a hunting expedition after McCady?

"Jest you sit down and let der breeze blow on yer head," advised Mr. Growler; "der yer want ter disgrace yer family? Think av yer wife."

"I will think of nothing excipt the insult offered to me," replied Muldoon.

"There will be a foine inding to the Senatorial contest in this ward. One candidate will be in the morgue and the other in jail."

In vain they pleaded.

"Please don't go!"

"You'll ruin yourself."

"And your family."

"Do you want to be remembered as a murderer?"

"And assassin?"

"And you'll be hung."

"I don't care if I am burnt at a telegraph pole," replied Muldoon, flourishing his pistol.

"I will go. The gutters will run wid McCady's blood!"

The Hon Mike turned away.

He was disgusted.

"So you will go, yer blank cotton-headed Mick," he remarked. "Go; I won't stop you."

"Or I," said Pythagoras.

Even Hugo offered no further opposition to Muldoon's departure.

"Good-bye," said he feebly. "'Spect I'll have ter—hic—run for Senator myself."

Muldoon faltered.

His anger was cooling rapidly.

As long as people would coax him not to go, he was bound to go. But when they didn't appear to care a cent whether he went or not, the case was different.

He laid the pistol down upon the table and quietly took a seat.

"I guess I won't go," he said; "I have a wart upon me foot, and it causes me intense agony to walk."

"I knew yer wouldn't," the Hon. Mike said, lighting a fresh cigar; "yer ain't got nerve enough. I'd like to see anybody call me an Irish nigger. I'm an old Hurricane of Howling Destruction, and I would just change that party's peaceful abode inter a Valley av Death. I'd—"

The door opened, and Hippocrates Burns, the poet, came in.

Hippocrates bore a paper roll in his gloved hand, which he proceeded to open.

Bowing to Muldoon, he advanced, struck an attitude, and began:

"Hail to the orator—hail to the man!

Hail to the chief of a glorious clan!

Hail to New York's favorite choice,

Sent to the Senate by unanimous voice."

Hail!

Bang!

Muldoon's revolver, with which he was toying, had gone off, either accidentally or intentionally, and the bullet flew not far from the poet's head.

It is doubtless unnecessary to add that the reading of the poem came to an abrupt end.

"What—what do you mean?" Hippocrates gasped.

"I mane I want to hear no more av it," replied Muldoon. "Yez poethry wud disgrace a machine. Do yez recollect a cantata yez gave me to read, called 'Little snow-white sausage made from sister's cat?'"

"Yes; did you read it?"

"Read it! Not a worrud! I pitched it out av the windy, and it fell into Mr. Baldwin's yard. Mr. Baldwin's goat ate it and—"

"What?"

"He were found dead nixt morning wid the poem in his mouth. And he had only chewed to the second verse!"

Hippocrates smiled benignly.

"Ahl Mr. Muldoon," said he, "you are always so full of your jokes."

"Ye wud have been full av lead if ye hadn't stopped yez poesy reading," Muldoon answered.

"What wur it all about?"

"I came to congratulate you."

"What on?"

"Your success."

"As what?"

"Senator. You are elected."

Muldoon rushed forward and grabbed Hippocrates by the hand.

"Do ye mane it?" asked he.

"I do."

"But how do yez know? The polls have just been closed."

"That may be, but everybody says you are elected. McCady acknowledges it. Said he to me, 'Tell Muldoon I congratulate him. I own I am beat—fairly and squarely.'"

"Did McCady say so?"

"Yes, sir."

Muldoon gave vent to a wild war-whoop of joy.

He flung his hat up in the air and playfully kicked it as it came down.

"McCady is a throe gentleman, an ornament to his sex," said he.

"I have always felt the sincerest feelings av admiration for McCady."

"But a few moments ago you were going out to slay McCady," quietly said Mr. O'Neil.

"'Twere but a joke. Be gob, McCady was always as a brother to me—especially since I have defeated the sucker."

Then Muldoon danced around like a dervish, and begged to be allowed to kiss somebody.

"Muldoon," said the Hon. Mike, "I'm an old blink-eyed crow what haz lived in a crack av a rotten log all av my life, but still I've heard av a proverb."

"What proverb?" queried Muldoon, stopping in his terpsichorean exercise.

"Never crow till yer get outer der woods. Yer may not be elected after all."

Muldoon was recalled to his senses by Mike's remarks.

"Ye may be roight," said he, as he resumed his seat. "They may count me out."

Just then another gentleman entered the room.

It was Dan Muldoon—and Dan's face beamed with gladness.

"Terence, I am proud av ye," Dan exclaimed, grasping his brother's hand. "It is gratified I am to own ye."

"What indicates this sudden outburst av fraternal affection?" Muldoon asked.

"Ye know well enough."

"I do not."

"Terry, ye do."

"Dan, I don't."

"Ye are not giving me taffy?"

"Not a cint's worth."

"An' ye really wonder why I luk so glad?"

"Yis."

A quizzical look came into Dan's eyes—eyes of honest Irish blue—as he slapped his brother familiarly and affectionately upon his back.

"Terry," said he, "ye are elected widout doubt. The people have selected you to reprintsint their interests in the Legislature as a senator."

"Didn't I tell yer so?" Hippocrates Burns gleefully exclaimed. "Hurrah for Muldoon! Hurrah for the solid man!"

The cheers were given with a will—Muldoon leading off—and the shouting was kept up until all concerned were hoarse.

The Hon. Mike, in his great delight, actually favored the company with a highly artistic break-down, which threatened to break down the floor.

"I had a good deal to do with your success," Mike said. "I tell ye wot, when der old Double Eagle av der Bottomless Pit goes about flapping his wings for anybody, it means biz—clean biz."

"Ye all had a hand in me victory," said Muldoon. "and I will not forget it. Aven will I recollect you, Hippocrates. I will make ye Poet Laureate if iver I become emperor. I have noticed that the counthry is gradually floating towards a monarchical form of government, and I have a perception that I will be called upon to wear the crown."

"Hark! that noise—what is it?"

"Cheering," said Pythagoras. "It is the voice of the populace."

Sure enough, a crowd had assembled outside, and were shouting merrily for Muldoon.

Although the polls had been closed for only an hour, and the ballots had not been counted, yet it was known that Muldoon was elected. There seems to be a sort of popular intuition in such cases, which very rarely fails of being right.

The cheering outside settled the question to Muldoon. Whatever lingering doubts he might have had of his election before were now dissipated.

For a few seconds he acted like a crazy man.

"Oh, Mary Ann! Mary Ann! Yah! yah! yah! Mary Ann! Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma! Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la!"

sang he as he danced gayly around. "Fair-

am a great man! Me woife shall have a velvet dress trimmed wid pearl oysters, and Roger shall have a steam yacht to sail up and down the canal in. Bedad, Dan, I will not forgit me family. I will buy an elevated railroad, and give it to you as a Christmas prisint. Come along, b'yes; have a dhrink. Ye can take anything ye want. Ye may drink nectar from golden goblets if ye plaze. I believe, begorra, I will buy a vineyard and raise me own wine. Whirra! follow me!"

They did, till a prominent saloon was reached.

Muldoon "set 'em up" several times, and meeting a lot of political friends, more bottles were set up.

By six o'clock it was assured that Muldoon was elected by a large majority, and the congratulations kept flowing in upon Muldoon, and, of course, congratulations had to be reciprocated in a vinuous form.

The result was that Muldoon was pretty well braced when at last he started for home in a cab, all alone, for Mike wouldn't leave the saloon, Dan and Hippocrates had gone off to play pool, Pythagoras had to meet a friend, and Hugo was fast asleep under the free-lunch table.

Passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel he beheld a crowd.

The cause of it was that the election returns were being displayed upon the stereoptican which is on top of the railroad office at Twenty-third street and Broadway.

Muldoon looked out and saw in black figures upon the yellow disc:

"Muldoon elected Senator by 8,000 majority. Several districts yet to be heard from!"

He gave a gasp.

"Did Iver eny man aiquil my grandheur?" he said. "Be Heavens, they have put the notice av me election upon the moon!"

PART XL

If Muldoon had proceeded directly home all would have been right.

But the sight of his election marked, as he supposed, upon the moon, for so he took the stereoptican to be, made him feel decidedly joyous.

"Bedad, I will have a bottle av wine upon it," he declared. "'Tis worth it, but how, in St. Peter's name, did Iver they reach the moon?"

He called to the driver.

"Stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel," he ordered, "and have a glass av grape juice wid me." The driver was nothing loath.

A New York hackman who would refuse a drink would be a valuable curiosity for a museum.

The coach was accordingly driven to the hotel, and the horses being blanketed, the two proceeded to the bar-room.

It was full of politicians.

Most of them were acquainted with Muldoon, and he was warmly received.

Congratulations poured upon him from all sides.

"Shake, old man!"

"Glad you were elected!"

"You got a great vote!"

"I was surprised at your majority!"

"You're a heavy favorite!"

"Everybody voted for you!"

"You took the cake!"

Muldoon answered modestly to all of the flattering speeches.

"I am no orator, gentlemen," he replied; "but I thank ye fervently. What will ye have? Barkeeper, set up a dozen of Piper Heidsieck."

The wine was set up and drank, and more vinuous refreshment followed.

It was fully midnight before Muldoon escaped from his friends.

When he did, we are sorry to say, he was pretty decidedly elevated. His keg was full, as the by-word goes. The driver, too, was not at all sober.

"Where to?" he asked of Muldoon in a hoarse voice.

"Home."

"Where's that?"

"Didn't I tell yez, No. — Madison avenue."

Then Muldoon got into the hack, and was driven off.

He made several ineffectual attempts to light his cigar with a bundle of tooth-picks, but at last gave up the attempt.

"Begorra, all av the matches are bald-headed," he remarked. "There is not a dew-drop av sulphur upon any av thim."

Then he went to sleep.

He was awakened by the driver's voice at the door.

"Here you are."

"Am I home?" he queried, as he stumbled out.

"Yes."

"Sure ye have reached the right house?"

"Sure."

"How much do ye want?"

"Three dollars."

Muldoon selected the amount from a roll of bills and handed it over.

The driver mounted his seat, gathered up his reins, and the coach rattled away.

Unsteadily Muldoon climbed up his stoop—as he supposed it was.

At the top of the balustrade he perceived two stone lions.

He started back.

"Bedad!" ejaculated he, "is it possible I have the jams again. Faix, I must begigantically dhrunk to behowld lions. Shure, it tuk me a week wanst to see caterpillars. I wonder from what menagerie the bastes escaped, and who put thim upon my stoop."

He gazed at the creatures.

He was bothered to know whether they were real, material objects, or but the chimeras of an alcoholized brain.

How could he find out?

A sudden idea came to his relief.

He would kick them and see.

He kicked.

The next second he was holding onto his foot, while a wild expression of agony played over his face.

"They are no phantoms," he exclaimed; "they are substantial—and stuffed with paving-stones."

He examined them more carefully.

"Shure, they are av bronze," said he, "but how did they disembark upon me stoop? I will swear I niver had any bastes upon me stoop."

He reflected upon the subject.

"Probably they have been sint as a prisint," he said, "from some kind friend, and Bedalia has placed them out upon the piazza to excite the envy of the neighborhood. I will ask her whin I get widin."

He proceeded to the door.

It was unlocked.

Muldoon frowned as he pushed it open.

"That is rank carelessness," he said, "to leave a door open. Suppose robbers should get in and stale me ulster and Mrs. Muldoon's canary? I will make it pleasant for some of me negligent servants to-morrow."

He made his way into the hall.

The hall did not seem to be a bit familiar.

There was a statue holding a gas-jet confronting him, and the floor was paved with marble instead of being carpeted as Muldoon had always supposed his floor was.

"Some av me friends must have been making me a donation parthy during me absence," he muttered. "Perhaps I will foind a Chinese idol or a stuffed Esquimaux at the head av the stairs."

He stumbled up the flight till supposably his own room was reached.

Before he entered, however, he sat down and took off his shoes.

"If Bedalia is asleep I will not wake her," he said, with a wisdom born of long experience. "I will silently creep into bed and swear I wur home at nine P. M. These occasional slights av fancy are necessary to a married man."

He stole cautiously into the room.

The light was turned down, but still it illumined the apartment sufficiently for one to discern objects clearly.

The first thing he perceived was a chair

Upon it was a cork leg.

If a bolt of electricity had marked Muldoon for its target, he could not have been more seemingly paralyzed.

"A wooden leg!" he exclaimed, "and it must belong to Bedalia. Heaven! me brain will burst. Here I have been wedded to me woife for seventeen swate years, and niver wur I aware her leg wur wooden. Woman, yez name is Treachery. Bedad, I've a good moind to break her head wid her leg!"

He crept to the wash-stand.

Upon it was a glass of water.

He felt thirsty, and lifted the glass to his mouth.

A cold object encountered his lips at the first swallow.

He sat down the glass and picked out the object.

It was an eye.

A glass eye.

"That must be Bedalia's, too," he exclaimed: "her eyesight is manufactured too. But I niver suspected it. Yet I should have, for me artificial woife has said in joke, as I supposed, that she always slept wid wan eye open. Av course she did. How could she slape wid a glass eye shut?"

He flung the eye back into the glass.

"Swim on, ye glassy orb," he said, bitterly; "to-morrow I will give you to Roger for a marble."

His next expedition was to the bureau.

There upon a bench was a wig.

"Bedalia during my absence, it appears, sleeps in sections," he said. "I wonder is she in bed."

He looked at that article of furniture.

A woman's head, bald as a billiard-ball, was lying upon the pillow.

"'Tis Bedalia's," exclaimed Muldoon. "Bedad, I will sue for a divorce to-morrow. I object to having a woife wid a prairie head."

While he was speaking he in some way lost his balance.

He grasped the nearest object, a rocking-chair, to regain his equipoise.

The result, to any one acquainted with the habits of rocking-chairs, might be easily imagined.

The rocking-chair fell.

Muldoon also fell.

He and the chair both went to the floor with a ponderous crash.

"Faix, I've done it now," Muldoon sighed, as he tried to free himself from the rocking-chair. "I have made noise enough to wake up the house. I have woke up me bald-headed Bedalia also."

So it seemed.

The figure in the bed slowly arose.

She gave one glance at Muldoon.

"Help—help!" shrieked she.

Muldoon got up.

He endeavored to attitudinize as well and imposingly as he could.

"Peace, Bedalia," he said. "Do ye not know me?"

The figure yelled again.

"Help! burglars! thieves!" cried she. "Go away—go away! please do."

"Bedalia," said Muldoon soothingly, "ye are woid: ye know me well."

The reply vouchsafed by the bald-headed female was one of action, not of words.

She buried herself beneath the covering of the bed, disappearing from sight, as it were.

Muldoon looked at her with surprise.

He steadied himself against the bureau, as he remarked:

"I could Bedalia that too much St. Jacob's oil wud perplex her intellect. She does not recognize me."

The bald head suddenly appeared from beneath the engulfing covering.

"Take my jewels," it said, "but spare my life!"

"Bedad, Bedalia has been drinking," said Muldoon. "There is a case of conjugal affection for ye. I get intoxicated outside, and she fills in widin the privacy av her domestic circle. There is nothing loike an occult undherstanding between man and woife."

"Help! help!" cried the voice again. "Won't somebody save me?"

Muldoon surveyed his supposed wife in amazement.

"She has the noight-mare," he remarked. "I will go over and shake her up."

He advanced to the bedside for that purpose. With a paroxysmal howl the lady jumped out, clad in a loose negligee of night-robe.

He caught sight of her face. It was his turn to exclaim.

The face was not that of his wife at all. It was the countenance of a fagoty old creature—an eighty-year old chromo of femininity.

"What the devil's that ould witch doing in me bed?" he gasped, "and where is Bedalia?"

The old witch meanwhile had sank down upon her knees.

"Good robber! kind robber!" she said, in accents of fear, "take all my possessions, but do not harm me."

"Sure, I don't want to," he answered. "Nayther am I a robber; I only want to ax ye a query."

"Wh—what?"

"Who are ye?"

"A—a poor lone orphan."

"An orphan! Bedad, I am sorry for ye; ye luk ould enough to be the mother of a family av orphans. I—"

Here the door opened.

A tall man bearing a big shot-gun, a little man armed with a cavalry saber, and a fat darkey wielding an ax came in.

As soon as the darkey caught sight of Muldoon he dropped his ax and rapidly retreated.

"Golly, boss, it's a robber!" he said. "Dah he is—shoot the willain!"

The tall man raised the gun and Muldoon ducked.

"Begob," said he, "I must be off av me nut. 'Tis the first toime I iver knew there was a target company concealed in me house."

"Surrender," bawled the tall man, "or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Me chateau must have been capthured by thrain-robbers," Muldoon said; "I'll surrender."

"Cober him wid de gun, and I'll chop him head off wid de ax," the darkey said, valiantly advancing.

"If ye dare touch me wid that ax I will sthrange ye, ye black Cuban!" Muldoon cried.

"What does this all mean?"

"You'll find out," grimly said the tall man. "You'll break stone for about six years for this act."

"What have I done?"

"That's cool. You don't know?"

"No."

"Breaking into a house for the purpose of robbing isn't anything—is it?"

"Who's did so?"

"You."

"Ye are a loiar! I belave any man has a roight to inter his own dwelling."

"Oh, this is your house—eh?"

"Decidedly so."

The tall man burst out laughing.

"You've got a calm and tranquil cheek," he said. "Who are you?"

"Senator Muldoon," Muldoon proudly declared. "All av New York City rings wid me name to-noight."

The tall man dropped his gun.

The short man let his cavalry saber fall to the floor, while the darkey lost his ax.

They peered into Muldoon's face.

Then the tall man burst into a fit of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" he roared.

Muldoon was naturally vexed at the mirth displayed by the tall man.

"Are yez laughing at me announcement of me personality?" he asked. "What do ye see funny in it?"

The tall man roared again.

So did the short man.

The darkey likewise.

The darkey especially distinguished himself by his mirthfulness.

"Golly, it's a splendid joke," he cackled. "De bes' dat I've heard of for a long while. Massa Muldoon mus' be pretty full."

"Me inebriated? It is a campaign loi!" declared Muldoon. "I am perfectly sober."

"If so, Muldoon," the tall man asked, with a wink of extreme slyness, "how did you ever get into the wrong house?"

"The wrong house?" repeated Muldoon.

"Yes, sir; don't you know me?"

"Not in yez noight gown."

"Look again. Have I lived next door to you for several years, and you fail to know me?"

Muldoon took a good look.

"You're—you're Mr. Baldwin," he said, hesitatingly.

"Of course. Do you know what you've done, old man?"

"Me ideas are so confused it is very little that I know."

"Muldoon, you have been elected senator."

"Roight ye are."

"You are glad of it?"

"Roight again."

"On the strength of it you've gone and got full. Now acknowledge, you know you have."

"I'll own it."

"And you've got into my house by mistake for your own. The stoops are near to each other, and you walked up mine instead of walking up yours."

If ever a man felt cheap, it was Muldoon.

He was not so much under the influence of spirituous liquors but what he could comprehend the situation, and the excitement of the last few minutes had served to clear his brains.

"Faix," he ejaculated, "I know yez well, Mr. Baldwin, and also yez brother-in-law."

The brother-in-law, otherwise the short man, grinned amiably.

"How in the world, Muldoon," asked he, "did ever you get in? Does your key fit our door?"

"I didn't nade a kay."

"Why not?"

"The beautiful gate—I mane door—wur ajar."

"That is to say, it was partially open?"

"Yes."

"And you walked right in?"

"Av coorse."

"Well, it was my fault that you found the door so. I stepped out to get a cigar, and as I had not my night-key in my pocket I left the door upon the crack. I was away longer than I expected, and while I was absent I suppose you got in."

"Faix, I did," Muldoon said; "and I beg everybody's pardhon, especially the young lady whose room I have invaded."

That remark made Muldoon solid with the female skeleton in the night-robe.

It was the first time for about fifty years that she had been called young lady.

And she appreciated it.

"Really, Mr. Muldoon," simpered she, "I will excuse you. But you scared me."

"Ye scared me worse," Muldoon was about to blurt out, but he wisely restrained himself.

Instead, he said, with a bow which would have done credit to a Chesterfield:

"Yez acceptance av me apology fills me heart wid deloight. Au revoir, mam'selle."

Then he backed out as gracefully as he could, followed by Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Baldwin's brother-in-law, and the grinning darkey.

They went down-stairs, Mr. Baldwin making jokes all of the way at Muldoon's expense.

Muldoon stood them good-naturedly.

"It's all right, Baldwin," he said; "if I wur not full already I wud ax yez to have a glass av wine, but in my case it wud be similar to pouring salt wather into the ocean. But I wud ax ye wan question?"

"Ask away," smiled Mr. Baldwin.

"What is it?"

"What is what?"

"It?"

"What do you mean?"

"The thing we just left."

"What thing?"

"Shure, ye know well enough. The ledy wid the bare-back head."

"She's my Aunt Patience. Pretty old lady, ain't she?"

"Pretty!" Muldoon gave vent to an expres-

sion of disgust. "Well, if she is pretty, a scarecrow is a thing av beauty. Whin I first beheld her arise from her downy couch, I were not aware whether it were man, woman or demon. But say, Mr. Baldwin—"

"Well?"

"Ye are a friend av moine?"

"Didn't I vote for you?"

"I wud ax ye a favor."

"Ask away."

"Will ye grant it?"

"If I can."

"Thin, Mr. Baldwin, plaze kape my intry in-to yez house a saycret. If iver it gets abroad I would be a butt av ridicule."

Mr. Baldwin promised not to, and Muldoon went home.

Next morning he was the last one down, at the breakfast table.

"Hello, dad," cheerfully said Roger; "a nice old Senator you are, calling upon a lady at mid-night."

"What do ye mane, bye?" asked Muldoon, severely.

"Oh, you can't get out of it."

"Out av what?"

"It's all over."

"What is?"

"Your last night's adventure. It is a wonder you were not shot."

"Served him right if he had been," Mrs. Muldoon said scornfully. "I despise a sot."

"Bedalia, that will do," severely replied Muldoon. "I am not a sot, I am a Senator."

"It means just the same thing," replied she, "but we will say no more about it. Ye have disgraced yerself."

"Bah, there is no use av arguing wid a woman," Muldoon answered, as he proceeded to make a substantial meal out of cold water principally.

After the meal was over, he called to Roger and took him aside.

"Who gave it away?" asked he.

"Baldwin's darkey."

"The black ace av spades," said Muldoon; "me first act upon assuming me senatorial seat will be to pass a bill rindering it necessary for all naygurs to be white-washed."

With which remark he passed away, feeling that a walk would do him good.

So it did, but perhaps a "bracer" which he disposed of at a rum dungeon did him more good.

Anyway, he began to feel like himself.

Passing a row of tenement houses he beheld a little man and a big woman squabbling over an ash-box.

The woman called to Muldoon.

"Here, Senator!" she cried.

Muldoon went over to her.

"Good-day, Mrs. Sweeny," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you see that apology for a man—that upright money?" she said.

Muldoon eyed the little man, and said he did.

"He wants to stale my ash-box."

"It is my ash-box," declared the little man.

"Ye know well, Mrs. Sweeny, yez oldest bye, Rhoderick Dhu, tuk it away from me door last night."

"He didn't, Mr. McCarty."

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Mrs. Sweeny, ye falsify."

Mrs. Sweeny burst into a flood of tears, and turned to Muldoon.

"Senator," she asked, "can yez stand by and see a dacint widdy woman called a liar by a dried-up ape?"

Meanwhile McCarty was lugging off the box.

Muldoon sprang forward and grabbed one end.

"Be heavens, McCarty," said he, "ye will not take that woman's box away. As sinator, it is me duty to defend the roights av me constituents."

PART XII.

MULDOON'S grip upon the ash-box was decided. McCarty perceived so, for he gave a stalwart pull and the ash-box did not move a particle.

He attempted diplomacy.

"Mr. Muldoon," he said, "I do not know why ye should interest yerself in this affair."

"Ye do not?" said Muldoon.

"No."

"Thin ye must be blind av intellect."

"Why?"

"The woman who ye are confiscating the ash-box from is one av me constituents—me female constituents. I deem it me duty to protect her roights, and, be Heaven, I will do it. Lave go av that burial casket of ashes!"

McCarty refused to.

McCarty, however, had gotten a good brace with his feet, and the box did not budge.

"Ye did not get it away that time," McCarty said. "It is no consumptive child ye are measuring yez muscle wid."

Muldoon felt his temper begin to arise.

It would never do, in the presence of so many spectators, for him to be beaten in a contest of strength.

"McCarty," he said, "I know ye by reputation."

"And ye know nothing wrong av me," replied McCarty, quickly.

"Toime will tell that. Ye have a woife?"

fog upon his teeth can despoil me of me own roightful property."

"I am a freckled-faced politician, am I?" Muldoon queried. "Do ye know what ye are?"

"What?"

"A sawed-off curiosity wid a high hat. Ye look loike Bunnell's what-is-it seen undher a moicroscope. Lave go av the box."

"Whin you do!"

"I will niver."

"Nayther will I. I wud die fust."

The crowd by this time was augmented considerably.

The spectators enjoyed the situation and



He beheld a door with the titled information "Editor" upon it at the top of the staircase. "Be Heavens," said Muldoon, "inside uv that door lurks the villain who has maligned me. In a few moments he will be a reeking corpse."

"It is me box," said he, "and I will take it away."

"If ye can. I will cling unto the ash-box as long as I have a sinew in me arms."

By this time people, attracted by the noise of the altercation, had collected around.

They were mostly residents of the vicinity, and of course were naturally well acquainted with Muldoon.

When they learned the wherefore of the quarrel, they were upon his side at once.

They encouraged him by words.

"Stick to the box, Senator."

"Pull for the shore!"

"Haul it in half!"

"Yank him off his pins!"

"Don't give up!"

"You'll beat him in the tug of war!"

Muldoon heard the words, and was very much encouraged.

"The populace are wid me, as usual," muttered he. "Niver did I see such a popular man as meself. 'Tis me personal magnetism does it. I believe if I war to blow up New York I would be applauded by press, public, and pulpit."

As he spoke the words he gave a pull at the ash-box.

"Yes."

"Three children?"

"Yes."

"And an aged mother?"

"Ye are roight."

"They wud be sorry if ye should die?"

"Naturally."

"Thin for the sake av them all lave go av that ash-box, for, begorra, if ye don't the undher-taker will be carrying camp-stools into yez house to-morrow, for I mane to pull yez arms out av their sockets. And whin a man wanst has his arms out av his sockets he is a corpse."

McCarty smiled a smile of contempt, which only served to irritate Muldoon all the more.

"Be gob!" said McCarty, "ye are a man av sthraw. I can pull yez lungs out—if yez have any. Judging from yez talk, yez lungs are big enough for a giraffe. The box is me own box, and I will have it."

"Ye will not!"

"I will."

"Take it if ye can."

"You think I can't?"

"I know so."

"I will show ye ye are wrong. It is a warm Christmas whin a freckled-faced politician wid

egged on the two star actors to further performances.

"Wot do you two duffers want stand dere chinning fer? Are ye goin' ter gas fer a year?" asked a burly butcher's boy. "Yer afraid ter act!"

"I am not," replied Muldoon. "Be jabers, I will take the box away from the Barbary baboon in a twinkling."

He made the effort.

It didn't work.

For the simple reason that Mr. McCarty pulled exactly opposite to him.

Mr. McCarty was little, it is true.

But, like a great many little men, he was strong in the arms. Stature, as a rule, has nothing to do with strength, though a great many people have an erroneous idea to that effect.

Muldoon tried again.

McCarty was there.

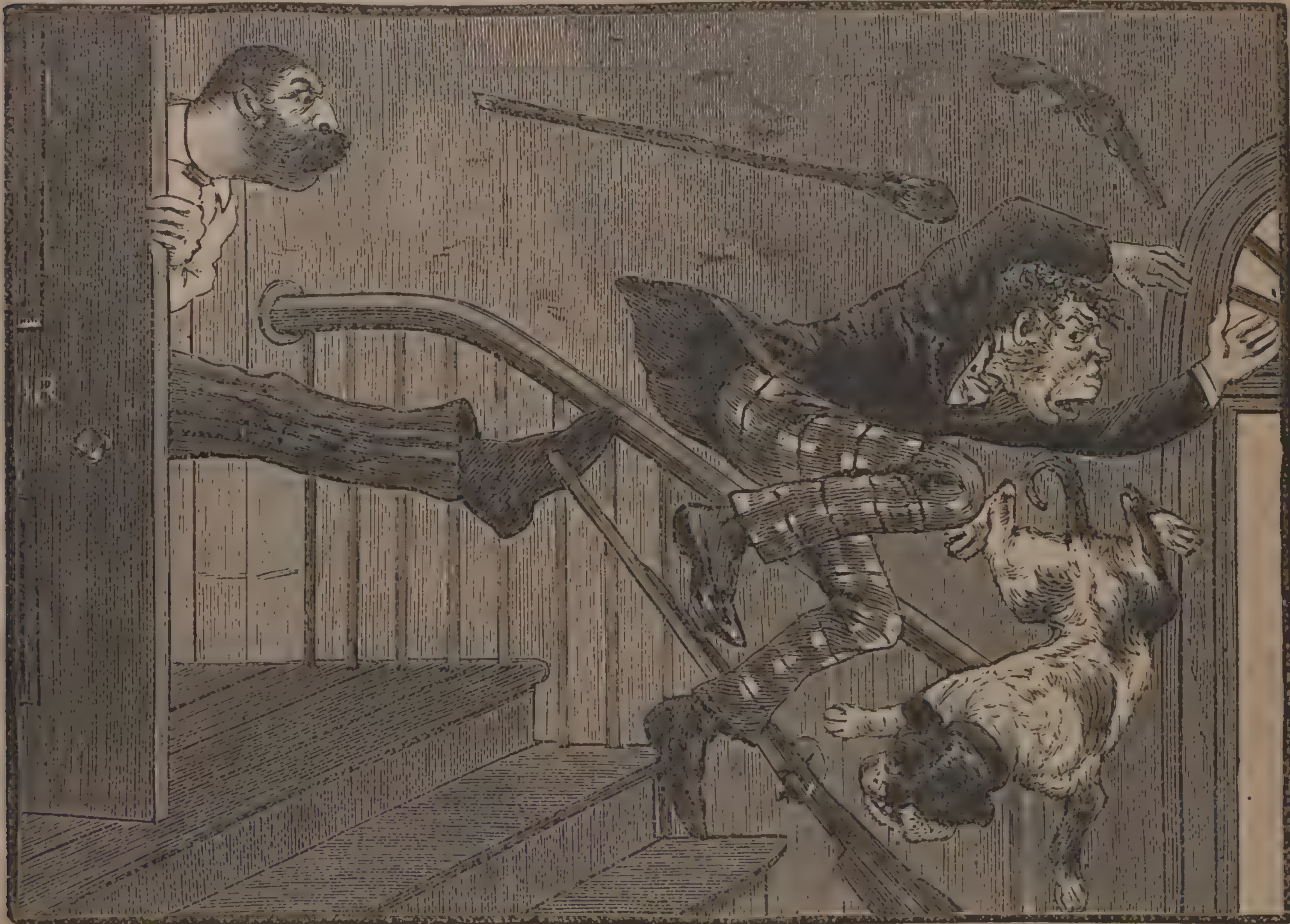
Not an inch of advantage could either gain, neither did either lose a particle of ground. It was a novel tug of war.

The crowd, as crowds generally are in street brawls, was equally divided almost as to the justice of the *casus belli*.

Half had an idea Muldoon was right; half judged Mr. McCarty to be likewise. They encouraged their respective favorites. "Pull, McCarty." "Go it, Muldoon." "May the best man win!" "Put some muscle in!" "Try extra hard!" "Pull the box in two before you give up, Muldoon." "I will," replied Muldoon, gritting his teeth. "I will make kindling wood av it or fracture me back." Suddenly there was a crack.

Rather had they descended like a ton of coal. While they were seated, glaring at each other in benumbed surprise, a policeman appeared, as policemen always do—just after a row is all over. "Here, clear out," ordered he, as he scattered the spectators with his club. "What is the matter? You two get up." As he spoke he prodded the two gentlemen upon the sidewalk with his baton. Muldoon arose with as much dignity as he could. McCarty followed his example. "What is all this about?" queried the knight

cept a dollar, call a cab, and say no more about the matter? Would the officer accept a dollar? Would he? Would a fish swim? The dollar went into his pocket, and he hailed a passing cab, which was empty. Muldoon waved his hand for McCarty to enter it first. "The subject av our rivalry, Mr. McCarty," he remarked, "is over. It is broke. There is no need av us being at enmity. Get into the chariot and roide home wid me." McCarty was overwhelmed at Muldoon's hospitality.



Muldoon was pitched bodily down-stairs, the same stairs which he had bounced the poet down. Down he flew, dog, gun, pistol, club and all, while one of the "editors" assisted him with a kick.

Then followed a sound as of boards separating, and, as if magically, the ash-box flew apart. It was full of ashes. They flew out in all directions, causing a perfect whirlwind of cinders. Muldoon and McCarty flew back. They landed, grasping the fragments of the ash-box in their hands, upon the pavement. Most of the contents of the box were emptied over them, and nice-looking objects they were. They had ashes in their hair, over their hats, and were overcoated, one could almost say, in ashes. The crowd screeched with delight. Here was a new phase of the circus. "What are they?" "Ash sparrows." "Comandrams." "Cinder fiends." "Gutter relics." "Star Route robbers." "Snow-birds." So cried the spectators, while Muldoon and his opponent sat still upon the walk for quite a space. The fact was, they were dazed. They had not landed with a snow-flake's softness.

of the locust. "Who are you, and what are you about?" Muldoon concluded it would not be best to state the real facts of the case. He gave McCarty a prodigious wink to keep quiet. "Meself and frind, officer," he said, "were walking quietly along whin some assassin dhropped this box full av ashes down upon us." "Is that so?" asked the officer. "It is. Do you not recognize me?" The officer did. "Why, it's Senator Muldoon!" he said, in surprise. "Roight ye are." The officer's whole demeanor changed at once. He became very polite, and began to dust Muldoon's clothes off at once with his club. "You say the box fell off the roof?" said he. "Off what roof?" Muldoon became suddenly very forgetful. He could not tell off of which roof it had come. Indeed, he was not quite sure but what, after all, it might have blown up out of some cellar. He said he did not desire any investigation to be made. Accidents would happen in the best regulated families. Wouldn't the officer ac-

"Ye are a generous foeman," said he, as the two seated themselves in the vehicle, and were driven away. "I am sorry I quarreled about the ash-box wid ye. But I will show ye it was an affair av principle, not av ash-boxes." "How?" "I will buy the widdy who erroneously claimed she owned it a new ash-box. I will have it built to order av mahogany wid a zinc interior." "Beg pardhon, Mr. McCarty." "What for?" "I prefer ye wud not buy the ash-box." "Why not?" "I mane to buy wan for the woman meself. I have its architecture in my moind. It will be a model av an ash receptacle. It will be made of Patagonian rose-wood, embossed wid Neapolitan ivory. It will have German-silver handles, and a tassel at aich corner. It will be, I will wager, wan av the sights av the ward. The legend 'Presented by Senator Muldoon,' will be burnt into its sides wid a hot poker." "It wud be very noice," said McCarty, "but rarely I refuse to yield. It is I who will give the ash-box." "Ixcuse me, but ye will not." "I will!"

"You won't!"

"I say I *will*—WILL!"

"I say you *won't*—WON'T!"

"Bedad, I shall."

"Be heavens, ye shall not!"

"Muldoon, you're a fool."

"McCarty, you're a jackass."

"You haven't the politeness av an army male."

"Ye know no more about civility than a blind pig."

"Whin I was studying etiquette yer was driver av a mud-scow."

"Whin I was taking my daygree at college, ye were shoveling coal."

During this argument, which was, to say the least, not very flattering to either party, the men were becoming excited.

They sat opposite each other, and as they waxed hot, they inclined their bodies towards each other.

Their heads were close together, when the carriage-wheels hit some obstacle in the street.

Whack!

Their heads came in contact with a violent crash, and stars were apparent in the eyesight of each.

Muldoon took off his coat with great vehemence.

"McCarty," he said, "ye are a false friend. Ye hit me head on purpose. 'Tis me idea to foire ye out av the carriage."

McCarty's spirit was up in a twinkling.

He ruffled himself like a little Bantam rooster.

"It will take a better man than yeself," said he, "to pitch me out av any carriage."

"I will thry," was Muldoon's answer. "There is nothing succeeds like success."

He endeavored to put his words to proof; but McCarty, as he had before found, was a game antagonist.

The two men clinched.

A desperate struggle went on in the interior of the cab.

Which one would have turned out the victor cannot be told, for they fell against the door in their strife with a force sufficient to send it open, and to precipitate both of them into the street.

They fell upon the cobble-stones.

For a wonder, no serious injuries resulted, although they might have just as well broken their necks or cracked their heads as not.

Strange to say, the carriage-driver did not observe the loss of his passengers, but drove serenely on.

And when said passengers got up, slightly bruised and shaken, but otherwise all right, he was speeding away in the distance.

A smile came over Muldoon's face, scratched as it was by contact with the road-bed.

"There is wan satisfaction, McCarty," he said—"we have had a free roide."

"It came very near being a free death," McCarty responded. "Senator, are ye aware av what we are?"

"What?"

"D. Fs."

"What is that?"

"Decided fools."

"Bedad, ye are roight," Muldoon replied. "Ye niver spake a thruer worrud. Whist! but here comes a copper."

And sure enough a policeman came up, while McCarty disconsolately groaned:

"It grows policemen to-day. The pavements are full av them."

The policeman was a Dutchman.

"Hey, I vants to dalk to you vellers," he cried.

"What about?" asked Muldoon.

"Vot vos you mean?"

"In what way?"

"A rolling owit auf dot carriage?"

"That's our custom."

"Pouncing owit like crazy mans?"

"Of course, we always get out that way. It is our habit av aloighting from a vehicle. Have ye not beheld me photograph in all av the cigar-store windows?"

"I dinks not."

"Ye must have. We are the Baboon Brothers, the celebrated acrobats, from the Theater Royal, Bengal, now performing at the circus."

"Shimmynastics?"

"Yes."

"Den dot vos all roight. But I would say a vord to you. Don't you rehearse dot vay any more mid der public streeds. Dake a vacant lot."

With which friendly advice the Teutonic peeler stroked his fat stomach complacently and walked away.

Muldoon and McCarty also parted, after a social glass, the best of friends. That is Pat all through—quick to fight, and quick to make up. No lasting feuds or deadly vendettas with the brave boys of the dear little green isle. It is have it out and make up with the gallant sons of the shamrock.

Muldoon arrived home a little before lunch.

Our readers will recollect the baby which was left at Muldoon's door while he and his family were occupying the cottage at Brighton, England, during his famous trip abroad.

Muldoon had adopted it, as you will also recollect, and as Dennis Muldoon the child was flourishing as well as if he were a scion of the real old Muldoon stock.

As Muldoon entered his abode, Mrs. Muldoon appeared with the boy in her arms.

He was crying.

His face was puckered up until it looked like a dented pumpkin, so red and full of creases was it.

It was crying.

"Yah, yah, yah!" it bawled, with the full strength of its youthful lungs.

Muldoon frowned.

He didn't like that sort of music. He looked severely at his wife and his adopted son.

"Bedalia," asked he, of the first named, "are ye armed wid a mustard plaster?"

"Why?" queried she.

"If ye are, ye can make effectual use av it."

"How?"

"By clapping it over the kid's mouth. He makes noise sufficient for a whole nursery!"

"He had cause to," hotly replied Mrs. Muldoon. "Ye would cry, too, if ye beheld a rat."

"Mrs. Muldoon," remarked Muldoon, rebukingly, "ye are bringing that choild up noice. What is it he has been dhrinking that he sees rats already?"

"It is yeself who deloights to put a false construction upon me worruds," she replied. "Ye know that patent rat-trap ye bought before election?"

"I raymember it well. What didn't I buy before election? I bought everything patent, from the rat-trap ye spake of to an invention for gilding brass by moonlight. I have an idea that there wur some fifty men constantly getting up patents for me to buy. But what av the rat-trap?"

"It caught a rat."

"Is that truth, Bedalia, or fiction?"

"Truth."

"Faix, I am glad. The only thing to me bist recollection it iver caught before was me fingers. And it raaly caught a rat?"

"Yes. That was what froightened the baby. He saw the rat in the cage, and it is a big one."

"Say mastodonic, Bedalia. It is equivalent to big, and, as a senator's woife, ye shud cultivate extensive words. Mastodonic has a more collegiate sound to the auricular organs than big. Where is the rat now?"

"In the dining-room."

"That is a nice place to put a rat. It wur a wondher ye didn't put it into the parlor. It wud make a foine ornament for the peano. The idea, Mrs. Muldoon! Do ye suppose I paid eighty-seven dollars to have the walls decorated wid Paris paper, representing a paper chase, for the purpose av having it admoired by rats?"

Mrs. Muldoon turned up her nose.

"Terence," she said, "if iver a man can make a fool av himself, it is yerself. Ye are talking to hear the sound av yer own worruds. If ye desire to behold the rat follow me."

With Dennis, still crying, she led the way.

Muldoon followed.

"Ye moight as well thry to impty the ocean wid a tay-cup as to convince a woman by argument," he said. "The only way to bhring

the average faymale to rason is to use a club."

The above remarks, however, were delivered under his breath.

If Mrs. Muldoon had chanced to even hear them, it is very likely that a funeral would have taken place from that house very soon, Muldoon figuring as the corpse and principal attraction of said funeral.

Arriving into the dining-room, which was just about being prepared for the noonday meal, he beheld, clustered in a group about one of the large window-sills, the Hon. Mike, Dan, Mrs. Growler, Roger, and Hop Ski, who, as you will remember, was Muldoon's *valet*, as they say in French, or, as we say, body-servant.

Hop Ski, let us state for the benefit of our new readers, was a Chinaman, a genuine son of Mongolia.

"Mistal Muldoon," cried he, as he beheld his master come into the room, "lookee!"

"What at?" asked Muldoon.

"Gleatee lacket."

"Racket, I suppose ye mane?"

"Yeppee. Dat it—so be. Lattee."

"What?"

"Lattee."

"Ye almond-eyed foreigner," Muldoon said, as he frowned with great severity (or pretended to) upon his faithful servitor, "if ye do not learn to use the letther R it is discharge ye I will, and place a nayger in yez place. Ye mane to say 'rat,' I suppose."

Hop Ski's moon-eyes twinkled, and a bland smile of guilelessness played over his face.

"Me sayee it," he replied. "Lattee, Mistal Muldoon catchee onto lattee. Lattee velly goodee. Me eatee him often so' me came to Mellica. Lattee velly goodee; taste allee sameee as piggee; damee nicee."

Then Hop Ski, perfectly assured that he had made a speech which would be sure to meet with his master's utmost approbation, backed out of the way with the greatest of grace.

Muldoon walked forward.

Upon the window-sill rested a rat-trap.

It was not empty.

It was occupied.

Inside of its wire walls, pacing up and down in impotent rage, was a rat.

It was a big rat, too.

None of your small specimens of the rodent, but a full-sized—in fact, over-sized—animal.

"Bedad," Muldoon said, as he carefully sized up its proportions, "it is lucky the trap was not a thrifle smaller."

"Why?" questioned Mrs. Muldoon, as she tried to soothe the young Dennis, who at the second sight of the rat was bawling worse than ever.

"Because if it had been, instead av the rat getting into the trap, the trap wud have got into the rat. They have a swallow, Bedalia, aiquil to an alligator's."

PART XIII.

Of course, Muldoon must fool with that rat-trap. He wouldn't have been Muldoon if he hadn't.

"Ah, hal ye cheese-ater!" he said, as he poked the rat with his finger, "ye are caught at last. Vice always meets wid a suitable reward. If yez had been a good rat ye wudn't have been caught."

He poked the rat again.

With a squeal the rat turned quickly about, and before Muldoon could withdraw his finger, bit it.

Muldoon gave a yell.

He dropped the trap upon the floor and held up his finger.

"Blood!" he exclaimed; "red blood! Begorra, I will have hydrophobia, sure!"

"Sarves ye right!" Mrs. Muldoon criticised; "ye ought to."

Her remarks were suddenly ended. She gave a yell of fright and jumped up on a chair, drawing her skirts close around her.

"For Heaven's sake, Bedalia, what ails ye?" queried Muldoon; "are ye practicing for a circus?"

"Oh, Terry, Terry!" she yelled.

"What is it?"

"Save me! Save me!"

"From what?"
 "The rat is loose!"
 Sure enough it was so.
 The fall to the floor had broken the cage, which lay in a ruin upon the floor. Empty was the trap; the rat was gone.
 There could not have been more consternation if a hyena had broken loose.
 Muldoon skipped upon the sofa with a fawn-like agility.
 "Shut the door!" he ordered; "we will have to kill it here! I will have no sthroller rat in me premises. It moight be liable to go upstairs and crape into me boot, or locate itself in Bedalia's slippers."
 The Hon. Mike made a rush for the door.
 Just as he had shut it the rat darted from under the table and began to crawl up his leg.
 The shout which issued from Mike's lips would have reflected great credit upon a painted Sioux.
 "Help!" bawled he, as he drew a revolver, while the rat ran off of his body.
 "Where did the reptile go?" demanded Mike, dancing wildly about with his weapon in his hand. "The idea av a rat a crawling up der leg of der Howling Horror av de Hills. Whoop! I'm a hoary-headed old Hermit wat lives in a hollow log, an' I live on rats."
 "Mikey! Mikey!" pleaded his wife, who was crouched in terror up on the window-sill, "put up that awful pistol."
 "Not till I kill der rat," vowed Mike. "There he is now—right under you."
 Bang!
 Off went one chamber of Mike's revolver, and the bullet struck the window-sill right beneath Mrs. Growler.
 "Did I hit it?" Mike asked.
 "Hit it! you big jackass, replied she, "you nearly killed me. That wasn't a rat you shot at."
 "It wasn't?"
 "No."
 "What was it, then?"
 "My foot."
 "Den put yer feet in yer pocket," replied Mike. "Oh, where is that rat?"
 "Dere he goee!" Hop Ski cried, catching a plate off of the table in his excitement.
 "Where?" Muldoon asked, jumping down off of the sofa.
 "Under the table."
 Muldoon grabbed a poker.
 "Begob, I will break his spine!" he exclaimed. "Do ye see him, Hop Ski?"
 "Yeppee, me killee!"
 As he spoke, he flung the plate at the fleeing rat.
 His aim was bad.
 Instead of touching the rat, the plate scaled across the carpet and hit Muldoon upon the shin.
 It hurts to be hit upon the shin.
 Muldoon realized so.
 In rage he flung the poker at Hop Ski.
 "Ye moon-eyed leper!" bawled he, as the missile flew out of his hand, "ye wud thry to break me leg, wud ye?"
 Hop Ski dodged the poker.
 It flew over his head and hit Dan Muldoon in the neck.
 Dan got just as mad as Muldoon.
 The first thing he could lay his hand to was a spittoon.
 He slung it at Muldoon.
 As luck would have it, the Hon. Mike got right in the way, and the spittoon struck him in the stomach.
 He doubled up like a jack-knife and sank down upon the floor.
 "Wrap me up in an American flag, for I die for my country," he said. "I have been hit by a bombshell."
 His wife, spite of her fear of the rat, could not help laughing.
 "Get up, you fool!" said she.
 "I cannot, Mary Ann," he replied; "the blood-stained old avenger av the dead is gone at last. Wrap me up in an American flag and—"
 "The rat is on yer back!" Dan cried. "Floir up; in a second he will be down yer neck."
 Mike flew up as if shocked by electricity.

Bang!
 He shot off his revolver at random.
 Just as it exploded, Katie, the cook, came in with a lot of dinner dishes.
 She heard the report, saw the smoke, and Crash!
 Down she sank, dishes and all, upon the floor.
 "Whirra, whirra!" yelled she, "I'm kilt."
 "Durned ef I ain't glad uv it," ejaculated the Hon. Mike, half-dazed, half-satisfied. "Ef I kain't kill the rat I'll kill something else. I'm a dead-shot, born in a rifle gallery, and I shoot der eye-winkers often a mosquito."
 Mrs. Muldoon had sprung to Katie's side.
 "She's dead," shrieked Mrs. Muldoon.
 "Troth, not jist yit, but I am doying fast," Katie feebly said.
 "Where were ye hit?"
 "In me lung."
 Mrs. Muldoon carefully examined the girl. Not a bullet hole could be found.
 "You can't be hurt, Katie," she said.
 "Oh, yes, I am."
 "How do you know?"
 "I fale the bullet."
 "Where?"
 "Didn't I tel' yez, in me lung."
 "But how could it get there? There isn't a spot of blood or a mark upon ye anywhere."
 "Me mouth was open when I came in, and it probably wint down that way."
 "Nonsense," sternly replied Mrs. Muldoon.
 "Ye ain't hurt at all. Ye were scared, that was all. Get up, I say."
 As she reluctantly got up in obedience to her mistress' command, Mike's revolver went off again.
 Hop Ski gave a jump which nearly fetched him to the wall.
 "Hellie!" bawled he; "me neally be deadee Chinaman. Bullet scrapee fleshee off leggee."
 Muldoon grabbed a chair and held it above his head.
 "Mike," he said, "if you don't put up that revolver, I'll bhrair ye! Do ye want to make a morgue out av the room? What the divil did yez foire at thin?"
 "I thought I saw der rat under Hop Ski's foot."
 "Ye did? Be Heavens, I belave if ye thought ye saw the rat on the top av me head, ye would blaze away at it! Somebody take the pistol away from the lunatic."
 Mike sulkily put up his weapon.
 "Dat's all der thanks I ever got for ever doin' anything in this family," he growled.
 "Well, it serves me blasted good and right for marrying a Land Leaguer. I orter stayed out West and married a Digger Injun squaw wid a ring in her nose."
 Mrs. Growler gave him a crushing glance.
 "I have no idea, Michael," she said, "but that such a female would have suited you to perfection. You are tired of me, that I know."
 Mr. Growler looked at his wife in fear.
 When she called him "Michael" he knew that trouble was brewing.
 "I only said it in fun," he remarked. "Yer can never take a joke."
 "If you call what you said a joke, I don't," she answered. "It was a nice remark to make. You said you wished you had married a Digger Indian squaw."
 "I wuz only fooling."
 "Indeed? Well, you have fooled enough. You have shocked my sensitive nature to the core."
 Mrs. Growler made a movement as if to leave the room.
 But Mike was too quick for her.
 He rushed forward and softly stole his arm around her waist as she was about going out.
 "Mary Ann," asked he, "are you really mad at your own Mikey?"
 "Yes, I am," she said, pretending to disengage herself from his clasp. "I ought to be, for—"
 "She knew, didn't she—'ittle honey—dat I wuz in fun?" said Mike.
 "No, you wasn't."
 "I was."
 "Really?"

"Truly. Hope I may be stabbed with a harpoon if I ain't."
 "And you are not sorry you married me?"
 "Nixey sorrow."
 "And you wouldn't rather have a Digger Indian squaw?"
 "I should biush to contradict."
 "Then you can kiss me, Mikey; you do love oor iltle wifey?"
 "Yer bet," Mike replied, "her own Mikey will kissee, kissee her."
 Muldoon groaned.
 "Roger!" cried he, "bhrring me a sewer!"
 "What for?"
 "I am sick. I want to throw up. Five years are they wedded, and yet they want to kissee—kissee. Oh, if I had a bale-stick it would be clubee—clubee."
 "That will do, Terence," his wife remarked; "ye have no foine feelings in yez nathure. Ye do not appreciate the out-pourings of true marital bliss."
 Muldoon looked at the speaker with comic surprise.
 "Roger," he said, "whin ye procure the sewer, also get a blisther. We will place it upon yez mother's head, and she may come around all roight. Begob, she flows wid language, as a brook does wid water. Say it again, me County Clare canary, and say it slow, and if I catch onto its drift, I will give yez a wreath of apple-blossoms."
 "If I had my way," Mrs. Muldoon replied, "I wud give ye a strait-jacket and a lunatic asylum to wear it into, I wud."
 "Looke out!" bawled Hop Ski.
 "What for?" Muldoon asked.
 "Lattee!"
 "The rat?"
 "Yeppee!"
 "Where?"
 "Skippee under sofa!"
 Muldoon picked up a small foot-stool, and hurled it under the sofa. For a wonder it had the desired effect.
 The rat came rushing out.
 Then there was a grand scramble. The Muldoons got into all sorts of places and positions to avoid the terrible monster.
 The table, as we have before said, was already set for dinner.
 Muldoon got up on a chair, and in his excitement began to pitch its contents at the rat.
 He used plates, cups and saucers, knives, forks, and finally the silver milk-jug.
 "What are ye doing, Terry?" his wife shrieked.
 "Practicing sharp-shooting," was his reply.
 "I will kill that rat if I bhreak ivery article av crockery in the house, and we are forced to ate off av the floor. Take down the loking-glass, Roger, and squash him wid it."
 But, suddenly, with a squeal the rat darted out of the door, which Katie, the servant, had left upon a crack when she entered.
 He was gone.
 Muldoon sank down exhausted into his chair.
 "I have fished for whales in the Yellow Ocean, speared lions in the jungles av Brazil, pursued elephants in the grassy lairs av Japan, and shot eagles in Ceylon, but for fun, give me a rat-hunt in New York," he said. "Hop Ski, ye monogram off av a tay-chist, get me a fan, till I fan me fevered bhrow. I am all breathed out."
 The fan was got, and after a while he felt better and was able to tackle dinner with a good relish.
 "Bedalia," he said, as he gently spread a piece of bread with his fork, "I have an idea."
 "Frame it," said the Hon. Mike; "it is the first ye ever had."
 "That will do for ye, ye Nevada Lily," said Muldoon. "I was not addressing foreigners. Bedalia, as I said before, I have an idea."
 "What is it?"
 "Our establishment is not complate."
 "Why not?"
 "We lack one important requisition as leaders av the stoile."
 "Indeed, Terry."
 "Fact. Ye cannot guess what it is. I will give ye three troils av guessing."

"Is it a Frinch cook?"
 "No."
 "An cbelisk?"
 "No; ye will be axing for a catacomb next."
 "What is a catacomb?"
 "A bird which floies annually over Egypt. Guess again."
 "A dog-cart?"
 "Not much. Horses are good enough for me. I don't want a cart dhrawn by dogs. I wud be taken for a crank ivery toime I dhrove out. No, I will reveal what it is. It is a pug dog. Iverybody has a pug dog now. Aven Tim Flynn, and he is only a Coroner. And me a senator, widout aven wan."

Mrs. Muldoon was delighted at the idea.
 "Be sure you get a good one," she requested; "when you are not using it I can have it—can't I?"

"Av coorse, Bedalia. I wud not be stingy wid the baste for the worruld. Get me hat, Hop Ski—I will go afther wan right away. By the way, Roger, where do they kape pug dogs?"

"At the bird-store," seriously replied Roger; "they give away a cage, too with every dog."
 "Go away wid yerself. Ye are thrying to imitate yer dad's humor. Tell me, ye fat rascal, where I can get one."

Roger told where a dog-dealer's was, and Muldoon started out upon his dog quest.

He soon arrived at the dog-dealer's, and was met by the proprietor himself, a cunning-looking Hebrew.

"Are you Mike Isaacs?" asked Muldoon.

The proprietor gave an indescribable bow, half deferential, half proud. He also accompanied it with a circular movement of his open hand.

"I vos he," was his answer. "Dere vos only von shentleman auf dot name by der city. It vos me."

"Ye deal in dogs?"

Mr. Isaacs smiled proudly.

"Look you around py yourself," he said; "vot you see? Vos id furniture?"

"No."

"Stoves?"

"No."

"Chickens?"

"No."

"Und it vosn't a blacksmid's shop?"

"Decidedly not."

"Den id must be a dog vare-house. Vot is id you vos pehold mid der cages?"

Muldoon surveyed the place carefully.

It was a cellar, but a cellar which appeared to have no ending. It seemed to stretch back until it was lost to eyesight.

There was but feeble light in the place, and that, perhaps, assisted to impress the spectator with its magnitude.

The cellar was characteristic for one thing.

That was dogs.

To paraphrase Tennyson, there were:

"Dogs to the right of him,
 Dogs to the left of him,
 Dogs in front of him,
 Snarled and growled fiercely."

Mr. Isaacs' place, in short, was a perfect museum of dogs.

Dogs of all sorts, from the majestic Newfoundland to the muchly-despised and ignored "yaller pup," abided there.

And such a chorus of yelping and whines and howlings as they kept up was enough to deafen anybody.

Muldoon involuntarily retreated to a position by the door.

It was not so much the noise as the aroma of the place which caused him to retreat.

"Mr. Isaacs?" he said.

"Vell?" returned the urbane proprietor.

"Do ye know what I wud do if I wur in yer place?"

"Vat?"

"I wud have a cologne fountain, emitting essence de Jockey Club. Yer dogs are too aromatic. This place smells like a dock dumping-ground wid the barometer at noinety-four. Be gorra, if I did not have bay-ram upon me handkerchief I wud faint."

"Dot vos all right," Mr. Isaacs remarked.

"When you vos shaynere for a week or so, you

would get perfectly in love mid it. Py the vay, I knows you vell."

"Ye do?"

"I should berceive. I voted for you. You vas Muldoon—Senator."

Muldoon felt a thrill of pleasure pass through his frame.

Here was a dog-dealer, a dog-dealer who abode in a cellar, a humble, so it seemed, descendant of Moses, but who knew Muldoon, was cognizant of his grandeur.

That remark of Mr. Isaacs' caused Muldoon to feel kindly toward him.

"I am plazed that ye recognize me individuality," he said. "I have an important errand for ye."

"You wants ter puy?"

"Yes."

"A dog?"

"Wud I come in here for a piano or a set av croquet?" Muldoon queried. "Yes, I want to purchase a dog."

"Vot kind auf a dog?"

"A pug dog."

Mr. Isaacs face fell.

Truth to tell, he was not the custodian of a pug dog.

There had lately been a rush upon pug dogs, and Mr. Isaacs was all out of that fashionable but, in the writer's opinion, detestable species of canine.

"Mr. Muldoon," said he, "I vas very sorry, but accidents will occur. I vas all out auf pug dogs."

Muldoon frowned.

"Ye mane to say ye have not a pug dog?" he asked.

"Yes; but I vos got other sort auf dogs."

"I don't want any other sort."

"But I vos got some peauties."

"What kind?"

"Dere vas a sky-green terrier. S'help me Moses, Mishter Muldoon, but your heart would leap if ever pou saw dot terrier. You would fall right away in love mid it. My wife, Rebecca, would almost preak her heart if dot dog vos to be sold. She vos making id a sealskin overcoat, trimmed mit gold lace, now. Auf you puy dot dog, Senator, dake id away carefully—keebe id under your ulster, for if Rebecca caught sight auf dot dog going away, she would have hysterics, shust as sure as Aaron vos a shentleman!"

This clever cap to get rid of an unfashionable breed of dog was totally lost upon Muldoon.

"To the devil wid yez ould sky tarriers," said he. "He will be thrying to sell me an ocean lap-dog nixt. I want a pug dog, and, be Heavens, I will have a pug dog, if I have to pay five dollars a hair for him!"

As he spoke a savage growl was heard in the distance.

Muldoon started.

"What sort av a baste gave utterance thin?" asked he.

"It vos dot ould——"

Mr. Isaacs suddenly checked his speech.

He hesitated for a moment, as if in doubt as to what he would next say.

"I *will* try id," he said to himself, as if in answer to some mental query. "und auf id succeeds, it vos shoost like killing two stones mit van bird."

Then aloud:

"Senator Muldoon?"

"Yes."

"I vos peg your pardon."

"What far?"

"I vos a liar."

"How?"

"I said I vasn't got a pug dog."

"Yes."

"I was falsify, for I didn't know who you vas."

"Ye know row."

"Dot vas shoost vot I vas saying. I vas got shoost vun pug dog, but he vas expensive. I vas keeping him till I gets the brice I vant, and fairst, before I vas know your identicality, I didn't think you would bay de brice. So I lied to you. Ve all hafe to lie in piznezz, you vas know."

Muldoon acknowledged that such was the fact.

As a rule, people who in their private and social life would scorn to depart one tittle from the truth will lie like Greeks in their business.

"Come mit me," Mr. Isaacs continued, "and I vill show the dog to you. Ve keeps him vay pack, for he vas very breicious. I vas greatly afraid dat some body-snatcher might coom in und get away by that dog."

He led Muldoon away back to the rear of the cellar, at the back of which was a small yard.

In the yard was a kennel.

Peeping out of the kennel was the head of a dog, a massive-jawed, broad-necked, blood-shot-eyed quadruped, who growled fiercely as he beheld his visitors.

"Dot," said Mr. Isaacs, pointing to the brute, "vas der brize pug dog auf der cidy."

PART XIV.

Muldoon looked at the dog which was pointed out with such an appearance of pride by Mr. Michael Isaacs.

"Do ye call it a bull pup?" asked Muldoon.

"Yes, sir."

"Do ye know what I would call it?"

"What?"

"A bull calf."

Mr. Isaacs smiled sweetly.

"Dot dog," he said, "vos a marvel. It vos der greatest canine dot efer vos I pehold. It vos vonce der broberly auf Senator Conkling, but he ha'l to part mit it."

"Why?"

"He grew to lose it too much. He wouldn't rest easy unless he vent out und kissed dot dog before he vos got his breakfast und after he vos gone to bed. In fact, I dells it to you by der quiet, he vos regularly mashed upon dot dog. The senator vos a great politician."

"Yis."

"Und like all auf der politicians, he has learned der golden rule auf success."

"What wur it?"

"Never vos yer let yer heart run away by your head. The Senator realized dot he vos loafing dat leedle lug dog too much, dat it vas inderfering mid his career. So he sold id to me."

"Dake it away, Isaacs," said he, "when I vos not bresent. It would preak my soul to see dot darling being dook away, and so I vos gom-belled to sneak away with the animal at mid-night!"

This, of course, was an ariful lie, for Mr. Isaacs could lie with a rapidity which was really astounding. Long practice had perfected him in the science of falsifying.

The dog really was a bull dog, a beast who was too treacherous and savage for a watch-dog, and too much of a cur for fighting purposes.

Mr. Isaacs had bought it for a very low sum from a disgusted owner, and had kicked himself ever since about the purchase, for he had failed to get rid of the surly rogue—despite his most earnest attempts to do so.

"I don't pelieve, Rebecca," he had said, confidentially, to his wife, "dot I could drade dot devil auf for a brass vatch mid vooden vorks. Bresently, in a fit auf insanity, I vill arise up py myselef mit wrath und put a pullet into his skull. S'elep me, Rebecca, but he vos eading his head auf."

But now Muldoon was here.

And Mr. Isaacs had shrewdly gauged Muldoon up.

He resolved to sell the beast to Muldoon if he possibly could.

Meanwhile Muldoon was surveying the animal, and the animal was glaring at Muldoon with its bloodshot eyes.

"Mr. Isaacs," presently said Muldoon.

"Yes, sir," expectantly answered Mr. Isaacs.

"I wud ax ye a query."

"Ask away, senator."

"What koind av a dog is it?"

"A bug dog."

"Faix, I know that. But what sort av a breed? It appears to me to be very enlarged for a pug dog."

"Dot vos an Assyrian bug dog."

"What do ye mane by the adjective 'Assyrian'?"

"What wur Assyrian?"

"It vos mean bartaking auf Assyria."

"Who is Assyria?"

"It vos a goundry."

"A country?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Righd pack auf Hoboken in Shew Jersey. It vos vere Lorillard raises all auf his horses. Lorillard, you vell knows, vos der tobacco veller vot catches der Derby auf England mit Iroquois."

Muldoon was suitably impressed.

He gazed at the dog with a critical gaze, half shutting one eye while he peered upon the quadruped.

Really, truth to tell, he knew just as much about a dog, or a dog's points, as a monkey does about geometry; but he was bound not to give it away.

"What wur the baste's name?" he finally asked.

"Beauty," said Mr. Isaacs, with a calm, cool cheek; "und dot dog, my friend, vos righdly named. If afer dere vos a beauty, it vos he. Look at dot tail. Dere vos a vorld auf grace in dot tail."

There might have been, but Muldoon failed to perceive it.

He was not exactly captivated by the brute, but Mr. Isaacs' description of it was excellent.

"Are there many Assyrian pug dogs in the city?" he asked.

Mr. Isaacs held out his hands in silent remonstrance.

"Many!" he exclaimed. "Vell, I vos remark not. Dare vos nefer but dwo Assyrian pug dogs prought to New York. Dis vos one, und—"

"Where is the other?"

"In a grave-yard. He couldn't stand der salt-vater breeze. It vos too pracing for his veak lungs."

Muldoon was impressed by Mr. Isaacs' reply.

"It will add to me social importance to own a rare Assyrian pug dog," he soliloquized. "I will be an object av invy to even the ould Knickerbocker families. And Bedalia, she will be as proud as a car-horse in a new harness. I wondber how much he wants for it?"

"Mr. Isaacs," he asked, "what wur the creature valued at?"

"Seventy-five dollars," replied Mr. Isaacs, without the ghost of a smile; "und he vos sheap as dirt at dot. Anybody but you, senator, would haf to bay a cool hundred. But ve Irish always stand together."

"Is he gentle?" Muldoon asked.

"Shentle," returned Mr. Isaacs; "shentle! Why, he vos mild as a summer's preeze. You vosn't don't be able to get dot dog mad. Auf you put a lighted fire-cracker in his mouth, he would only smile."

Muldoon advanced to the kennel.

Beauty growled subduedly.

"Poor thing!" Muldoon said; "I will pat ye upon the cranium."

He extended his hand with the object of patting the dog's head.

There was a rattle of chain, a fierce howl of rage, and had Muldoon not started back with lightning-like quickness his hand, the beast would assuredly have taken it off.

As it was, the white teeth caught in Muldoon's ulster, and bit out a big piece of cloth.

"Bedad, if that is a gentle dog, I never want to see a fierce one," ejaculated Muldoon.

"Dot vos playfulness," serenely said Mr. Isaacs, who never allowed himself to become unself-possessed.

"Playfulness?"

"Yes. He vas feel goot because he vas had a peefsteak for dinner. I vas so fond auf dot dog dot I bays more for his victuals than I do for my family. He vas hale currant shelly regular auf a Sunday while we eat salads. I dinks really, Mr. Muldoon, dot I von't sell him, after all."

"Why not?"

"I dells you. Dere vas a young English duke vot vos visiting New York for de burbose auf going on a hunting trip after vhales in der Mississippi river. He saw Beauty, und he likes him very much. He says: 'Mr. Isaacs, keep dot dog till I goom pack, und I puyis him at your own price.' I can stick him for double vot you

vill agree to bay for him, und I guess I vill do it."

Of course these artful remarks of the dog-seller woke up Muldoon's patriotism.

"Oireland is as good as England any day," said he. "A boy av the bog is as good as an English lord any day. I want that pug dog."

"I vos sorry, but—"

"But what?"

"I von't sell."

"I'll give ye the seventy-foive."

"No."

Muldoon coaxed.

Mr. Isaacs remained inexorable.

"I will give ye eighty cases," finally Muldoon said.

Mr. Isaacs considered.

By and by he remarked:

"Senator—I vos a veller who vos all heart. My shenerosity vos keeeping me poor. When I vos a friendt ouf a man I vill do anyding for him, regardless ouf expense, but still I vos got to look owit for my family. I vill make a pargain mit you."

"Av what koinde?"

"You vos acquainted py my son Moses?"

"No."

"Pless my heart, is dot so? Why, I thought eferybody vos know Moses. He vos der masher ouf der ward. Der pank bresident's daughter on der next plock dried to suicide herselef mit a scissors, because Moses wouldn't dance mid her at a surbrise barty."

"Is that thrue?"

"A fact, for I nefer lie. I dells you about der pargain—you dakes der dog for ninety tolars und gets Moses a situation."

"What sort of a situation?"

"Bolitical. Some soft job like gounting der gracks in der sidewalk, or firing auf a sunset gun when der moon rises."

"Bedad, I'll do it," Muldoon said. "I have a job for him in my mental vision now."

"Vat?"

"Inspector of autumn leaves at Cintral Park. The appointment will make me solid wid the Hebrew element. Here is yer ninety dollars—shell out yer dog."

Mr. Isaacs took the money with a bow.

"It vas always a bleasure to sell a real shentleman a dog," said he; "now I will get Beauty out for you."

He was really skilled in the management of dogs, and he soon had Beauty out of the kennel. He put the chain in Muldoon's hand.

"Dot chain," he said, "vos cost me two tolars, but I vos make id a bresent to you."

"Thanks," replied Muldoon. "Come along, ye fairy."

He pulled at the chain.

Beauty pulled back.

He braced himself firmly upon the flagged yard and refused to move, while he growled ominously.

Muldoon pulled again.

With a like success.

The brute would not stir.

Mr. Isaacs regarded the proceedings with admiration.

"He vos der most intelligent and affectionate dog dot efer I vos see," remarked he. "Dere vos sagacity for you."

"Sagacity!" repeated Muldoon. "Be gob, I call it stubbornness. He appears to be glued to the pavement. He won't budge an iota."

"You know why?"

"Why?"

"He vasn't don't want to go away, for he vas peen so vell dreeded dot he recognize id. He vas as fond auf dis place as a baby vos auf ids gradle. Vait, und I vill garry him owit into the sdreet for you."

And Isaacs was as good as his language.

Dexterously approaching Beauty from the rear, he suddenly grabbed the dog with both hands around the throat.

The beast was at his mercy, for he held the throat so tightly compressed that Beauty could not turn his head.

And as Mr. Isaacs' fingers tightened about the dog's wind-pipe, tears of pain came into the brute's eyes.

"Look at dot!" exclaimed Mr. Isaacs, in accents of deep admiration; "he vos veeeping—"

actually crying because he vos going away. Vell, vell, dot ought to be wrote about!"

Thus talking, Mr. Isaacs carried the pet through the cellarway, out of the front door, and carefully deposited him upon the sidewalk, giving Muldoon the chain.

"He will walk behind you shoost like a lamb now," he said.

With a good-bye, Muldoon walked off.

The dog, for a wonder, followed.

For a block or two all went well, Beauty trotting by Muldoon's side like a kitten.

Naturally, the pair attracted considerable notice from passers-by.

"Oh! what a big dog!"

"Ain't he pretty?"

"So sweet!"

"So quiet!"

"What a lovely pet!"

"Haden't he ought to be muzzled?"

"Wouldn't he look sweet with a blue ribbon around his neck."

So spoke the ladies passing by, and Muldoon caught a great many of their remarks, and Muldoon was greatly exalted in his opinion thereby.

"Talk about yez mashers," he said, as he puffed away at his cigar and swung his gold-headed cane. "Be heavens! wid the dog, I could crush the heart av a queen."

He was stopped several times, too, by inquisitive parties, who wanted to know the dog's age, what sex was it, was he cross, did he bite, did Muldoon own him, what breed was he, etc., etc.

Last of all, Muldoon met the Hon. Mike, who was doing the grand upon the avenue, swaggering along as if he owned the whole block, and winking patronizingly at all the pretty nurse-girls in a way not at all creditable to a married man, and it was very lucky for him that Mrs. Growler was not about.

Mike looked at Muldoon with surprise.

His eye roamed from Muldoon's figure to the dog.

"Where'd yer git the canary?" finally he asked. "Dat brute orter hev an ax to go wid it."

"What for?" Muldoon asked.

"Ter kill it wid."

Muldoon stopped in his triumphant progress and looked impressively at Mike.

"Ye moight live till ye had gray hairs upon yez gums, Mike," he said, "but niver would ye be the possessor av a dog loike that."

"Why not?"

"Are ye acquainted wid its ancesthry?"

"No."

"Ye do not recognize its patrician bhreed?"

"No."

"Thin look at it long. It is an Assyrian pug dog."

Mr. Growler smiled contemptuously.

"An Assyrian pug dog!" repeated he. "It looks to me more like a Hoboken thrush. If I owned sich a dod-rotted, flabber-gasted, knock-kneed old son of a mule and jackass-rabbit, I'd take it down to a dock and cut its throat. How much did you pay for it?"

"Ninety dollars."

"Wot?"

"Ninety dollars. Ye cudn't buy it for a cint less."

The Honorable Mike appeared paralyzed with surprise.

"Ninety dollars," exclaimed he, "fer dat wreck av a dorg! and I could hev bought yer a third interest in one av the best-paying laro banks in der city fer a hundred. Muldoon, did yer ever hear der old proverb, 'Yer will never miss der lager till the keg runs dry?' So it will wid yer. Yer will never miss yer money till yer hev to hock yer watch. Wat is der giraffe's name?"

"Beauty."

"Dat's a sweet old title. If I had der nam-ing av it do yer know wot I would call it?"

"What?"

"Mud."

Muldoon took an extra puff upon his cigar and started to resume his walk.

"Ye have no eye fer dogs, Mike," he said; "in fact, ye are a judge av nothing but one article."

"Wot's dat?"
 "Whisky!" and with the happy self-consciousness of a man who has said a good thing.
 "Mr. Growler," he afterwards added, "will ye not walk wid me to the house? Bedad, yez can act as escort av honor to the dog."

The Hon. Mike refused.
 "I will walk several foot behind ye, but not by yer side," he replied.

"Why not?"
 "Would ye know the reason?"
 "Yes."
 "'Tis very simple."

"What is it?"
 "People might conjecture that I wur acquainted wid yer. Muldoon, I'm a humble old lizard wot crawls in the sand and eats dirt, but I've wan request to make av yer."

"What?"
 "Yer catch on the drug store opposite?"
 "Yes."

"Go into it and buy an ounce of arsenic?"
 "What do I want av arsenic?"
 "To give to dat dog. Foller my advice, and yer will never regret it. Der sooner he is a corpse, floating placidly down der sewer, der better will yer be off. Dis ain't taffy, cully—it's truth."

Muldoon wouldn't have it.
 "It is jealousy that inspoires yer disparagements, Mike," he said, "but I believe I wud just as lave have yez walk in me rear as at my soide. If ye walked by my soide people moight take ye for a half owner in the quadruped, but so long as ye walk behoind, keeping a reverential distance, they take ye for its nurse."

It was a neat retort, and Mike realized it.
 "All right," laughed he. "I will walk by yer side. Joking apart, Terence, that is a nice dog."

"Roight ye are. At last ye are coming to yer sinses," answered Muldoon. "Hould on, ye devil."

The last part of his remark was not addressed to the Hon. Mike.

It was directed at Beauty.
 That sweet canine had just beheld a cat speed across the street. Uttering a growl, Beauty started in pursuit.

Beauty was at one end of the chain, and Muldoon at the other; necessarily, when Beauty made a move Muldoon had to follow.

Away went the dog in hot chase of the fleeing feline, while Muldoon was dragged after it.

"Stop!" he bawled; "bedad, I will pull yer head off. Cease in yer woild career. Do yez conjecture me hands are formed out av cast-steel? The chain already is making furrows in me flesh."

Beauty didn't hear.

Or if he did he paid not a particle of attention to Muldoon's words. He continued to chase that cat. The cat was an old rounder; a bald-headed, battle-scratched old Tom, the hero of a hundred back-yard encounters; a cat which was used to being used as a target for boot-jacks and loose coals; a cat which regarded being pursued by dogs as a part of its daily life.

Therefore it only troubled itself to keep out of Beauty's reach, ambling ahead of the excited dog, as cool as possible.

Presently the cat came to a lamp-post. It bobbed around it serenely, and with tail elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, disappeared down an alley-way near by.

Beauty darted around the lamp-post after it. But Beauty did not recollect his chain.

It wound rapidly about the lamp-post, for of course every time that Beauty wheeled around, there was an additional girdle of chain formed about the post.

In a very few seconds Muldoon, dog-chain and lamp-post were inextricably mixed, while the Hon. Mike stood laughing, watching them.

"It's der prize puzzle av der day," he blandly remarked. "I wish dat I wuz a photographer; wot a bully old Christmas card I could make av der scene."

It was very funny, full of humor, was the situation, no doubt, to the speaker, but it wasn't so funny to the principal character, Muldoon.

In fact he saw nothing funny about it at all, and candidly, we can't blame him a bit.

Being twisted around a lamp-post by a snarling, vicious dog is not fun at all, in my opinion. He cried to Mike for aid.

"Begorra, anybody to stag the grin upon yer face wud think ye wur at a circus," exclaimed he; "come forward loike a man and save me and the dog from the lamp-post."

The Hon. Mike, to do him justice, responded nobly.

He did his best to unwind Muldoon and the dog.

The chain, however, appeared entwined, so Mike was ready to swear, at least seventy times around that pillar of gas.

Neither was he free from interruption in his task of friendship. Beauty kept snapping at his heels all of the time in a hydrophobia-suggesting way, which necessitated numerous and unsuccessful skippings upon the part of the Nevada Lily.

He toiled zealously, but his efforts seemed to be of no avail.

The more he worked to un-mix affairs the worse they were mixed.

Muldoon, Beauty, the chain and the lamp-post were a sort of Chinese puzzle. Which was which was difficult to tell.

There was only one way to solve it. And Mike suddenly struck it.

"Let go uv der chain," he yelled. Muldoon's reply was characteristic.

"I will not," he said.
 "Why not?"

"If ye had the intellect av a baby elephant ye wud perceive the why and wherefore."

"What?"
 "If I do I will release me dog."

"Yes."
 "Thin I will not let go. I will hould onto that dog if I am mingled wid ivery lamp-post in New York."

PART XV.

THE dog kept pulling away at the chain in vain efforts to get free.

Muldoon pulled away at the opposite extremity of the chain, for what purpose it would be really hard to say, for the pug dog, or bull pup, was already as safely secured as a dog could be, for the chain was wound fully half a dozen times around the post.

"Let go!" Mike cried.
 "And lose me dog? Devil a bit. Sonny?"

The last of Muldoon's remarks was addressed to a small boy who stood near, looking on in wonder.

"Well, sir?" was the small boy's reply.
 "Wud ye do an errand for me?"

"Yes, sir. What is it?"
 "Run down to the office av the street inspector, and tell him to find me up a gang av lazzaroni Italian laborers to take away the lamp-post. 'Tis the only way meself and dog will iver become free."

The boy looked puzzled.
 "Where will I find the street inspector?"

"At his office."
 "Where is that, sir?"

"Alither at the Battery or City Hall Park. It is wan or the other. Maybe it is Hoboken."

The boy hesitated.

While he was standing in a state of suspense a dog, a little black-and-tan, led by a Dutchman, came along.

Beauty beheld the dog.
 He started forward with such impetus that he broke the chain.

In a second he was free.
 In another second he was upon the black-and-tan.

And in a couple of seconds later that black-and-tan was dead.

Meantime Muldoon had succeeded in freeing himself from the mixture of lamp-post and chain.

He rushed over to Beauty, who was gloating over the corpse of that ill-fated black-and-tan.

The dead dog's owner was decidedly mad.
 He turned upon Muldoon.

"Vos you own dot teufel—dot demon-tog?" asked he.

"Yis," Muldoon confessed.
 "He vos your broberly?"

"Yis."
 "Dot vos unlucky for you. Do you know vat I vos got a goot opinion to do?"

"What?"
 "Preak dot nose auf yours."

"What for?"
 "Pecause your dog vas kill mein. Ach, Himmel! he vas kill mein Kadrina vich I vas prougt up since she vas a pup. Dot animal's death vas shoost like preaking vun uf my heart-strings!"

Muldoon assumed an attitude of dignity.

"Are ye aware of whom ye are address- ing?" he asked.

"Nein. I vosn't know you at all."

"Thin be paralyzed wid my personality. I am Senator Muldoon."

"Vat auf id?"
 This cool reply made Muldoon mad.

"I see, ye pretzel-ater," he said, "that ye do not realize me political supremacy. Be Heavens, if I was a moind to I could ferbid the sale of lager beer, and bankrupt the Teutonic element."

Even this awful threat did not affect the Dutchman.

"I don't care if you vas Bresident, instead uf Senator," he said; "you vas got to bay for mein dog."

"Indade, I won't."

"You vill."

"Bedad, I will wager a pint uv coal against a freckle that I don't!"

"Den you vas no shentleman!"

"I ain't?"

"Nix."

"What am I?"

"A loafer!"

Muldoon immediately bristled up like a bantam rooster bound on fight.

The idea of him, Terence Muldoon, Senator-elect, being called a loafer, right in his own district, too!

"Be gob! ye Prussian image," cried he, "ye will take that wurrud back, or I will fill a vacant cot in the hospital wid ye!"

The Dutchman looked stolidly back.

"I dakes nottings pack," was his answer.

"Thin ye persist in yez calumny that I am a loafer?"

"Yaw."

Hardly had the son of Germany uttered the syllable before—

Spat!

It was the sound of Muldoon's fist against his forehead.

It staggered him for a second, but he was game.

Whack!

His bony fingers repeated upon Muldoon's nose.

With a yell of sublime rage, Muldoon clinched with his antagonist.

They fell together.

They rolled.

They kicked.

They punched.

They bit.

It was very hard, in fact, to tell at any given time during the continuance of the fight which was Muldoon and which was his opponent.

Of course such a struggle could not long continue without attracting a crowd.

Soon a circle of interested spectators were centered about the combatants, and the sight attracted the attention of a policeman, who for a wonder happened to be upon his beat.

He came rushing down, and, club in hand, made his way through the crowd.

He collared both of the fighters.

"I arrest yez for disturbing av the public peace," he said.

As he dragged Muldoon up he beheld for the first time his face.

"Senator Muldoon!" ejaculated he.

"Pat Riordy," exclaimed Muldoon, for he recognized the copper as a man who had recently been appointed upon the police through his influence.

"Whist!" whispered Riordy. "I will fix yez all roight. I must arrist yez now, but whin I come to a corner I will free yez. I will let go av yez collars and shoot the Dutchman for attempted escape, while ye run away. Do you ye catch on?"

Muldoon did.

He submitted to arrest as quiet as a lamb.

Riordy grasped the couple, one hand upon each collar, and marched them off.

At the corner, as he promised, he let go of Muldoon, who took to his heels and swiftly fled down the street.

But the Dutchman didn't run.

He stood still and looked placidly at Muldoon's retreating figure.

"He vos a nice runner," said he.

Riordy was astonished.

Here was a prisoner who wouldn't accept a chance of escape when it was offered to him.

He had never before met such an anomaly.

Really he did not desire to take the Teuton to the station-house at all.

"Why don't yez skip?" asked he.

"Vot?" was the prisoner's answer.

"Skip."

"Vot vos dos?"

"Bounce."

"Vot vos dos?"

"Climb."

"Glimb vot?"

"Skedaddle."

"Who vos he?"

The copper began to feel in a dilemma.

"Make yerself scarce," he said; "get out as soon as possible."

"Nein," said the Dutchman, "you vos arrested me?"

"Yis."

"Den I vos a brisoner?"

"Yis."

"Vell, den, dake me py der shail. I guess I vos know my righds as a brisoner."

"But ye needn't go."

"But I vill!"

Patrolman Riordy was in despair.

Here was a man who persisted in being arrested; who threatened to kick and make things generally unpleasant if he wasn't.

He looked with distended eyes at the would-be jail-bird, who was phlegmatically tying up his hands where Muldoon had bit them, while they were fighting upon the ground, in a colored handkerchief.

Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Riordy.

"I arrested ye?" he said.

"Yaw," was the Dutchman's response.

"I lmd to?"

"Yaw."

"You don't feel hard about it?"

"Nein."

"We're friends just the same?"

"Yaw."

"Thin I'll tell ye what we will do?"

"Vot?"

"Have a beer."

That remark caused a broad smile to play over the fat face of the stupid son of Teutonia.

"I vos mit you," he said.

They walked on, Riordy by vigorous exercise of his club scattering away the attendant crowd, and it was not long before a side door of a popular gin-mill was reached.

"Ye go in and ordher two beers," Riordy said, "and bhring wan out to me. Ye see it wud rindher me loiable to dismissable did I go into a saloon."

"Dot vas all righd," said the self-elected prisoner; "I vill pring it righd away owil."

He was as good as his word.

He went in, procured two foaming glasses of lager, drank one up himself, and brought the other out to his customer.

But he was not there.

Riordy, the minute he had beheld the door closed after the Dutchman, had disappeared.

"Ach himmel," the Dutchman exclaimed, as he stood, a picture of surprise, the glass of lager in his hand, "where vos dot bolicemens. He vosn't here—he vos——"

Suddenly he stopped speaking.

His face assumed a cunning look. He tapped his big head several times with his fingers.

"Mein Gott," he said, "I vos shoost as smard as a Yankee. I vosn't a fool if I vos a Dutchman. I vos got de piggest idea of de century. Vot vos de goot of me going to shail? I vill make my escape."

And he did so, chuckling as he walked down the street about his great brain power.

Muldoon had gone directly home.

"Faix," exclaimed he, "I have had adventures enough for wan day—and, Howly St. Patrick, where is Beauty and where is Mike?"

The absence of the Hon. Mike was easily explained. Just as soon as Muldoon had got into the fray with the Dutchman, Mike, with great discretion, had faded away, for he wasn't at all anxious to become involved in any muss.

Where Beauty was has never been found out to this day, though divers legends which link together a boot-black, a chain, and a surly bull dog are rife even now amongst the denizens of Muldoon's ward.

To tell the truth, Muldoon was not sorry, after all, to be freed from the beast, although he did regret the ninety dollars he had paid for her.

He had hardly got into the house before Mrs. Muldoon appeared.

"There is a lady in the reception-room waiting for ye. She has a companion."

"Male, saymale, or otherwise?"

"I believe it is a male. It is a naygur in a shawl. Go in and luk at it."

Muldoon did so.

He walked into the reception-room.

Upon the sofa sat a lady—a stout, square-chinned, massive-built lady—clutching an umbrella of a greenish hue in her bony fingers.

By her side was a shriveled-up old man—a wrinkled, gaunt fellow, who resembled a baboon about as much as anything else.

The lady arose as Muldoon entered.

"Good-day, senator," she said.

"Good-day, madam," he replied.

"Do you know me?"

"I do not. Unfortunately I cannot recollect yer swate face," gallantly Muldoon said.

"Do you remember a lady who called upon you for a charitable purpose, before your election?"

"I recollect half a hundred ladies. The whole feminine population av New York seemed impelled to stroike me in the name av swate charity. I cannot bhring to mimory yez particular mission."

"It was of Boola-Goola-Boo"

Muldoon did recollect then. Had he not headed a subscription-list for the purpose of bringing a sin-dyed and imperturbable idolator to America, in the hopes that his heart might be softened by the influence of civilization?

"Shure, I know ye now!" he exclaimed; "to what am I indebted for the playsure av yez call to-day?"

The lady, with a majestic sweep of her hand, indicated the object upon the sofa.

"There, sir," she said, "is that idolator. That aged, red-eyed and dirty idolator, the man who threw mud at the Sunday-school teacher, who gets full of palm-juice every Saturday night, who went to our dearly-beloved missionary's hut and offered to stand that godly man upon his head for five brass buttons, who in spite of all our efforts made an idol of a soap-box and a feather duster, and persisted in praying to it. There he is."

Muldoon looked at him as if he was a curiosity in some museum.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Habbakuk," said the lady; "the name he used to have was Matzee-katsee-fetchee, which meant man Who-Spits-Upon-His-Thumbs. Of course we could not allow such a name to any baptized being, for he was baptized; so we called him Habbakuk."

"An' perfectly roight were ye, too," Muldoon answered. "But what are ye going to do wid it?"

"With what?"

"It."

"Who's it?"

"His Habbakuk nibbs."

The lady smiled a smile of beneficent benevolence.

"Senator," said she, "it was you who first started the subscription list by which we were enabled to bring this idolator from his native wilds of Boola-Goola-Boo to this city. The prestige of your indorsement sufficed us. Subscriptions to our noble purpose poured in. And at last have we achieved our great purpose."

"What is that?"

"We have brought Habbakuk to New York."

"Yes."

"And to show you our appreciation of your kindness, we have resolved—we have resolved——"

"What?"

"To present him to you!"

Muldoon was staggered.

"Madam," he said, in a bewildered tone of voice, "I have no use for the haythen. What can I do with him?"

"I'm sure I do not know," said his visitor, "but you've got to take him. The Boola-Goola-Boo Ladies' Self-Sacrificing Society, of which I am president, voted that he should be donated to you, resultantly, he is yours."

After which speech the lady arose, and with a dignified bow to Muldoon swept out of the room.

Muldoon was left alone with Habbakuk, who sat upon a sofa, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Muldoon glared at him.

"Niver again will I give a cint for any purpose," he said. "Bedad, it serves me roight. Here I have a monkey faced idolator upon me hands, and what to do wid it I cannot tell. For three cints wud I pitch it out av the windy; yet that wud niver do. I wud have the whole press av the city down upon me for cruelty to animals: I must diplomatize."

He advanced to Habbakuk.

"Do ye spake United States?"

The idolator smiled sweetly.

"Me speakee Inglese," said he.

"Can yez comprehend the worrud bounce?"

"Whattee dat?"

"It manes to floi."

"Whattee dat?"

"Vanish."

"Whattee dat?"

"Climb."

"Whattee dat?"

"Clear out."

"Whattee dat?"

Muldoon felt that he had a hard subject to tackle.

"Ye wur a present to me," said he; "donated by the Ladies' Self-Sacrificing Society av Boola-Goola-Boo, or some other yeddish name. I am proud that they are so fond av me that they give me ye, but still I wud be prouder if they had not did the deed. Ye see that door?"

The idolator, by a nod of his head, indicated that he did.

"Nicee door," he remarked. "Very nicee. Takee cake."

Muldoon looked at him severely.

"For an idolator, an untamed son av a Pacific Ocean Island, yez denote yeself very proficient in cosmopolitan slang," uttered he; "by and by ye will be telling me to walk upon me ear, or float upon me saliva. Where did you catch onto the idioms of the language?"

Habbakuk smiled again, while he serenely picked his nose with a very dirty forefinger.

"You be damee," said he, beaming benevolently upon Muldoon. "Me catchee it all aboard de ship."

A few questions upon Muldoon's part elicited the fact that Habbakuk had been plainly thrown amidst evil associations while crossing the ocean from his island home. The sailors upon the ship which had brought him over had corrupted his morals, as far as his language was concerned.

In broken English he explained that Miss Grey—for so was his lady protector named—had told him that he was Muldoon's property, and he was bound to remain in Muldoon's house.

"Nebber leavee yer," remarked he; "me stayee all time—Miss Grey so. Dat settles it."

And he resumed his seat upon the sofa, as if perfectly contented.

Muldoon was in a decided quandary, and with a look of perplexity he called for Hop Ski, or, as he had named him, St. Patrick, his Chinese servant.

Hop Ski responded.

"St. Patrick," Muldoon said, as he pointed to the idolator, "ye behould that figure-head upon the sofa?"

"Yeppee," smiled St. Patrick.

"He is a new acquisition to me bevy av household beauties. Take him wid yez and in-

throduce him to the rist av me family circle. And Hop Ski, ye Irish saint, I want a sintence wid ye."

Hop Ski came to Muldoon's side.

"Are ye a skilled assassin?" asked Muldoon.

"A killer?"

"Yes."

"Me no killer."

Muldoon looked disappointed.

"I wish, be Heavens, ye were," he said; "if ye cud plunge a stiletto into that baboon's neck and fling his corpse off av the dock into

and a feather duster in his hair. Not a bit will I coincide wid such a wretch!"

Muldoon spoke as softly as he could to his domestic, and promised to speak to Habbakuk about it, and Katie, partially mollified, went back to her work.

That night he called Habbakuk, and explained that, while a costume of a blanket and a feather in one's hair might be the height of style for a native of Boola-Goola-Boo, it was not so considered in New York.

Habbakuk listened patiently.

"Allee right," said he; "me dressee up;" and he went away meekly.

He was but partially dressed, and from the expression of his face it was easy to discern that his humor was not to be defined as saintly.

"Muldoon," he bawled, "ginerally I'm a quiet old ground-hog wot reposes peacefully in a burrow, ain't I? I never kick unless somebody kicks me. I'm jist as still an' peaceable, on an ordinary occasion, as a painted ship in a painted picter. But I'm goin' to kick now."

"What about?" Muldoon asked.

"Look at me feet," was the answer Muldoon evoked.

The Hon. Mike's pedal extremities were as bare as Nature had formed them.



Muldoon paced the floor like a tiger; and began to roll up his coat-sleeves. "Be Heaven, I will thrack the scoundrel who made those porthraits to the death!" he exclaimed.

the deep rolling river I wud give ye a goulden doubloon."

The offer was a good one, but St. Patrick did not appear anxious to accept it.

He beckoned to Habbakuk, and the two went out together to the servants' apartments.

Muldoon dismissed Habbakuk from his mind till that night.

Then he was waited upon by Katie, the servant girl.

Katie's blue Irish eyes beamed with indignation.

"Mr. Muldoon," said she, "I will have to give yez notice."

"What for?" asked he.

"I am satisfied wid ye."

"Yes."

"And wid de whole family."

"So did I suppose. Thin why do ye want to go away?"

"On account av that haythen—that image worshiper."

"Habbakuk?"

"Yes. Do you know what he did to-night?"

"What?"

"He came down to supper wid nothing at all upon him except a blanket tied about his waist

The next morning Muldoon was the first down at the breakfast-table.

He beheld a sight which made his eyes stick out.

There, perched upon a chair, arrayed in a variety of garments of all sorts, was Habbakuk, spearing for a mutton chop with a silver fork.

PART XVI.

THE sight of Habbakuk was sufficient to cause anybody to stop and look in temporary paralysis.

He had obeyed Muldoon's order to "dress up" literally.

A sealskin sack, a pair of rubber boots, a glossy high hat, surmounted by a fashionable bonnet, were only part of his array. He beat King Solomon's Lily of the Valley all hollow for gorgeousness of raiment.

"For Heaven's sake what does it mane?" asked Muldoon, as he stared with all his might at the new acquisition to his household, who, having succeeded in spearing his mutton chop, was gnawing at it like some famished beast, holding the meat between his fingers.

Before any one could reply the Hon. Mike appeared.

"Shure, I have beheld more olfactory soight than yez fate," Muldoon remarked. "Why don't yez assume socks?"

"Why don't I?" The query was delivered by Mr. Growler in a most sarcastic tone of voice. "The simple reason is because I have no socks to put on. Some bloody old son uv a horse-thief has stolen me new sealskin-lined, silk-heeled, diamond-pointed socks, and all the rest uv me foot ulsters are drying upon the line. Did you default wid der socks?"

"No."

"It's lucky yer didn't. I'm a relashun of yers by marriage, and I kin overlook a good many things wid a softly silent contempt, but ef yer had embezzled those socks dere wud hev been an awful tragedy in dis here old chateau! I'm a slimy old snake uv der tropical forests, an' I eat men for a regular diet. I——"

The Hon. Mike Growler's remarks was interrupted by a voice outside.

"Terry!" it said.

The accents were those of a female, and Muldoon recognized them. It was his wife.

"What do ye want, Badalia?" asked he.

"I want ye to sind for a detective."

"Why?"

"There has been a robbery."

"Where?"
 "In our own domicile."
 "Who's been robbed?"
 "Me."
 "If it wur av yez chignon, Bedalia, 'tis me-sill who is the guilty party. I tuk it to rub the frost off av the windy-panes this dawn."
 "It isn't that."
 "What is it?"
 "Me seal-skin sacque is gone. Somebody has defaulted wid it. Last night I hung it up on a peg in the wardrobe, adjacent to me cherry-colored silk, but to-day I cannot foind it. Impty is the peg, the sacque has gone."

"Decidedly not. Ye are fifteen puzzled in yez language."
 "Then I will tell you. Last night I sold a poem—a quaint, queer fancy in fifty-five cantos, called the 'Secrets of a Stove.' For it, I received five dollars."
 "Ye sthruck a sucker."
 "No, sir, he was a critic. He could tell good poetry—the genuine product of one of the Muse-inspired—from dross. He bought my brain-work, as I say, and gave me for it five silver—"
 "Kicks?"

"Thin what is the cause av yer voluntary dismissal?"
 Katie looked cautiously about, as if to ascertain that the subjects of which she was about to speak were not listening.
 "The house is haunted, sir," she said, in a stage whisper.
 "Who by?"
 "Ghosts."
 "How many?"
 "Wan."
 "What! scared av a ghost?"
 "A male ghost!" Katie replied. "A wake ago lasht Saturday I bought a new bonnet."



Muldoon sprang forward and grabbed one end. "Be heavens, McCarty," said he, "ye will not take the woman's box away. As sinator it is me duty to defend the roights av me constituents."

Before he had hardly time to reply, Hippocrates Burns, the poet, who, as you will probably recollect, was a guest of Muldoon's, came bursting into the room by a different door.

"You take me for a fool,
 A butt of all your jokes;
 A boy, as yet to school,
 Who neither drinks nor smokes!"

he exclaimed, as he struck a Byronic attitude. "Senator Muldoon, where is me hat?"
 "Yez hat!" ejaculated Muldoon, in a dazed sort of way. "What about yez hat?"
 "Senator," Hippocrates made rejoinder, as he folded his arms and looked upon Muldoon, "I may, by adverse fortune, be dependent upon your bounty. Circumstances may have forced me for awhile to act the part of a beggar at your gate; yet still I will not submit to insult."

Muldoon was bewildered.
 "What the divil are ye talking about, ye ijotical crank?" asked he. "Whose insulting av ye? Have I spoke a worrurd about ye?"
 "Action speaks plainer than worrurds," Hippocrates said.
 "What do you mane to infer?"
 "You do not know?"

"No; trade dollars. And with it I bought a head-covering."
 "A fool's-cap, I suppose!"

"Nay; a high hat, the newest style out. I hung it upon the hat-rack when I went to bed, and this morning I found it gone. I imagined that you might have taken it for a joke. I thought—"

Hippocrates, in his turn, was stopped. Kate, the servant-girl, came up with the breakfast dishes, and at the sight of Muldoon she spoke out:
 "Mishther Muldoon, I will be obliged to lave ye."

"What is the rayson now?" asked Muldoon, resignedly. "Faix, I'm becoming accustomed to yez anticipated departure. As a rule, ye lave me wid great regularity at laste wanst a week. Are ye dissatisfied wid yez pecuniary raycompense as dish-gargler?"

"No."
 "Have not yez enough days out?"
 "Yis, sir."

"Are ye not thrated well enough to suffice yer gentility?"
 "I cannot complain av yez thratement av me, sir."

Och, hone! but it wur a darlint av a bonnet! It wur a bonnet fit for a quane. Lasht noight I hung it up forninst the wall. About dayloight I wur awoke by a noise. I lukked, av coorse, to ascertain its wherefore. Soon wur I able to locate its locality. The door av me room, which wur open, wur opened more, an' a faygur sthole in. It lukked around for a whoile, grabbed me bonnet an' faded away loike the dew before the sunshine."

"Are ye shure it wur a ghost?"
 "Shure!"
 "Why?"
 "Bekase it raysimbled man."
 "Did iver ye before behowld a ghost?"
 Katie hesitated.

Veracity at last got the better of inclination.
 "No," finally she said.

"Thin what do ye know av ghosts, anyway?" Muldoon said, with a triumphal accent; "yer supposed specter moight be—"
 But Muldoon felt himself pushed suddenly aside.

Katie had just caught sight of Habbakuk, who, alarmed at the intrusion of so many people, had fled from the chair upon which she originally perceived him to the sofa, upon

which article of furniture he was crouching, enjoying the fragments left of the mutton-chop.

Katie gave a regular Connemara yell. She made a break for Habbakuk at once.

"What ails ye, girl?" cried Muldoon, making an ineffectual attempt to check her onslaught.

"There it is," was her somewhat incoherent reply.

"There's what?"

"Me bonnet."

"Where?"

"Upon the crathure's head, atop av a stove-pipe hat."

"What crathure?"

"Yez pet idolator. Bedad, he is a perfect wardrobe. Luk at him, crunching away, loike a woid baste, at the breakfast; and he is woiping the grayse off av his mouth wid me bonnet-strhing. 'Tis a peaceable girl I am, but I'll scratch his eyes out."

And probably she would have carried out her threat, had not the Hon. Mike, gifted with good sense for the nonce, caught her.

She struggled unavallingly to free herself, but he held her fast.

"Let me at the naygur," she begged, "till I wolpe up the flure wid his carcass!"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before Hippocrates Burns grabbed a knife from the table and clenched it in his fingers.

"Stand aside, caitiff!" exclaimed he; "I will bury the blade in his heart!"

"Whose heart?" interrogated Muldoon, as he got in front of the poet.

"Yon inky-faced scoundrel."

"Do ye mane Habbakuk?"

"Yes."

"What wud ye do it for?"

"Cannot you perceive? By all the gods of war, he has me high hat upon his head. I will disembowel him!"

"Ye will do nothing av the sort," Muldoon said, decidedly, as he flung the would-be disembowler away; "ye will stay where ye are. I will——"

"He's got me seal-skin sacque on, Terry!" shrieked Mrs. Muldoon, at this juncture. "Where *did* he get it?"

The Hon. Mike, at the sound of Mrs. Muldoon's words, looked at Habbakuk.

The Hon. Mike gave vent to a yell of savage ferocity.

He produced a big jack-knife, opened it, and began whetting the blade upon the sole of his foot.

"What does ye procedhure mane, Mike?" Muldoon queried.

"It manes that I am old Killer, from Kill-quick Creek," announced Mike. "I wallow in blood and spit corpses. Dis is a nice carpet uv yers upon der floor, Muldoon?"

"Yes, av an aesthetic pattern."

"It is clean?"

"Av coorse."

"It won't be so long."

"Why not?"

"Der pattern will be stained wid gore."

"Whose gore?"

"Dat av der nigger upon der sofa. He has me seal-skin socks on."

Habbakuk, however, who had finished the chop and was licking off the greasy bone, smiled amiably. He appeared to have regained his self-possession, at any rate.

"Where could the devil have obtained the garments?" Muldoon soliloquized; "but nevertheless it is a blamed good joke. I enjoy it—ha, ha, ha!"

Muldoon was laughing again, when his attention was called by Mrs. Muldoon.

"Ye know that brocade vest ye bought last night, Terry?"

"Yes, Bedalia, and a darlint it is, too. I intend to wear it to the Frozen Night picnic av the Niver-Get-Left Social Club. I will crayate an unaquiled furore in it. 'Tis meself who will figure as a heart charmer."

"I do not think so"

"Why not?"

"Ye will never wear that vest."

"But I will."

"No, Terence. It is being wore already."

"Who dares to assume me apparel?"

"Yez sofa pet. He has yez vest on. Luk at its colors beneath me seal-skin sacque. Why don't ye laugh?"

It is needless to say that Muldoon did not.

The vest was to be perceived, as his wife had declared, beneath the gentle Habbakuk's outer raiment.

The way in which he rushed for Habbakuk was an exemplification of rapid transit.

He caught the trembling idolator by the collar, and shook him as if he was an insensate mass, instead of a being of flesh and blood.

Habbakuk could not understand why he was assaulted.

He jabbered away until Muldoon got tired of exercising his muscles upon him.

From disconnected sentences uttered by the red-eyed old rogue, Muldoon was able to find out the truth.

Muldoon, it will be recollected, had the night before told Habbakuk that he should pay more heed to the requirements of civilized society, Habbakuk having appeared at the servants' table the night before in a light and airy garb of a walst-blanket and a feather stuck into his hair.

"Ye must dhress up!" had been Muldoon's words.

Therefore Habbakuk had resolved to dress up.

As it was afterwards ascertained, he had during the stilly watches of the night stole about from room to room, when all the occupants were wrapped in slumber, and selected from each just what suited his fancy in the way of raiment.

Of course Muldoon could not scold the product of Boola-Goola-Boo, for he had evidently acted in the best of faith, and Habbakuk was ordered to an adjacent room to take off his surreptitiously-obtained garments.

That ended that episode, for after breakfast Muldoon went out and bought a cheap suit of the gaudiest colors possible for his charge, with which he was exceedingly pleased.

Indeed, after awhile the family grew to be fond of Habbakuk.

He was docile, easy-tempered, and quick to learn, and was very useful, when properly taught, around the house.

He was devotedly fond of Muldoon. In fact, he appeared to fairly worship the Senator.

He followed him about like a dog, and testified his admiration for his master in a thousand little indescribable ways.

Muldoon accepted Habbakuk's admiration as a matter of course.

"'Tis me personal magnetism does it," he remarked, coolly. "It wud be a wondher if I, who have attached men av bhrains and belles av beauty to meself, couldn't charm the affections of a molasses-hued savage."

Christmas came and passed, the great holiday being celebrated, you can well guess, with the usual merry-making in the Muldoon family circle.

New Year's was also duly observed, Muldoon's calls being very numerous—so numerous that he did not arrive at his own residence till late at night, full of hilarity, and—well, we will say spiritual enthusiasm.

At any rate, when he got up on the second of January, he had to get a shoe-horn and cover his head with soap before he could get his hat on.

Then the State Legislature met.

And one fine January morning, when the sun-rays kissed the snow-covered meadows, Muldoon could have been beheld, snugly seated in a palace car, being whirled swiftly up to Albany, the capital city of New York.

He was not alone.

In his party were five other representatives of the people—Senator McKeag, Cameron, Smidt, Cohen, and Moretti.

They were representatives of the American people, yet with that great good sense which we Americans usually display in the election of our public officers, they all, with the exception of Cohen, were foreigners. And he was not much better, for he was by nativity a Jersey-man.

McKeag was County Clare.

Cameron was a brave Scot.

Smidt was German.

Moretti was Alsace.

Yet they were all of one political belief—or made believe they were, and so all agreed.

And, queerer still, they were all elected for the first time, and their heads were full of the wonderful things which they were about to accomplish.

"I vos got a bill which vill preak der hearts of der gapitalists," Smidt said. "It vos to forbid anypody peing vorth ofer fifty tollars. The surplus vos to go to the poor."

"But ye are worth over that yesilt," said Muldoon.

"Never. It vos all in der oldt voman's name," replied Smidt with a satisfied yawn.

"Vosn't it a great bill?"

Muldoon said it was.

"But I have a betther wan," he exclaimed.

"It is to have St. Patrick's Day made a legal holiday, and to have Santa Claus fill up the stockings then instead av Christmas. If that don't erect a statue to me at the Batlhery, I don't know what will."

"I vos got a pill alleveil," put in Senator Cohen.

"What?"

"It vos designed for the brotection auf Chat-ham street."

"What is it?"

"Dat nobody pe allowed to keep a glothing store unless dey vas bossessed auf a hooked nose."

"I dinna ken but it waud be a gude idea," remarked Senator Cameron, who had not forgotten his Scottish dialect in his American adoption, "yet I may say, maun, that I have a bill myself which I am proud of. Ye ken that frequently accidents occur by little bairns being rin over by the horses attached to street-cars?"

"Bedad, it is yesilt who is roight," said Muldoon. "Wurn't Shamus McNeil, the cobbler's son, run over last wake, and partially decapitated, by a woid mule attached to a bobtail car? That is he would have been if the baste had run over his head instead av his feet."

Senator McKeag arose.

There was a bright fire of patriotism in the senator's eye.

"Yer resolution is a good wan, Muldoon," he said, "but I have a betther. It is wan I make for the sake av dear ould Oireland."

"Let Erin remember the days av ould
Ere a treacherous foe betrayed her,
Whinst Moriachli wore the collar an' gould
That he won from the dire invader."

"Hould on, ye South av Ireland songster!" interrupted Muldoon. "Yez quotation is not correct. It should be——"

"Niver ye moind what it should be," Mr. McKeag replied. "The spirit is there, if the worruds are wrong. The quotation wur but a prelude to the mention av me bill."

"What is it?"

"'Tis that Irish be taught in all av the public schools."

"Und Yeddish, too," said Senator Cohen.

The idea was voted good, and while a general discussion was going on the train stopped suddenly.

Heads went out of the window, of course, and the universal query, "What's the matter?" followed.

A brakeman passing by answered:

"Engine's out of order. We will be delayed for fully half an hour."

"Faix, I don't care if we are delayed for a wake," complacently Muldoon remarked. "The State is paying for me toime now. Let's get out and take a luk at the scenery. It seems very prolific av beauty."

They all got out.

Right ahead of them, upon a switch, was a freight-train standing across quite a long stretch of trestle-work.

Muldoon and his friends, from lack of better employment, walked up to it and began looking at the cars.

"Dere vos one ding vot I gould nefer understood about freight-drains," said Senator Smidt.

"What wur it?" Muldoon asked.

"Der vay dem cars vos gonnected."

"It wur as aisy as feeding milk to a kitten," Muldoon answered. "I will elucidate the problem to ye. They are connected by couplings, the big hook and eyes which ye see underneath the platforms. They work so."

He got beneath the two cars, and unloosened the couplings.

Then he climbed upon the platforms, one foot on each.

"Ye behowld how the old things work," said he, proceeding to give a lecture upon the subject.

They did not understand, but pretended that they did.

While Muldoon was talking away, a whistle shrieked shrilly, and a couple of brakemen jumped upon the forward freight-car.

"The coupling," said Muldoon, "goes wid a snap. It connects wid a——"

He suddenly stopped.

Horrors!

The freight-train was moving, his legs were rapidly stretching apart, until he looked like a distended human triangle. And beneath was the trestle-work above the rolling river!

PART XVII.

THE situation in which Muldoon found himself was not one which either you or I would have liked to have been placed in.

The express-train upon which Muldoon had started was, as we said, delayed on account of an accident to the engine.

It would take fully half an hour, if not more, for it to be remedied.

Therefore the freight train, which had been ordered to switch off and lay upon the side track until the express passed, received orders to go ahead.

It did go ahead.

That is to say, part of it did.

Muldoon, as you will recollect, while trying to explain to his fellow-senators how the cars were coupled had uncoupled two and forgot to recouple them.

Of course the freight-train conductor was not at all aware of this occurrence, and gave the order to start his train.

In obedience to his pull at the bell-rope the cars began to move off slowly.

Muldoon's feet were separated.

One was upon a car which was progressing.

The other was upon a car which was standing still.

Naturally, Muldoon, to use a somewhat inelegant, but yet expressive phrase, split apart.

He gave vent to a yell of terror.

"Save me, save me!" cried he; "begorra! wud ye see me divided before yez eyes?"

A brakeman, who was upon the forward car, made a dash for the speaker.

He meant well, but he was not quick enough.

Muldoon's legs were stretched as far as they could go. His legs, it is true, were long, but there is a limit to all things.

With a shriek of fear, Muldoon's foothold gave way, and he fell between the cars.

Down he went, through the open trestle-work of the bridge.

Now it so happened that the *Saucy Susan* was just at that moment passing under the bridge.

The *Saucy Susan* was a boat.

She was no fairy yacht or massive steamer, but simply an old canal-boat, released from a tow of others of her ilk, and drifting lazily in with the tide at the speed of about a mile in two hours.

There were but two persons upon the *Saucy Susan*.

One was the captain, Hans Vonderneck, a fat, pussy, Hudson River born Dutchman, the other the crew, a raw country lad, Giles Haverstraw.

Giles was at the rudder, while Hans was stretched out at full length upon the cabin roof, puffing away in philosophic content at an old clay pipe.

All of a sudden his reveries were disturbed.

"Look out!" cried Giles.

"Vat for?" was Hans' answer.

He soon found out.

Before the captain of the *Saucy Susan* was aware of it, Muldoon, his ulster flying in the air, descended upon him like a load of bricks. Muldoon landed square upon the fleshy skipper's back.

"Bedad, I have sthruck an elephant!" exclaimed Muldoon, as he carrómed off of the worthy Hans upon the deck.

Hans leaped up just as soon as Muldoon went off.

His equanimity was greatly disturbed.

His spine, it felt to him, was nearly broken, and his pipe had been knocked out of his mouth and had been broken. Perhaps the most heinous offense you can give a true Dutchman is to break his pipe.

He glared at Muldoon, who lay upon the deck in a state of mental confusion.

"Who der duyfel you vos?" bawled Hans.

"Bedad, I am not shure av me identity meself," replied Muldoon. "If I had fell a few moiles further I wud have been nobody."

"Vot you mean py it?"

"By what?"

"Py shumping upon my pack? You dinks dot I vos gast-iron?"

"Did I jump upon yez back?"

"Did you? Vun hundred duyfels, I bets I vos a gripple for life! Where you coom vrom?"

Muldoon arose up.

"'Tis my belafe," he said, "that I fell through the bridge. Thank the blissed Providence that watches over the Irish that I sthruck ye. If I hadn't, it is a cowl an' wathery grave that I wud have been the recipient av."

Hans, who was still rubbing his back, did not join Muldoon's prayer of thanks.

"You vos glad dot you struck me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Dot you vos lame my pack for I pets a week?"

"Av coorse."

"Vell, I vasn't."

"What do I care?"

"You vill gare presently. Giles?"

"Yes, sir," replied Giles, in response to his captain's order.

"Lash dot rudder fast, und——"

"What, sir?"

"Dake der handle und garry id py yourself. I vos need your aid."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

With which response Giles unshipped the handle of the rudder and came to his captain's aid.

Hans meanwhile had rolled up his sleeves, displaying a pair of brawny sun-burnt arms, upon which the muscles stood out in big knots.

He advanced to Muldoon.

"You know vot I vos going to do mit you?" asked he.

"Take me ashore," promptly answered Muldoon.

"Nein."

"What then?"

"You see dot vater?"

"Yes."

"I vos going to put you dere."

"Ye wouldn't pitch me overboard?"

"I would."

Hans' determined expression of face fully denoted that the threat was uttered in all seriousness.

Muldoon began to feel anxious.

"Do you know who I am?" asked he.

"Nein," stolidly replied Hans.

"My name is Muldoon."

"Vot of it?"

Muldoon was staggered.

Here was a man who did not know him.

"I am a senator from New York city," said he.

"I vosn't care if you vos a son of a gun from Hoboken. I would bounce you overboard all der same. Der President of der United States vosn't able to jump upon my pack."

"But it wur an accident."

"I dot so."

"Yis."

"Den der vill be another accident."

"What?"

"Your falling mit der vater off of der boat. Giles?"

"Yes, sir," was the crew's ready reply.

"Spit mit your hands and holdt dot rudder firm. I vas need, maype, your assistance, for I vos going to chuck dis senator oferboard. If he vos resist, hit him mid der skull. Yoost raise dot rudder handle for case of emergencies."

Giles obeyed.

He firmly grasped his novel weapon and raised it aloft, perfectly ready to descend it upon Muldoon's head, if necessary.

"Faix, I have jumped out av the frying-pan into the foire," Muldoon exclaimed. "I must have been born av a Friday, judging by me luck—I——"

His speech was checked.

The brawny-armed, thick-headed captain of the *Saucy Susan* suddenly caught him about the waist; and by sheer force of the muscle flung him into the icy waters of the river.

The deed done, Hans relapsed into his usual state of phlegm.

"Put dot rudder-handle pack und sdeer away," he said to his crew.

"I don't dink dot veller vill drop off of some more pridges und preak my pipe."

Giles obeyed unquestionably, as he always did, and the *Saucy Susan* floated lumberingly on.

Muldoon, meanwhile, had struck the water with a splash.

He sank for a few feet and then came up again.

He was a fair swimmer, and he struck out for the shore.

But it was January.

The water was as cold as ice. He felt a chill seizing his body; his arms and legs were rapidly becoming benumbed.

"Help! help!" cried he.

As he uttered the words a black veil of mist appeared to come over his eyes, while there came a fierce roaring in his ears, which almost prevented sound.

Yet he could dimly see figures upon the river's bank, who he divined were shouting and waving their arms at him.

And faintly, very faintly, for the roaring in his ears was unceasing, he heard the splash of oars hurriedly dipped in water.

The next instant all was oblivion.

Now to go back to his friends and fellow travelers—Senators Smidt, McKeag, Cohen, Cameron, and Moretti.

When they saw Muldoon's fall through the bridge they were for a moment paralyzed.

When he landed upon the canal-boat, however, they drew great breaths of relief.

"He is all right," Senator McKeag said. "Divil a bit will a son av ould Erin iver take wather! 'Tis a natural antipathy have they to it."

"I dinks he vos all right, too," said Senator Cohen; "but dot fall auf his vill shack der polish auf de ulster. Bnt nefer mind; id vos a cold day vat brings nobody any goot. I can replace dot ulster mit a better vun, all vool und silk lined, for fifteen tollars, trade price. I vosn't in der bizness shust now, but my brudder Isaac can do it. He can sell der best, glothing for der least vealth auf anybody in New York. Und he vos so accomodating, Isaac vos. Vhy, I hafe known him to sell a fifty-cent vest upon monthly installments."

So Senator Cohen rattled on, until his advertisement of his brother Isaac's business and general good qualities was checked by an exclamation from Senator Moretti:

"Sacre!" hissed Moretti, "parbleu!"

"Vat vos id?" asked Cohen.

"Ze ruffian, ze villain, ze scoundrel!"

"Who?"

"Look!"

"Vat at?"

"Ze rascal on board of ze canal-boat he has pitched your friend—ze Senator Muldoon—into ze water."

They all peered eagerly from the bridge into the river below.

It was as Moretti said.

Muldoon could be seen battling with the current.

"He vill drowned?" exclaimed Moretti, wringing his hands, "he vill drowned sure—certain."

"Of course he will, man, if ye no help him," replied Senator Cameron, who, Scotch-like, but rarely lost his head or his coolness. "To his rescue!"

He set the example by running to one end of the bridge, and scrambling down the embankment to the river's edge.

The rest followed close in his rear, as did also a number of passengers who had witnessed the occurrence. They arrived at the edge of the water just as Muldoon succumbed to its icy temperature and was about sinking.

A row-boat lay near by, the oars in its bottom.

Soon Muldoon was reached. And not a second too soon. He was just sinking for the last time. But Senator Cameron's hand caught hold of the collar of his ulster.

It was lucky that the collar of that famous garment was as gigantic as it was, for if it had been of ordinary size the Cameron would doubtlessly have failed to catch it, and Muldoon's existence would have ended ingloriously then and there.

"I've got the laddie," spake Cameron; "drap the oars and gie me a hand." Senator McKeag obeyed.

"I vos hope dot he vasn't die," he said, in confidence to Senator Moretti, "for he vos such a fine veller, und he had such a fine sense of honor. He said dot if my nose vos cut off und put upon a handle dot it vould make a pully cotton hook—vot a shoke dot vas. Yes, I vould be sorry if he vas to die, but pizness is pizness. My cousin Solomon he vas keep de piggest undertaking pezaar upon Shatttem street—a fifty-dollar funeral for ten seventy-five. Und if Muldoon vos die, I vill delegraph right down to Solomon, und make a commission on de obsequies."

"*Mon Dieu!* get away," said Moretti, in



Most of the contents of the box were emptied over them, and nice looking objects they were. They had ashes in their hair, over their hats, and were overcoated, one could almost say, in ashes.

With commendable presence of mind Senator Cameron jumped into it, followed on the instant by Senator McKeag.

"Shove us off!" cried the Irish senator.

Barly Senator Smidt and active Senator Moretti obeyed. Senator Cohen doubtlessly would have helped, but he was not able to, for in his haste to render assistance he had stepped upon a small rock, and was lying flat upon his face, in a very bewildered state of mind.

Senator Cameron caught up one oar, while Senator McKeag grabbed the other.

"Hurry, *mon amis*—hurry!" cried Senator Moretti from the shore; "put all ze muscle to it. *Mon Dieu!* he must be saved!"

Senator McKeag obeyed.

"Dot vos id!" squeaked Senator Cohen, who had suddenly succeeded in picking himself up; "if you get Muldoon outt auf de water all right, I vill guarantee, in my brudder Isaac's name, dot he vill gif you each a new linen duster mit a seal-skin collar—at cost!"

Whether or not it was the hope of this munificent reward, or whether it was the common feeling of humanity current in us all, at any rate the boat was swiftly spun through the water, which spurted in foaming jets from beneath its bow.

He assisted his colleague pull the dripping form of Muldoon into the row-boat.

It was plain to see that he was unconscious.

They laid him down in the bottom of the boat and bent once more to the oars.

Soon the boat's keel grated upon the ground. The boat was instantly surrounded by an interested crowd of anxious spectators.

"Is he dead?"

"Is he alive?"

"How is he?"

These three were good samples of the questions asked.

"He is nayther," replied Senator McKeag, as soon as he could get a chance. "He is half way—in a state av stupor. Is there a house near by?"

"Hotel right up the road," responded a ragged boy. "I'll show you the way."

"We'll go there," answered McKeag. "Help me carry him, somebody."

Four volunteers were ready right away.

Muldoon's senseless form was lifted up and carried carefully up the road toward the hotel, a regular country inn, whose gabled roof could be partially seen around a curve.

Senator Cohen followed on behind as sort of head mourner.

disgust. "Haven't ye any of ze feeling?" and the Frenchman indignantly left his companion's side.

"S'elep me Moses!" said Cohen, as he gazed pityingly after the speaker, "he vas madt, I pet. I cares shust as much apout Muldoon as he does, but sdill—pizness vos pizness."

And with this philosophical assertion he lit a cigar and walked gracefully away by himself.

Reaching the hotel, Muldoon was carried into the bar-room.

He was breathing heavily as they laid him tenderly upon the floor.

"He's got to be revived," said Senator McKeag.

"Dot vos pizness," gravely said Senator Cohen. "But how vill ve pegin?"

The attendant crowd was fruitful in suggestions.

"Roll him on a barrel."

"Give him whisky."

"Unloose his collar."

"Take off his clothes and wash him with spirits."

"Burn a feather under his nose."

"Put ice down his back."

"Stand him upon his head."

"Give him a warm bath."

"Club his feet."
"Bleed him."
"Bite his finger."
"Cut his ear."

So they spoke, and each, as he offered a suggestion, tried to put it in practice.

In less time almost than I write it, Muldoon was being put through a course of sprouts sufficient to revive a mummy.

He was rolled over a barrel, given whisky, had his fingers bit, his feet clubbed, his ear cut, and at least sixteen men were hard at work trying to undress him in order to give him a warm bath and wash him with spirits.

prepared for ye in an adjacent room; ye need rest for a period."

At first Muldoon demurred.

He did not mean to go to bed.

The whisky had made him feel good.

He would rather stay down to the bar, and have a few more whiskies.

Finally, though, the solicitations of his friends prevailed upon him, and he went to bed.

He slept sound for four or five hours. The rest was just what he required.

When he got up he felt as nice and bright as a new brass button.

"The sooner the better," was Muldoon's answer. "If I wear these garments much longer I will be irresistibly impelled to suicide. They are too aerial—to æsthetically airy for me humble rank av loife."

"That is all roight," laughed McKeag. "Sit down, and have a smole."

Muldoon was perfectly ready to do that.

While five steaming glasses of old apple toddy, the favorite rural beverage, were being discussed, Muldoon's adventures of the last six hours were being conversed about.

"Faith, niver was I so near being an angel



There, perched upon a chair, arrayed in a variety of garments of all sorts, was Habbakuk, spearing for a mutton-chop with a silver fork.

The treatment had the desired result; Muldoon revived.

The color came back to his face, and he sat up.

His eyes opened.

He looked wonderingly about.

"Where am I?" were the very natural words he first uttered.

"Take a good drink of whisky, senator," Cameron exclaimed, "and dinna ye talk just yet."

Muldoon was perfectly willing to obey the first half of the request.

A good, copious draught of pure old rye gurgled down his throat.

The result was perfectly satisfactory.

He arose to his feet, apparently as well as ever.

"Bedad, I raymimbher it all," he exclaimed. "I fell through a bridge into a canal-yacht, and was foired off av said canal-yacht by a Dutch pirate. Begob, I've had enough adventures for the hero av a half-dime library. I will engage Hippocrates Burns to wroite up a poetical thragedy wid mesilf as cintral loight. I will—"

"Go to bed for awhile," decidedly interrupted Senator McKeag. "There is a nice bed

He came to the bar-room, where he found his five friends busily engaged in a game of poker.

The game ceased, though, as soon as he appeared.

"S'elep me Moshes!" exclaimed Senator Cohen, "you vas looking like a daisy."

Muldoon really didn't look quite like a daisy; he had taken off his wet clothes when he went to bed, and when he arose had put on a suit of dry ones furnished by the landlord.

The clothes might have suited the landlord all right, but they didn't Muldoon.

They were altogether too small for him, the tail of the coat only reaching to the middle of his back, the vest looking more like a neck-tie than it did like a vest, while the pants came about an inch or two below his knees.

He surveyed his appearance ruefully in the glass.

"Be Heavens, if iyer I walked down Broadway in this garb," he remarked, "I wud be mobbed. I luk loike a figure stepped out av a siventeenth century fashion-plate. Wud ye get onto me hoigh-toide pants? I fale loike leasing mesilf out for the spring season as a scare-crow."

"Oh, that is all right," laughed Moretti. "Your own clothes will be dry very soon."

in me loife," said Muldoon. "I suppose the train has gone."

"Long ago," said McKeag.

"Can we go to Albany to-night?"

"No."

"Thank Heaven! Bedad, if I should appear in the legislative halls in these habiliments I wud be foired out for a crank!"

PART XVIII.

MULDOON'S arrival inaugurated an era of good fellowship.

He sat down at the table, and was promptly supplied with a tumbler of the universal beverage and soul-cheerer, hot Scotch.

He readily drank it off.

He felt better after it.

It seemed to warm the cockles of his heart; to make him feel peacable and agreeable toward all.

"Bedad," he cried, as he drained his goblet to the dregs, "we will have a second. What do ye say, byes?"

The boys all said alike.

They were perfectly willing.

The second round was brought.

It was soon disposed of.

Yet the six senators, grouped about the table in the cheery warmth of the old-fashioned fireplace, in which a huge log spluttered and crackled, and emitted a joyous heat, felt that they could stand with pleasure a third imbibal.

To everybody's surprise, Senator Cohen suggested the triple renewal of beverages.

"Bring in some more," called he to the landlord. "Life vos short, und we might shoost as vell get some goot out auf id. Dake somedings py yourself."

The landlord of course was perfectly willing. In fact, he felt proud of the invitation.

He had ascertained the rank of his guests, and his heart was filled with pleasure.

There was he, a simple inn-keeper, a dispenser of refreshments to man and beast, sitting down at the same table and being received upon a footing of equality by half a dozen of New York State Senators.

He drank down his liquor with a gusto.

"Here's to you all, gentlemen, and many returns of the occasion," spoke he; "but I would like to have one thing."

"What?" queried Senator Cameron.

"A song!"

"Parbleu! he is right," Senator Moretti said.

"Zat is just vat we want. Ze song would lend ze zest to ze enjoyment."

Muldoon slowly arose.

There was a pardonable sparkle of pride in his eyes.

"I belave I can furnish ye wid the lacking essential," he said; "it wur a ballad av personal fame written in me honor by Alfred Tennyson, Poet Lariat of England—by proxy."

"Warble it," exclaimed Senator McKeag.

"Gie it to us," begged Senator Cameron.

"Av course I will," Muldoon responded, as he rose up. "Me whole deloight is to oblige. Here she goes."

And in a voice which fully made up in strength what it lacked in sweetness, Muldoon began:

SENATOR MULDOON.

Ye have heard of Demosthenes,
Brutus and Cicero,
A score, or more, of law-givers
Who lived long years ago.
But when it comes to legal acts
As lasting as the moon,
'Twill be the measures introjuced
By Senator Muldoon.

CHORUS.

Then raise yez voices every wan,
And swately chant in tune,
The praises av the nation's pride—
Bould Senator Muldoon.

'Tis he who sits in solemn state,
In legislative chair;
His brows is wrinkled up wid thought,
And grave is it his air;
The people's chieftain, sure is he;
His mark he'll make quite soon.
Beloved aloike by rich and poor
Is Senator Muldoon.

Then raise, etc.

It's many bills is in his head;
The poor man's friend is he,
And when he roises up to spake
Monopolists they flee.
He's for the masses—all the while;
To them is he a boon.
Old iver hist'ry see the loike
Av Senator Muldoon?

Then raise, etc.

Muldoon concluded this beautiful ditty amidst great applause.

"Selep me Moses! but dot vas nice," Senator Cohen remarked; "and it vas so bersonal! You gets dot brinted und I wagers it would be a great card for you next campaign. Py Shacob, I vas got an idea!"

"Vat?" asked Senator Smidt, whose conversation, except upon rare occasions, was confined to monosyllables.

"I vill get Patrick Aaron to write me up a poem. Patrick vas a newspaper man—he pays up vaste-paper—and he vas owe me an old pill auf fifty cents upon a ten-dollar seal-skin ulser. I vill make Patrick write me a poem for the palance. He owes the monish to mine brudder Aaron, but I vill square id mid Aaron all righd. It was all in der family any vay."

Just as Senator Cohen finished, the door of the bar-room opened.

A broad-shouldered, burly fellow, with a face like a full moon, came in.

His countenance fairly beamed with good nature, as he came up to the table and slapped the landlord upon the shoulder.

"Hallo, Dick," said he, "how you vos?"

"All right, Hans," was the reply.

"Dick, haf a trink?"

"I'm much obliged, Hans, but—"

"Dot vos fery vell. You vos got to schmile mit me, for I vant to dell you somedings."

"What?"

"It vos such a goot schoke."

"A joke?"

"Yaw."

"What kind of a joke?"

"Oh, it vos funny. You will laugh like der duyfel. You must take a schmile upon id."

The landlord pointed to his friends.

The new arrival understood the gesture perfectly.

"Frendts of yours vas frendts of mine," he said. "Inquire vat vill dey haf?"

The landlord summoned the senators up before the bar, and received their orders.

"Beg pardon," he suddenly said, "but I forgot to introduce the gentleman who is treating. It is Mr. Vonderbeck—gentlemen, Mr. Vonderbeck."

The introduction was duly acknowledged, and the refreshments put away.

Several times, while Hans was swallowing his beverage, good old Holland schnapps, he paused to snicker. Upon the last occasion the snicker came in wrong.

He choked, threw up part of his drink, and his face grew as red as a boiled lobster.

"What ails you?" exclaimed Senator Cameron, as he pounded the choker vigorously upon the back. "Would ye choke yeself to death?"

"I didn't mean to choke," said Hans, spitting and coughing; "I vas only schmilng."

"Well, a few more such smiles will endanger ye life. What are ye smiling at?"

"The schoke I vas sbeaking apout. My name you vill know vas Dunderbeck—Hans Dunderbeck—and I vas a gaptain."

"Of what?"

"A sdeamer."

"A steamer?"

"Yaw."

"What koind av a steamer?" Muldoon asked.

"Vun dot goes py a mule und garries potatoes as bassengers. I mean a canal-boat, but I galls id a sdeamer for fun."

At the mention of the appellation "canal-boat," Muldoon pricked up his ears and was all attention.

Mr. Vonderbeck noticed it, and felt flattered.

"Now, poys," said he, "yoost gather apout und I vill relate the schoke of which I vas fairst sbeaking. I vas, as I says, several dimes gaptain auf a canal-boat."

"Yis," Muldoon said.

"Its name vas der *Saucy Susan*. Dot vas a goot name for a poy's sleigh vot you can use for to slide up-hill on, but I vasn't somedimes often like it for a canal-boat. If I vas had the baptizing of der poat, I would have galled her *Kadrina*, or *Gretchen*, or *Hannibal*, or some oder Biple name. But der name vas pought mid der poat, so I vas haf to use id. Sdill I vas feel very well satisfied mit dot poat. It vasn't a ding of peanty—but id vas—"

Captain Vonderbeck suddenly stopped.

He saw that Muldoon was yawning, while Senators Cohen and Cameron were apparently asleep, their heads nodding over the bar.

"Vos yer sleepy?" he asked, in accents of concern, of Muldoon.

"Sleepy! Be Heavens, I am in a syncope," replied Muldoon. "Ye started to relate to us a joke, didn't ye?"

"Yaw—and id vos a goot one. Von hundred duyfels! you petter put a belt around your vaist."

"What for?"

"Pecause you vill sblit mit laughter when you hear id."

"Thin tell it," requested Muldoon. "We wur waiting for its narration whin ye wandhered off

wid yez historical reminiscences in relation to yez canal-boat's name. Nixt, I suppose, ye wud have dilated upon its pedigree."

"Yaw, dot vas all square," remarked the worthy captain. "You must excuse me, for I vos yoost as fond of dot canal-poat as I vos of my wife. Now I gets away to my schoke immediately. Mine name vas Hans Vonderbeck."

"It is already cognizant av the fact that I am."

"I vos captain of the *Saucy Susan*."

"If ye mention the fact again may the Lord have mercy upon yez sowl."

"I vos peen to New Yorick."

"Faix, I don't care if ye wur been to New Zealand."

"I vos coming pack."

"Yes."

"The *Saucy Susan* vos loaded mid potatoes."

"Proceed wid yez sthory. I don't care if she wur loaded wid rubies."

"Yoost away from der river vos dot pridge which der railroad runs oferhead."

"Yes."

"I vos bassing underneath when all of a sudden I feels a shock. I vos lying upon the cabin roof, schmoking a bibe, and it vos a brize bibe, too. Der shock sdruck me mit der center of the pack."

"Yes."

"It preaks my bibe py von hundred duyfels; id knocks der bibe into fragments. I vos angry."

"Naturally."

"My mad gets up instantly. I looks'te behold vot vos der gauze of der shock. Vot you subbose dot it vos?"

Muldoon's breath came short and quick.

His fists were clenched, it appeared, almost involuntarily.

But he restrained himself by a mighty effort of will power.

"What wur the cause?" he asked.

Captain Vonderbeck laughed.

His broad face was scarlet with mirth as he answered:

"It vos alive."

"What?"

"Der gauze of der shock. It vos a man! At least I dinks it vos a man. Giles, my crew, der veller who vos sdeering der canal-poat, vosn't don't dink so."

"What does he think?"

"He says it vosn't a man."

"Thin what wur it?"

"Giles says dot it vos an escaped gorilla vot vos shdolen somebody's ulster."

"A gorilla!" repeated Muldoon, gnashing his teeth; "do I luk loike a—"

"Shoost be quiet for a while," said Captain Vonderbeck, wholly engrossed in his narrative, "till I finish der story. Der schoke vos coom in yoost at dis beriod. Der veller, or gorilla, or votefer it vos, fell upon me, und, as I said before, preaks my bibe. He rolls away upon der deck und—"

Mr. Vonderbeck ceased again.

"What are ye pausing for?" Muldoon asked.

"Vake 'em up."

"Who?"

"Your friends."

Muldoon looked about.

Sure enough his fellow-senators had peacefully lapsed off into oblivion. The long-windedness and prosiness of Vonderbeck's story had caused their eyelids to close and themselves to sweetly slumber.

Muldoon woke them up.

"Vot vas ze mattair?" sleepily said Senator Moretti, yawning.

"Mr. Vonderbeck desires yez waking presence."

"Vat for?"

"To hear the ind av his story."

Senator Moretti shrugged his shoulders in the regular Gallic style.

"*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated he; "has he not finished ze story yet? Vat vas ze tale, anyway? I vas forget it."

Muldoon related it, while a steely glitter could be seen in his eyes.

Vonderbeck heard the recital with approval.

"It vos yoost so," he said. "Now I finishes

it up. Dot veller falls ubon der deck, after preaking my bibe—"

"Begorra, if ye dhrag that pipe into the sthory again I will throttle ye!" Muldoon said.

"Yoost so," replied the placid and imperturbable Hans. "Vell, he says: 'Thank the blessed Providence dot vatches ofer der Irish dot I vos sdruck yer.' Dot vos a good scheek, vosn't it? You knows vot I does?"

"What?"

"I bitches him right oferpoard. Vosn't dot a pully schoke? He falls mit der water, kicks avile, und I dinks he vos trounded. Vun hundred duyfels, how I vos laff apout it!"

To prove his assertion, Hans burst out into a full-chested, strong-lunged roar of merriment, which fairly brought the white-wash down from the ceiling's surface.

The others joined in, just for courtesy's sake, as we will often laugh at the jest of some friend, while all of the while we haven't the slightest idea of what the jest means, but do it just to please him.

Muldoon even forced a ghastly chuckle—a grave-yard attempt at merriment.

But he soon sobered, and his face grew calm again.

"That wur a good joke," remarked he, "but I know a betther wan."

"Vot?" Hans questioned, wiping the tears of mirth from his eyes with a red handkerchief which looked as if it was old and dirty enough to have been used by Noah in wiping off the animals in the ark.

"Wanst upon a toime," began Muldoon, "there wur a gentleman fell through a bridge."

"Dot vos somedings like my schoke," spoke Vonderbeck.

"Perhaps it wur a coincidence. This gentleman landed upon a canal yacht."

"Dot vos yoost like me."

"He hit a big-bellied, owl-eyed son av a leather-breeched Hollander, and he wur pitched into the icy waves."

Vonderbeck's face was a picture of surprise. His round eyes expanded to their fullest degree as he looked at Muldoon.

"Das vos—" commenced he.

"That will do; let me finish!" Muldoon checked, sternly. "The gentleman wur nearly drowned, but he wur resuscitated by some friends. And afterwards he met by accident the ould cabbage-head who had pitched him overboard at a hotel. What do you suppose he did?"

"Vot?" gasped Hans.

"This!"

As Muldoon uttered the single exclamation he grabbed a big bowl from the table, a bowl of gigantic size. The bowl was filled with a sticky, floury sort of paste, which is used as a basis of that ancient and popular drink known as Tom and Jerry.

With an effort he brought it, inverted, slap down upon the astonished Dutchman's head.

The force of the blow sent Vonderbeck to the floor, the bowl still over his head.

Luckily, it was not broken, for it was made of good, durable stone-ware.

"Selp me Moses! you vos kill him," exclaimed Senator Cohen.

"Be Heavens, I hope I have!" coolly replied Muldoon. "The only thing which deteriorated at all from me political popularity in New York was the fact I was not a murderer."

Muldoon, however, was not a murderer as yet.

Hans was not dead.

He was only partially stunned.

His skull was too thick for anything less powerful than a pile-driver to break it.

Presently he revived.

He raised his hands and succeeded in pulling the bowl off of his head.

True, he got the bowl off.

But its contents still were left.

He was a sweet sight.

The slimy mixture of Tom and Jerry had adhered to his face.

It was clustered on his hair; it clung affectionately to his ears; his eyes were full of it; and it was dropping in big gobs from the end of his nose.

He staggered to his feet.

"Vun hundred duyfels," he exclaimed, "vot vos id, when vos id, who did id?"

As he spoke, he put his hand into his hip pocket.

Singular to relate, the six senators did the same, but with greater alacrity.

A second later six revolvers, cocked, confronted the perplexed Dutchman.

He retreated with great promptness.

"Vat you vant to shood me for?" he wailed.

"Because ye want to shoot us," was Muldoon's reply.

"I vosn't."

"Ye wurn't?"

"No; I never garries a bistol."

"Thin what did ye place yez hand at the back yard av yez pants for?"

"For a shoe-horn."

"What do you desoire av a shoe-horn?"

"To scrabe mineself glean."

"Oh!"

The above ejaculation was uttered by six voices, and six pistols were replaced in their six receptacles.

By aid of the shoe-horn, his big handkerchief, and a brush loaned him by the landlord, Hans finally succeeded in getting the stuff off of his person to a great extent.

He was as yet bewildered.

"Vhy vas you hit me py der powl?" he asked, of Muldoon. "Vot I do to you?"

"Luk at me," Muldoon requested; "do ye not raycognize me features? Haven't ye iver beheld me before?"

Hans took a good, steady look.

Gradually a look of recognition came over his features.

"Vun hundred duyfels!" he cried; "you vos dot veller vot I vos chucked off of der ganal-boat?"

Muldoon gazed at Hans with folded arms.

"Ye wur niver more corriect in yez loif," replied he. "It wur I who wur pitched overboard, as ye said."

"You vas der victim of mine shoke?"

"I wur."

For a second the captain of the *Saucy Susan* was silent. He was evidently revolving affairs in his brain.

Then he burst out into a guffaw.

"Vun hundred duyfels!" he said, employing his favorite phrase. "I see it all. You vas madt at der schoke. You want to get even. So dot vas vhy you soaks my headt mit der powl. Py tam! it vas vun ubon me! Vot vill you dakes?"

The way affairs turned out was a surprise to Muldoon, for he had naturally anticipated a fight with Hans. It isn't every man who regards being hit upon the head with a heavy stone bowl as a joke.

Still, Mr. Vonderbeck appeared to regard it in that light, and Muldoon was too much of a gentleman to contradict him, although, as Muldoon afterwards said:

"He had the foggiest sinse av humor av any person I iver wur acquainted. I belave he wud raygard it as the acme of comicality to blow himself or some one else up wid dynamite."

Perhaps, though, despite Muldoon's remark, it was just as good that affairs turned out so.

For Hans placed up the beverages, and proved himself in time a jolly good fellow.

The landlord waxed communicative.

He had a grievance.

Like all people with grievances, he desired to tell everybody else about it, so that they could grieve with him.

His grievance was ferrets, or some animal of that species.

He said that he kept his poultry, of which he had quite a lot, in his barn, which was also partially a stable.

By some means a ferret, or whatever destroying animal it was, had gained entrance, and was eating up all of his poultry.

"I guess I've got them fixed now, though," said he; "I've got steel traps all over the barn, and I guess I will catch a few of the rascals."

The observation, however, was passed over, and Muldoon fergot all about it.

Several more smiles were smole, and everybody felt happy, Muldoon in particular.

He felt like a two-year old colt.

He wanted to play a practical joke upon somebody.

The opportunity soon occurred.

Senator Cohen was possessed of a silk umbrella, which he zealously guarded as a rule.

Every rule, however, has its exception.

So it was in Senator Cohen's case.

He left his umbrella against a table.

Muldoon caught sight of it.

"What a racket it will be to hoide it," he said; "it will dhroive the Senator woild."

He sneaked up and got it.

Unobserved, he crept out of the room with it.

He passed into the yard.

The barn was but a few steps from the hotel.

"Faix, I will saycrete it in the barn," said he.

"He will niver foind it widout a steer."

He went into the barn.

It was dimly illumined by a single lamp.

Muldoon could just perceive that he was near an empty stall.

A sudden idea came to him.

"Begorra!" he exclaimed, "I will seclude the umbrella in the hay-rack!"

He stepped forward for that purpose.

Suddenly his foot struck a metallic surface.

There was a sudden snap!

Two rows of iron teeth appeared to be biting their way into Muldoon's boot-leg.

The landlord's remark came to his mind like a flash.

"Bedad!" cried he, while he struggled to get free, "I am caught in a thrap. I am taken for a skunk or a ferret! Help! help!"

His cries were soon answered.

Lights and faces appeared in the door-way.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRULY, Muldoon was in a nice fix.

His foot was caught as if in a vise, and in one sense it was a vise, for the steely teeth of the trap caught firmly into Muldoon's boot.

The boot, as you will doubtless recollect, was not Muldoon's.

It was one of a pair lent him by the landlord of the inn.

The boot was not a fancy one.

It didn't have red tops.

It was not patent-leather.

Instead, it was a serviceable cow-hide article of foot-wear, tough as a boarding-house steak.

Resultantly, the teeth of the trap, while they held Muldoon fast, failed to injure his leg.

His yells for help were, as we mentioned at the close of the last chapter, speedily replied to.

Two farm-hands employed by the landlord came rushing up.

A lantern was carried by one—Jake Simmonds by name.

He flashed its light into the barn.

He beheld, by its rays, the dim figure of Muldoon, struggling to get free from the trap's grasp.

He hurriedly retreated to his companion's side.

His companion was a darkey, somewhat aged, who was universally known as old Si.

"Si," said Jake, "the boss has been mistaken."

"'Bout what?" queried Si.

"He thought that his fowls were being ate up by skunks."

"Or ferrets."

"Yes. T'aint nuther."

"Mebbe it's weasels?"

"No, it's a two-legged thief, and he's caught!"

"Wha?"

"By ther trap."

"Golly, dat so?"

"Yes—sure pop."

"It's him dat was yelling?"

"Yes."

Old Si tightened his grip upon the pitchfork which he had in his hand.

"I'se gwine fo' to cober myself wid gore," he said; "gwine fo' to be a murderah! De feller's fast?"

"Yes."

"Shuah he's fast?"

"Sartain."

"Can't get at me?"

"No."

"Den I'll lunge him frew der lung wid de pitchfork. Fill him full ob holes till he looks like a porous plastah. Lemme at him! You hold de lantern till I makes de corpse."

Valiantly did old Si advance with his weapon, while Jake, like a trusty friend, held the lantern.

"Ye suckers!" cried Muldoon, "will ye iver come to me aid?"

"I'se coming, you chicken-thief," replied old

"What is the matter?" cried the landlord.

"What—"

He stopped, and seizing a pitcher of water, flung it over old Si.

"Wha—wha's dat fo?" asked Si, taken aback at the sudden drenching.

"What for?—you old black mummy, you were afire!"

It was even so.

When the lantern had been smashed, old Si's coat had caught fire from the exposed candle, and when he had come rushing into the bar-room it was all ablaze, though he, in his excitement, was not aware of the fact.

He's got a revolver, an' he pointed it at me. It's de biggest revolver I eber saw."

Senator McKeag, who was matching pennies with the amiable Senator Cohen, and losing nearly every time, as the guileless Cohen was possessed of a double-headed cent, stopped his gambling at old Si's last sentence.

"Got a revolver, has he?" said he; "faix, I belave I have wan mesilf. 'Tis I who will go out and foight a duel wid the ruffian."

"You von't go alone," Senator Cohen bravely said. "I vos mit you."

He pulled out a tiny pistol which shot a bullet about as big as a dwarfed pea.



Finally Muldoon arose and elevated his gavel. "Be Heavens!" he ejaculated, "'tis mesilf who is boss here. If ye don't sit down, I will knock ye down!"

Si, as he made a drive at Muldoon with his pitchfork.

Muldoon dodged aside.

"Ye black-and-tan American!" he exclaimed, "what are ye at?"

"I'se cullud, but I'se a killer," cheerfully returned old Si, preparing for a second drive.

"Begorra, if a prong av yez fork touches me, ye doil!" Muldoon yelled, at the same time pulling out his revolver and leveling it at old Si's head.

That was enough for the darkey.

His courage all fled at the sight of the weapon.

"Oh, Lawd! don't shoot, mister man!" exclaimed he, as he dropped the pitchfork and put for a door.

The pistol, too, had got the best of what little valor Jake possessed.

He made a blind rush for the door at the same time old Si did.

The result was that they violently collided.

Down they went, rolling over each other, and smashing the lantern, and finally rolling out of the door.

They picked themselves up, and with one accord put for the bar-room of the hotel.

They burst into it like catapults.

"How the blazes did you catch fire?" continued the landlord.

Old Si could not tell. He really did not know.

All that occupied his mind was the mysterious man in the barn.

"Massa! massa!" he exclaimed, "we've done got him."

"Who?"

"De t'ief."

"What thief?"

"De debble dat's been stealin' an' killin' de chickens."

"So you've caught the animal?"

"Tain't no animal."

"It isn't?"

"No, it's a man, and he's caught in de steel-trap."

The landlord's face flushed with pleasure at the news.

"I'll go out and see to the rascal," said he, putting on his coat and taking up his hat.

"Hole on! hole on, massa! fo' de lub ob de Lawd!" ejaculated old Si; "don't go dat way. Get a gun, an' load de old hoss-pistol."

"Why?"

"De feller's a pirate; desprit as de debble.

"Dot vos a shooter," he said, regarding it admiringly; "it vos stem-vinding, und shoots seven dimes mitout a vacation. I vos puy it for a pair auf emproidered suspenders und a voolen ofercoat. De veller dot I exchanged mit thought dot he vos haf de pest auf de pargain, but he vosn't. De voolen ofercoat vos all moth-eaten, und de very fairst dime he walks owit in der vind it plows righd auf mit him in rags;" and the Senator flourished his tiny plaything.

McKeag jumped back.

"Kape it still," begged he. "Be Heavens, if iver ye shot me wid it, and I found it out, it is lolable I wud be to fill wan av yez back teeth wid it. Seclude it!"

Senator Cohen complied to the extent of putting it in the pocket of his sack coat, and the landlord, who had got a venerable musket of ancient make and rusted barrels from behind the bar, where it had probably rested in undisturbed seclusion for many a year, said:

"If you are ready, gentlemen, we will proceed to the barn."

He led the way, while the five senators, Cameron, McKeag, Smidt, Moretti and Cohen followed in the order named, old Si and Jake bringing up the rear.

Meanwhile, Muldoon, in the silent precincts of the barn, was trying to get free.

He twisted his foot.

He pulled his foot.

He wriggled and waggled it, and went through a series of pedal gymnastics which would have afforded infinite mirth to any person who had witnessed them.

Said gymnastics were useless.

They were of no avail.

Twist, pull, wriggle, waggle his foot as he might, he could not free it.

It was caught, firmly, indubitably.

tle through I will put through yez anatomy. Who are ye?"

McKeag's voice was menacing, but the cocked pistol was more menacing.

Muldoon retreated.

One is very apt to retreat when one is confronted by a bright-barreled revolver. And outside of Senator McKeag's death-dealer there were four others pointed square at Muldoon.

He could not understand it.

"Don't ye recognize me, byes?" cried he.

"Ye know me well. I am——"

"A darty chicken-thafe!" finished Senator

to ye to raylase me. I do not daysire to spind the rist av me days engulfed in a thrap."

Senator Cohen came to the fore.

"S'elep me Moses," said he, "but it really vos you—vosn't id? How in der name auf Aaron mit der golden calef vos you got in such a fix?"

"Be Heavens, it wur all yez fault," snapped back Muldoon.

"My vault?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Where is yez bumbershoot?"

"Me vat?"



The top of the gavel flew off, as did also a bottle of ink upon Muldoon's desk. The mallet's top reached a mark. It struck Senator McKeag square upon the top of the head, while the ink-bottle descended upon Senator Doolittle.

He began to feel sorry that he had scared old Si off.

"It wur betther, perhaps," he said to himself, "to die punctured by a pitchfork than to starve out an existence. Help! help! help!"

He roared the cry out with great emphasis.

It was answered.

Not pleasantly.

Rather discomfortingly.

The door of the barn flew open unexpectedly, and a tableau of six men, one armed with a blunderbuss, the remainder with revolvers, was presented to his view.

For a second he was surprised.

Then by the flickering light of the single lantern, which dimly made surrounding objects visible, he recognized the faces of the pistol-holders.

They were his fellow-senators and the landlord.

There was an intonation of joy in his voice as he exclaimed:

"Byes, I am——"

The sentence was checked by one uttered by Senator McKeag.

"Surrender, ye darty omadhoun!" he exclaimed, "or it is a hole for the wind to whis-

McKeag. "It is lucky for ye that Muldoon is not here instead av me. If it wur he who held the pistol I hold it is chockful av lead ye wud have been by this date."

"Cannot ye see who I am?" queried Muldoon, in anguish. "I know all av ye well."

"Ye are a liar," promptly said McKeag. "I cannot see ye."

The speaker was right.

To a certain extent.

The dim lantern, which lit up the barn, shed its rays so that while Muldoon could readily perceive his visitors, they were not able, by reason of his being in the shadow, to perceive his face.

It was not until Senator McKeag had cautiously advanced, revolver at full cock all of the while, within about a foot of Muldoon, that he recognized him.

"Bedad!" he cried, recoiling in affright, "if it isn't Muldoon ye can use me head for a football."

"Muldoon!"

The name was echoed by the other senators in accents of astonishment. They could not believe that McKeag spoke aright.

"Yis, begob, it is Muldoon," answered that gentleman himself, "and it is thankful will I be

"Ye umbrella—yez rain-shed."

Senator Cohen's face blanched.

"S'elep me Moses!" shrieked he, "I vosn't know vhere it vos. Id vosn't py me, und vorse dan all, it vosn't my own umprella. It vos der broberly auf my brudder Aaron, porrowed for der occasion. Shacob py der lion's den! if dot umprella vos lost I vill nefer hear der last auf id. Aaron vos a rich man, but he vos pizness all der while. He vill sue me for preach auf promise if id vos lost. Vhere vos dot umprella?"

"I can tell ye," Muldoon answered, "it wur——"

"Where?"

"Luk in the manger."

Senator Cohen did so.

Sure enough, there was his missing umbrella. He gave vent to a cry of gladness.

"Dot vos all gorrect," he said, carefully examining the umbrella to see that it was not injured. "Der umprella vos shoost as goot as efer. But, Jonah in der vhole! how vos id get mit der manger?"

"Aisily."

"How?"

"I placed it there mesilf."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"For a joke," Muldoon said. "Senator, I was well aware of yez insatuation for that umbrella; that ye lavished upon it a care aiquil to that bestowed by a hen upon her wan chicken. Ye guarded it as a Mussulman does his harem av pink-eyed beauties. So I resolved to imbezzle it. I did so. The next query was where I cud hoide it from ye. Whoile in quest av a suitable place I stumbled into the barn. I beheld the barn. Me gaze was fixed upon the manger, and I put yez umbrella into it. Whoile doing so I stepped into the bloody ould thrap. Ye behould the result!" Here I am fixed for loife, it appears to me."

The landlord laughed.

"Not for life, I guess, senator," he said. "There is a secret about that trap. I can easily get it off. There is a spring which only needs to be touched to free whoever has been caught by it."

As he spoke he advanced.

He knelt down.

He grasped the trap.

"Keep perfectly quiet, please, for a minute, and you will be a free man," observed he. "Just lift your foot up. There; that is right. See; I just place my finger upon this bar, push the small trigger, and—so!—you are free."

As the landlord spoke the steely teeth released their grasp upon Muldoon's boot-leg and flew harmlessly aside.

He was free.

But he looked so sheepish, so generally miserable, that he received a good laugh from his friends.

"Ye wud be funny!"

"Want to get a joke on me py hiding my umprella."

"Thought dot you could gif us der guy."

"Or ze grand laugh."

"Hoot, mon; instead ye got a bee in yer own bonnet."

Such were the remarks leveled at Muldoon by his friends.

He gracefully submitted to being ridiculed.

"Tis me luck," philosophically said he; "if I wur to behould an ingot av Gould upon the sidewalk an' stoop to pick it up, it wud turn into a rattlesnake wid fifty-siven rattles, an' sting me. I wur born, it must be, upon hangman's day, judging from me variegated fortunes."

Senator Cohen, though, as usual, came to the rescue.

"You vos all righd now?" he said.

"Yis."

"Vosn't hurt? Den it vos all lofely. Recollect the oldt broverb?"

"What proverb?"

"All vos wrong vot endts righd? Dere vos only von lacking essential."

"What?"

"You vos got to bay for your foolishness—dot funny pizness mit my umprella."

"How?"

"Very simply. Dere vos a hodel near py?"

"Yes."

"It vos got a par?"

"So I belave."

"It vos a nice par?"

"Yes."

"Vell stocked mit liquors?"

"Yes."

"Vell, now, as I vos saying, to bay for your foolishness, you vant to valk pack to dot par und ask us vot ve vill haf. As for myself, I vos not a hog. Some people, bardicularly my brudder Aaron, vould, if dey vos in my blace, act swinish. My brudder Aaron—he vos got an eye to pizness all auf der vhide—vould probably order a whiskey-gockdai, but I von't. All I vill ask vill be—"

"What?" eagerly asked Muldoon, who felt that he was fairly caught for liquid refreshment, but naturally wanted to get off as cheap as possible.

"It vos very light," responded Senator Cohen. "Vill you agree to it?"

Muldoon was ready to.

He was deceived by the guileless simplicity of Cohen's remarks.

"Is it cider, or some other stomach-gargle vill he ordher?" he reflected.

Then aloud he said:

"Whatever ye ordher, sinator, vill I put up for."

A bland smile came over Cohen's face—a smile which rippled from the hook upon his nose to the extremity of his curved chin.

"I guess," said he, "dot I vill dake a basket auf champagne. Vos you got any, landlord?"

"Half a dozen baskets, if you require," said the host, proudly. "Come right into the hotel."

"What do ye charge for champagne?" inquired Muldoon.

"Four dollars a quart bottle," was the answer he received.

"How many in a basket?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve!" repeated Muldoon; "shure we can't drink them all."

"Not right away," blandly said Senator Cohen, "but vat vas left ve safe. Ve vill vork the remnants py der vay to Albany."

Muldoon yielded, to his credit be it proclaimed, without a murmur.

He led the way to the bar-room and opened the first bottle of champagne himself.

More bottles followed.

In fact, the room fairly resounded for fully half an hour with the pistol-like reports of popping corks.

Yet, even champagne, the queen of wines as it is, palls upon a person's taste after awhile. To get too much of a good thing is, as history has often proved, easily accomplished.

So did it occur to our heroes.

The wine, combined with the stirring events of the day, rendered them decidedly sleepy.

Senator Cohen, who had been leaning for fully half an hour against a chair, seemingly undecided whether or no to sit down in it, was the first one to express the universal desire for slumber.

"I vos got der prighest idea auf der age," he suddenly exclaimed. "S'elep me Moses, but it vos greadt!"

"Vat vos id?" queried Senator Smidt, who was a man of very few words, and did not speak once in an hour.

"Let's go ter ped."

The idea was by an unanimous vote adopted. To bed went all of our heroes, to gain that repose which, truth to tell, they all needed.

They meant to take the early train for Albany—the train which reaches New Hamburg about eleven o'clock.

They didn't, however.

Not a single senator got up until past noon.

They met upon the hotel stoop, and all went in to breakfast.

"Wan o'clock," Muldoon said, consulting his watch; "faix, I didn't care if I slept for a wake. Niver wur I so drowsy."

"Shure I wud just as lave raypose, loike Rip Van Winkle, for twinty years. There is one fault born into me. It is this: niver do I want to go to bed, and niver do I want to get up. Besoides, not a troifle am I hungry."

In spite of the last assertion, it was noticed that he did ample justice to the meal.

And so did the rest.

"What vas der next drain?" asked Senator Cohen, after he had finished.

"Three o'clock," replied Senator Moretti.

"We must catch it!"

"Of course."

"Who vas got our dickets—basses, I mean."

"Muldoon."

"Yis, they are all roight," said Muldoon, who was now habilitated in his own garments.

"They are in me pocket."

A social chat upon various political measures ensued for fully an hour and a half.

Suddenly Senator Cameron looked at his watch.

"Half-past two!" ejaculated he; "we must get ready to go to the depot."

He hurried away to get his overcoat.

His example was followed by all except Muldoon.

A brilliant idea had come to the great politician.

"They will not go to Albany to-day," said he to himself. "I will have me revenge for Cohen's champagne perfidy. I hould the

passes. Bedad, I will hoide until afther the toime for the train to depart."

Where would he hide? was his next thought. If he tried to secrete himself in the hotel, he would doubtless be discovered.

He recollected the barn.

That barn appeared to possess a sort of magnetic attraction for Muldoon.

He scurried out to it.

Upon the floor lay a heap of fall wheat not yet thrashed.

"Be Heavens! I will engineer meself beneath it," reflected he. "They will niver suspect me prisence beneath it."

The words were followed by the deed.

He was soon under the wheat-pile.

Then came footsteps.

"It is the footsteps av me colleagues," he whispered.

But it wasn't.

It was the footsteps of two burly farm-hands, who had been detailed to thrash the wheat.

They were armed with old-fashioned flails.

Whack! spat! whack! spat! The flails fell upon the wheat; also upon Muldoon. His head emerged suddenly from the pile, while the thrashers started back in dismay, with uplifted flails.

PART XX.

THE two thrashers stood like pictures of consternation.

One cannot wonder.

The sudden appearance of a human head from out of the heap of wheat was enough to surprise anybody.

"What is it?" ejaculated one.

"Is it alive?" repeated the second.

As he uttered the words he was struck by a brilliant idea.

He would hit it, and see.

He brought his flail down upon Muldoon's head.

Bang!

The blow, luckily, did not hurt Muldoon, for his skull was protected by his stiff hat.

But it ruined the hat, and caused Muldoon to dive back beneath the wheat with great celerity.

"Hould on, ye spalpeens!" he exclaimed.

"What do ye take me for? Begob, if ye hit me again it is crawl out of the wheat I will, and crucify ye!"

The fellow, who had his flail raised for a second blow, paused, and held it suspended in mid-air.

"Who are ye?" he asked.

"Ye do not know me?"

"No."

"Hias me fame as yet reached yez personality?"

"No. What are you—a tramp?"

A tramp!

That was a nice appellative for him to be designated by.

"Ye blond rascal!" said our irate hero, "do I luk like a thramp? Nixt ye will be taking me fur an escaped bank cashier. I am Senator Muldoon!"

The men didn't fall upon their knees, and beg his pardon.

No, they didn't. They grinned instead, and one of them grabbed Muldoon by the collar.

"Come out of the wheat, you old vagabond!" he said. "You can't play any senator dodge upon us. Only a week ago there was a ragged old cuss come along who said he was an assemblyman. The boss believed it, and he hung the boss up for a week's board, and got out without paying, and took the boss' overcoat along for company. You're a senator; you hang him up for two weeks, and get out with two overcoats. Here, Pete."

His companion responded.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Help me fire the rag-bag," was the reply.

Pete was perfectly willing.

They both seized Muldoon, and in a thrice he was bounced out of the barn and sent sprawling into the yard.

"Come back," bawled Pete, returning to work, "and I'll set the bull-dog on to you."

Muldoon didn't want to go back.

He was no hog.

He knew perfectly well when he had enough. "Me luck again," philosophically he remarked. "I niver bought a feather-bed in me loife widout I found it stuffed wid cobblestones or pulverized bricks. If I play a joke on anybody it comes back to me loike a boomerang, and I get the worst av it. I will now search for me colleagues."

He found them, and mad enough were they at him.

"Ye inspoired crank," said Senator McKeag, "where have ye been? Ye have made us lose the train; and, for pity's sake, what ails yez hat?"

"It accidentally fell off and I stepped upon it," was Muldoon's reply; "the rayson I did not get here earlier was because I arrived later. But we can take the nixt thrain. Whin does it come?"

"No train stops here till to-night," the landlord said. "But I tell you what you can do."

"Emit it."

"Hire a sleigh and ride over to Poughkeepsie. There is an express down there at 5:25, P.M., which will fetch you in Albany at about eight."

Accordingly it was done.

"Have ye engaged a room at the hotel?" asked Senator McKeag of Muldoon.

"Have I?" Muldoon responded. Well, I should chafe to giggle. It is the foinest suite in the Delevan House. It is fitted up with a velvet carpet and an ivory bedstead, while a music box in the form av a cologne fountain squirts music all av the merry day. I have ordered the flure to be strewn wid flowers, in honor av me arroival, and the grand banner av ould Oireland festooned about the mirror. Expense, ye see, is no object. For tin dollars more than I am paying, I suppose I could have bought the whole house."

"What is the number of yez room?"

Muldoon gave it.

Almost immediately McKeag recollected that he had to send a telegraph message to a friend in New York, and went off to see to it.

He had just barely returned when the express came along, and the senators were soon whirling Albanyward.

Several delays prevented the train from reaching its destination till late, and it was fully 10 P. M. before Muldoon marched into the office of the Delevan House, the other senators having secured rooms at a different hotel.

"Well?" asked the urbane clerk.

"Is me room ready?"

"What ro—"

"No. —"

"Name?"

"Muldoon, Senator, New York City."

The clerk seemed startled for a second, then he called to a bell-boy, who, after having a few words whispered in his ear, went hurriedly out.

"Just wait a second, please," the clerk then said to Muldoon.

Lighting a cigar, Muldoon obeyed.

Presently the bell-boy came back.

But not alone.

He was accompanied by two stalwart policemen, for, all statements to the contrary, Albany does have a police force.

The clerk pointed to Muldoon.

"Arrest that man," he said.

Muldoon was roughly seized by the two guardians of public morals.

"What do ye mane?" asked he, struggling to get free. "Why am I arristed?"

"You don't know at all, do you?" sneered the clerk.

"No."

"Very innocent, ain't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Yog're Senator Muldoon?"

"Be Heavens, yis!"

"Well, 'be Heavens, you ain't!"

"Then who am I?"

"A fraud—a beat!"

"What do ye mane?"

"Just what I say. Read this telegram just received from the senator himself."

The clerk produced the telegram, which read as follows:

"FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.

"CLERK DELAVAN HOUSE.—Arrest a swindler, who has assumed my name, and knowing that I will be unable to come to Albany to-night, proposes, so I am told, to claim my name. Arrest on sight, and hold till my arrival.

"TERENCE MULDOON, Senator."

"There," cried the clerk, waving the dispatch in Muldoon's face, "what do you say to that? Oh, you're Muldoon, ain't you, about as much as I am Queen of Spain. Officers, take him off."

They were about to do so, but he protested so eagerly that he was really Muldoon that they hesitated, for they knew it would be a grave affair to arrest an innocent man.

The clerk, too, partially wavered.

"If, as you say, there is a mistake and a joke," spoke he, "where are your letters, your cards, to prove that you are the gentleman you represent yourself to be? A person of Senator Muldoon's private and political consequence ought to have documents about him to prove his personality."

Muldoon beat his forehead in despair.

"I lint them to Senator McKeag," he remarked, "or, at least, I gave them to him for safe-keeping, while me clothes wur being droied."

"Likely story," sneered the clerk, "but, hold on, I will give you one further chance. Do you know anybody in Albany?"

Muldoon brightened up like a new penny.

"Av coorse I do," said he. "Why didn't I think of it before? I know Senators McKeag, Moretti, Cameron, Cohen and Smidt, almost all of the city's delegation. Here is their address—send for them at once."

An unlucky bell-boy who chanced to be "front" was sent to the indicated address, a semi-hotel, semi-boarding-house.

He returned after a little delay with the whole five, Senator Cohen, as usual, last of all.

Muldoon advanced forward.

"Halloo, byes," spake he; "'tis glad I am to see you—I—"

"Who are ye spaking to?" asked McKeag, his face as rigid as a block of hewn marble.

"Ye—all av ye."

"For vat?" queried Senator Cohen. "I vas not acquainted wid you at all. I dinks you vas exdremely doo brevious. Address me so familiarly again und I vill sdrike you dumb. I vas iron-fisted, even if I don't look like it. Appearances vas deceitful, as mine brudder Isaac vas often remarked ven he sells a skunk-skin coat for real seal-skin."

"Byes," gasped Muldoon, "it is certainly out of yez wits ye are. Ye know me, av coorse?"

"Av coorse not," slowly answered McKeag.

"Who are ye?"

"Who am I?"

"I axed it."

"Muldoon."

"What Muldoon?"

"Terence Muldoon."

"The senator?"

"Yes."

McKeag turned upon his heel.

"Go buy a strait-jacket, ye Guiteau," declared he. "Muldoon isn't your size or weight. Besides he has a wart upon his nose."

"And cross-eyes."

"And a wooden leg."

"One ear is bit off."

"He walks with a crutch."

"And has a blue wart under his eye."

"Besides, if you are a liar, you are a good deal better-looking than Muldoon. He looks like a remorseful dog-fighter."

"Or a man whose mother-in-law has just recovered from a severe illness."

So spake the five senators.

The clerk was happy.

He had been proved right after all, and he could now send the impostor to jail with a clear conscience.

He gave an order to that effect to the policemen, and they were just leading Muldoon away, when a new arrival appeared—a stout, squat figure, enveloped almost up to the eyes in a heavy ulster, profusely decorated with seal-skin.

"Here, yer old eater av mud!" bawled the

figure, advancing to the clerk's desk and pounding vigorously upon it. "Der old howler on der Arabian deserts, wot rides upon whirlwinds and eats camels, wants a room. Make one up lively—hoop it instanter. None av yer seven-story back fronts, but a full suite on der first floor, wid a nigger tied to der bell-rope to obey all av my orders at once, or I'll cut his blasted black throat from ear to ear. Hurry up!"

As he spoke he threw aside his ulster, disclosing the person of the Hon. Mike Growler.

"Hurry up!" he repeated. "I'm a whistling old zephyr of death, and I chirp like a cricket when I blow over whole towns."

Muldoon sprang forward.

It was like a shipwrecked mariner in mid-ocean seeing a sail.

"Mike—Mike!" he cried.

Mr. Growler turned around.

"Hello, old camel-face," he sweetly observed, "dat you? Where are you going wid der peelers?"

"I'm arrested."

"Ye am, cully?"

"Yes."

The Hon. Mike didn't stop to see what for.

He had been imbibing quite a good deal that night, and, as a result, was full of fictitious courage, frequently inspired by alcohol. He felt that a nice quiet fight would be just his ideal, and here was the occasion—his own brother-in-law in trouble.

In a trice his vest, also his under-coat, were upon the floor.

He pulled up his shirt sleeves, and advanced furiously up to the two startled officers, grabbing the club of one of them as he did so.

Whack!

He brought it down upon the owner's skull.

Whack!

It descended upon the second copper's cranium.

They both staggered and fell.

They lay confused for a second, then started to their feet.

Mike was upon deck.

Whack!

Whack!

The two policemen went down again.

Things were beginning to look serious. A comedy was being turned into a tragedy.

Senator McKeag began to think that it was fully time to interfere. So did Senator Cohen.

"Howld on," Senator McKeag said, catching one of Mike's arms; "what the divil ails ye?"

"Shust be quiet," advised Senator Cohen, as he took hold of Mike's other arm. "It vos all righd."

Mike shook both of them off with perfect ease, and still retained the club in his grasp.

Whack!

Whack!

He struck both of the noble senators.

But not where he had chastened the two policemen.

He had visited his wrath upon their heads.

Senators McKeag and Cohen he complimented upon the most extensive part of their anatomies, those portions of their persons which first touched the chair when they sat down.

The result, however, was the same.

McKeag and Cohen fell flat upon the floor and sprawled over the policemen.

The policemen, naturally confused by the effects of the two successive blows dealt them by Mike, took the new arrivals for fresh enemies, and grappled with them.

Muldoon yelled with delight.

"Arrah, it is a darlint ye are!" he said. "Ye have got both av yez opponents commingled in despair. It is bather each other's heads off they will."

There seemed a fair prospect of their so doing.

They pounded away like good ones, as if a mortal feud existed between them.

The sight of their fierce contest appeared to sober the Hon. Mike—at least, a ray of common sense came into his head.

"Let's get away," he said to Muldoon.

"They may be arter us loike a hord av red Injuns."

Muldoon was perfectly willing.

Mike and he, while the policemen and the

two senators were struggling upon the floor, glided successfully away.

They ran for fully half a dozen blocks after they made their exit from the house, until they felt that no pursuers were upon their track.

"Thank Heaven, we are safe!" Muldoon said, as he stopped to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. "But it wur a toight fix I wur in. If it had not been for ye, Mike, it is setting in a felon's cell I wud be at this hour, wid me feet braceleted in hand-cuffs av strong if not becoming complexion."

"Oh, I'm a fiery-breathed old dragon outer a pit av flame," characteristically Mike answered. "I allus stick by my friends; an', Muldoon, blissed if I didn't furgit to ax av ye a question."

"What?"

"How did it work in?"

"What?"

"Der snap."

"Ye mean me durance voile by the policemen?"

"Dat's der snuff."

"Some sucker put up a joke on me."

"What kind av a joke?"

"Wan av which I wur a victim, av coorse. They sint a telegram saying I wur not mesilf. Think av it! I wur not mesilf, but somebody else. I will niver wondher at human depravity again, fur a man who wud play such a thrick upon a fellow-being wud hould a picnic over his mother's grave—faix! an' he wud."

"Who do yer suspect?"

"Well, Mike, I will give it to ye in saycrecy. Did iver ye hear a fable av a foolish son av a gun who nursed a viper in his bosom—beneath his chest-protector?"

Mike said he hadn't. As a rule, he confessed that he wasn't very strong in Bible history.

"The viper," Muldoon continued, "was ungrateful."

"Perhaps it wuz because the man never washed," said Mike, with a sudden inspiration.

"Nonsense. The man, so I belave, by cablegram, tuk a bath in prussic acid ivery day. He wur a regular Health Cure upon two legs. He stung the man, and tin days afterwards he fell off av a coal-cart and bhroke his neck. The anecdote, ye are aware, Mike, may not be thrue; there may be a tinge of fiction about it, but, nevertheless, I mention it as pertinent to me own case. Allegorically spaking, I have nourished a viper."

"I'd rather had a bull pup."

"Allegorically spaking, Mike, raymember. The viper I spake av is a two-legged man wid a breath that wud drive horse-flies off av a sore-backed mule and a walk onto him akin to a peacock on stilts. His front name is Donohue, but his last name is McKeag. Twur he, I belave, who sint the fatal telegram which nearly lured me to incarceration in the Raven Maria."

Then Muldoon related the incidents previous to Mike's arrival. We would like to give his narrative, for it was excessively funny, but as our readers are already aware of the facts of his statement, we will not risk, perchance, wearying them with a repetition.

"I just happened to recollect McKeag getting out at Poughkeepsie to sind a telegram," was his closing sentence, "and, Mike, I noticed, while I wur shown that telegram at the office av the Delevan House, that, although it purported to be from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, it wur stamped by the telegraph company as sint from Poughkeepsie!"

"Den it wuz McKeag, and yer can bet yer sweet liver," elegantly answered the Hon. Mike.

"So I belave," Muldoon answered; "and I will have revenge. I have Indian blood in me—"

"Veins?"

"No, in a bucket at home; and I possess an Indian temper. I will wait for eighteen centuries, if necessary, till I get quit with McKeag. I will not go for him right away."

"I wud," Mike protested. "I'd lay for him wid a club der first dark night I knew he wuz out. I'm a lady-like procrastinator, Muldoon, but in drinks and revenge, I never puts off till to-morrow wot I kin do to-day."

"Bekase ye haven't an Indian temper. Come

along. 'Tis true I have rooms engaged at the Delevan House, but I dare not put me fut insoide av it after the occurrences av to-day. And, Mike, if ye raygard yez health, take me advice and kape away from it. We will go to a daycent hotel, upon the Asiatic plan, near by."

So they went, and after securing a room were soon soundly sleeping.

Meanwhile the two policemen and the two senators were having lots of fun.

They kicked, and scratched, and bit, and fought, Kilkenny cat fashion, until finally separated by the clerk, reinforced by Senators Moretti, Smidt, and Cameron.

The policemen glared at the senators.

The senators glared at the policemen.

"Did—did you hit us?" asked the two custodians of public peace.

"No—you—you hit us," answered the two legislative lights. "We tried to save you from the Hon. Mike Growler's onslaught."

"The Hon. who?" queried one of the policemen, binding up a wound upon his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Michael Growler."

"United States Senator?"

"Yes."

"Was he full?"

"As a tick."

The policeman actually smiled, in spite of all the rough usage he had received.

"We're good for a twenty apiece, Pete," he whispered to his companion copper.

"How?"

"I know the lush who hit us. He's up here on political biz. One of the finest fellows in the world when he's all right. Why, he's United States Senator from Nevada. Course, pard, it is our duty to arrest him."

"Yes."

"But money beats duty."

"Right you are."

"And if we can make a double ten apiece we hadn't orter kick."

The other policeman was of a kindred opinion, and the two went away without a word to their pummeled antagonists, who were left to console themselves as best they could.

McKeag looked mournfully at Cohen.

Cohen looked mournfully at McKeag.

"I will never play a practical joke again," said he.

"Nor me," said Senator Cohen. "It vas always vork packs."

"But there was one good thing."

"Vat?"

"We wur not suspected av being the authors av the joke."

"Dot vas so."

This reflection did them both good, and they went off feeling better.

Little did they guess of the day of reckoning about to ensue.

The next day a caucus of the Democratic senators was held.

Muldoon was elected chairman, and took his position.

All went quietly for a while, but there was considerable bad blood, which only needed a pretext to break out.

The pretext soon came.

It was a motion made by Senator McKeag relative to excluding a senator for disloyalty to his party.

Instantly all was uproar. A dozen senators sprang to their feet at once, Senator McKeag being the first.

Muldoon rapped in vain for order.

Finally Muldoon arose and elevated his gavel.

"Be Heavens!" he ejaculated, "'tis mesilf who is boss here! If ye don't sit down, I will knock ye down!"

PART XXI.

SENATOR McKEAG was not to be intimidated in that way.

"I protest," bawled he—"I protest against Senator Doolittle being present at this caucus! I have proofs that he has sold his party!"

Senator Doolittle was a big, strapping delegate from a northern district, and he made a rush for McKeag.

"I am a better Democrat than any tarrier who ever lived!" he said, excitedly.

"Who do ye call a tarrier?" queried McKeag.

"You!"

"Why do you call me a tarrier?"

"Because you look like one, you act like one; in fact, you are one!"

"I do? Bedad, if I am wan, I can lick the man who says so!"

"I say so," said Doolittle, "and I'll say it again—you are a tarrier, a monkey-faced tarrier!"

McKeag sprang forward.

"Ye Yankee thrailor!" exclaimed he, "I will decorate the floor wid yez flesh!"

The cooler portion of those assembled felt that affairs were getting too serious; cries of "Order! order!" arose on all sides.

Muldoon realized that it was time to show his authority as presiding officer.

"Order! order!" shrieked he, rapping away upon the desk with his big gavel.

McKeag was too excited to heed his request.

"Dhry up!" he said.

The remark aroused Muldoon's ire.

Was he to be thus insulted?

Not if he knew it.

He gave a tremendous pound with his gavel upon the desk.

He put more strength into it than he meant to.

Snap!

The top of the gavel flew off, as did also a bottle of ink upon Muldoon's desk.

The mallet's top reached a mark.

It struck Senator McKeag square upon the top of the head, while the ink-bottle descended upon Senator Doolittle.

"Begorra, I'm kilt!" cried McKeag; "fifty dollars reward for the arrist av the assassin who fired that brick!"

Doolittle, for a while, was overwhelmed by the inky torrent which poured down over his person.

He did not know, so unexpected was it, where it came from.

Suddenly an idea came to him.

McKeag must have fired it.

He acted upon the idea right away.

Dashing the ink out of his eyes, he sprang upon McKeag.

"Hit me, will you! you Fenian foreigner!" he exclaimed. "I'll send you back to Ireland in an ice-box."

The two clenched.

They rolled over upon the floor, struggling fiercely.

The house was in a scene of uproar immediately.

Everybody seemed yelling at once.

"Take them apart!"

"Separate them!"

"Police!"

"Stop the fight!"

"It's disgraceful!"

Muldoon danced out of the speaker's chair.

He grabbed a four-legged stool which was at his feet.

Raising it aloft, he rushed to where the two noble legislators were sprawling about the carpet, closely locked in each other's arms.

"What do you mean to do?" asked Senator Moretti, perceiving the action.

Muldoon gripped his stool firmer.

"I will separate them," spoke he, "if I have to bate their heads to a jelly!"

And probably he would have carried his threat into execution had it not been for an unseen occurrence.

Near where the fighters were rolling about was a private stairway—a side entrance—which led down into a side street.

Suddenly both of the combatants reached it.

An unexpected wriggle upon McKeag's part, and they disappeared.

They could be heard rolling rapidly down the stairs.

Smash!

Crash!

There was a sound of breaking glass and of shattering wood-work.

"Heavens!" cried somebody, "they have fell through the door which was locked."

They had fell squarely through the small,

frail door, and were now out upon the sidewalk.

Their exploit had one good effect.

It separated them; and when they struck the sidewalk they were fully ten feet apart.

They had been bruised by the shock, and cut slightly by the glass, two accidents which took all of the fight out of them.

Senator McKeag was the first to arise.

"If it wur not for a consequential engagement I have at four o'clock," said he, with stately grace to Doolittle, "I wud finish the massacre av yez now. But business before pleasure; so adieu."

"Adieu," replied Senator Doolittle, as he wiped the blood from his chin. "It is lucky you have an engagement. If you hadn't all of your friends, if you have any, would be taking a farewell look at your remains to-morrow."

So they parted.

Meanwhile Muldoon had adjourned the caucus and gone to his hotel.

"It is the last toime I will act as chairman at a political caucus," he confidentially said to the Hon. Mike, whom he found stretched at full length upon the sofa, busily reading. "I wud rayther officiate as referee at a chicken-spar. What are ye reading?"

Mike flung the book aside.

"Poetry," said he; "derved if I ain't a trying to be æsthetic."

"Whose poetry?"

Mike looked at the back of the book.

"Mother Goose's Melodies," was his answer.

"I floated inter a book ranche and axed der consumptive behind der bar fer a good book on poetry. First he fetched out Longfeller. I looked it over. 'Twas too high-chuned for me, and I gently told him dat I was a lady-like coyote from outen a prairie ditch, and I wanted something easier. Then he gev me dis; said it would suit me."

"Does it?"

"Well, not exactly, but it calls de turn on the other. Der poems ain't exactly romantic, but dey're plain sense—jist like dis:

"Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
Down he come.
Hickory, dickory, dock."

Now a feller kin catch right onter dat, cos it's fact. Who was Mother Goose, anyway?"

Muldoon restrained a strong inclination to laugh, but he gravely told Mike that Mother Goose was a Venetian poetess who flourished in the fourteenth century.

Mr. Growler was perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and put the book away carefully in his valise.

"Yer were surprised to see der old Lilly av Nevada up here last night, waz not yer?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do yer know what I come fer?"

"What?"

"To coach yer. I've been in Congress, and I know all about der ropes. What's yer first speech ter be on?"

"The bill."

"Have yer a bill already?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"A bill that the green harp av ould Ireland be put in the coat av arms av the city of New York. Bedad I have a speech fit for O'Connell. It cost fifteen dollars, wid ten per cent. off for cash. I will give ye the opening utterances.

Striking an attitude, Muldoon pulled a roll of "MSS." from his pocket and began:

GENTLEMEN: Ye have heard me bill. Is it not a good measure? It is not fitting that ould Ireland's emblem should be incorporated in the arms of the Empire State. Who founded New York city, the acorn from which grew the State Oak? Who but Hendrick Hudson, an Irishman? Who was ould, cork-legged Peter Stuyvesant, Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, but an Irishman?"

Here Mike interrupted.

"I ain't very heavy weight upon history," said he; "but the two fellers yer named wuz Dutch. Ireland wuzn't discovered when they came over."

"That is all right," Muldoon said, impressively. "They have all been dead for three hundred years, at least, and whin a man has been dead for that cycle av toime ye can state that he is a Zulu naggur wid impunity. Be Heavens! I have competent witnesses who, for a foive dollar note, will swear in a coort of justice that George Washington wur born in Donegal."

Mike acknowledged the force of the argument.

"Shall I proceed?" asked Muldoon.

"No," answered Mike; "I will hev to hear it when yer speak it in the Senate, and I don't want to die twice. Let's whisky."

That was a proposition always agreeable to Muldoon.

They proceeded to a near-by refreshment place, and soon were putting away their respective alcoholic beverages.

While they were placing their beverages a gentleman came in.

He was a tall, red-faced, close-shaven gentleman, arrayed in a suit of rusty black.

He evidently knew Muldoon, for he saluted him profoundly.

"Good-day," he said; "did the speech suit you?"

Muldoon made a gesture of acquiescence.

"Yes," said he; "what will ye have? Mr. Growler, this is a friend av moine, Mr. Haggerty."

Mr. Haggerty grasped Mike's hand with great cordiality.

"Any friend of Senator Muldoon's," he said, "is a friend of mine. There is a sort of Free Masonry of intellect between us. You have a big brain, Senator Muldoon has a big brain; in fact, I, myself, have a big brain. Therefore we are upon a standing of equally *voila tout!* Barkeeper, a glass of ale—old ale!"

The alert mixer of drinks soon had the ale before Mr. Haggerty.

It was not before him long, for, with an ease born of long experience, he rapidly drank it up.

The feat accomplished, he looked at his watch, a battered piece of silver, which, from the numerous dents and bruises upon its cover, seemed to have been used for a tack-hammer.

"I must be going," he said; "I've got to write a speech for Senator Hulse to-night. Good-afternoon."

With this farewell and a polite bow, he disappeared out of the door.

Mike looked after him.

"What was it?" asked he.

"Who?" queried Muldoon.

"It."

"What it?"

"The ramrod clothed in black?"

"The gint who wur jist prisent?"

"Yes."

"Bedad, he is a jaynius. 'Twur he who wrote me spache. He is in the business."

"Uv speech-writing?"

"Yes. Three-quarters av the speeches yez hear in legislative halls are written by him. He is, as I said, a jaynius. He will write you a spache upon any subject from the diskivery av the Garden av Eden to the dog-license."

"Ah!" said Mr. Growler, thoughtfully.

Mr. Growler remained abstracted for several moments.

So much so that Muldoon took notice of it.

"What are ye cogitating about?" asked he.

"Oh, nawthing," answered the Hon. Mike.

"Let's have another smile," he said—"once more."

Muldoon did as requested.

But if he could have looked into Mr. Growler's heart, we doubt if he would have did so.

The Senator from Nevada had conceived a black scheme against Muldoon, a practical joke which was destined to cover him with mortification.

But luckily he was not aware of what was passing in his brother-in-law's mind. Had he been acquainted with it he would probably have gently crushed Mike's forehead with his drinking-glass. But as he was not aware of it, he drank Mike's health as innocent as a lamb.

"By the way, where does that Haggerty live?" he asked a few moments later.

"No.—Blank street," was the answer.

"Why?"

"I wanten obtain him."

"What for?"

"Fer to write a valentine to Mary Ann," was Mike's alleged reason. "Mary Ann, yer know, is sort uv romantic."

"Faix, she can't help it," Muldoon observed; "it is born in our family. I used to be romantic mesilf before I was obliged to use hair-restorer."

"Den yer will see how Mary Ann will appreciate der valentine. All av dis poetry stuff 'bout 'love' and 'dove,' 'heart' and 'cart,' etc."

"Haggerty will do it for ye," Muldoon promised; "he has the vocabulary av love and affection at his finger-tips. Sentiment flows from his pen loike water from a duck's back."

One more smile, just for the luck of odd numbers, and the Hon. Mike proceeded to Haggerty's residence.

True genius is not ostentatious; probably that was the cause which had led Haggerty to seclude himself in the top attic-room of a cheap boarding-house, a room with a sanded carpét and one chair, which was plainly in feeble health, for it looked as if it would fall down if you sat upon it.

The Hon. Mike did not try the experiment.

Haggerty was in, for a wonder, busily writing away at a speech upon the tariff question for a country member.

"Ah, Mr. Growler," he said, rising. "What can I do for you? Pleased to see you—delighted, in fact. Take a seat. Oh, there is nothing to sit upon except that chair, and you better not sit on that. Accidents might occur. You see, we are house-cleaning, and all my furniture is being renovated. They've actually taken up the carpet, too."

"That's all right," said Mike, with a smile at the Bohemian's excuse for his poverty-appearing apartment. "Just sit down, and I will tell you what I desire of you."

Haggerty obeyed.

A conversation carried on in whispers ensued.

Several times they both burst out laughing.

"It will be a good joke," Haggerty remarked aloud.

"Bully," said Mike.

"But won't he kick?"

"Who—Muldoon?"

"Yes."

"Yes, probably he will, but he will get over it; besides, you needn't be known in it at all."

"Thanks; I prefer not to. He might go for me."

"I'll keep your part secret. When will you have it done?"

Haggerty considered.

"Let me see," he soliloquized. "I've got to finish the tariff speech. Next I write a funeral address, which the Hon. O'Keefe, of Cohoes, has to deliver at the burial of a colleague. Then I have to write two hundred wedding cards, and after that I can do yours for you."

A bill of a pretty large denomination passed from Mike's hand to that of Haggerty's.

The interview was then at an end, and Mike went whistling away.

Two days passed.

The Senate was in session, and Muldoon had taken his seat.

So far he had not did anything to distinguish himself.

But soon he would.

The bill which he had conceived he felt would make a sensation.

So on the third day he introduced it. Its reception was not exactly favorable. Indeed, a general laugh ran round the Senate chamber as he proposed it.

Muldoon didn't care.

Really the bill was only a pretext to get himself into notoriety. He realized the force of the truism that between fame and notoriety the dividing line is so faint as to be scarcely perceptible.

He introduced the bill, as we said.

Then he arose with a majestic air.

From his hip-pocket he drew forth a roll of paper.

It was his speech.

Or at least he thought it was.

Was it?

Smoothing the rolled pages out, Muldoon began:

"Gentlemen: The bill which I present to your consideration is a peculiar one."

"Correct!"

"Right you are!"

"Very peculiar!"

"Blamed so!"

"Not only peculiar, but dizzy!"

"It's snide!"

"Or Guiteau-en!"

So interrupted the Senators, laughing heartily.

Muldoon did not mind the uncomplimentary interruptions.

He kept right on.

"I propose," he continued, "to place the harp of old Ireland amidst the coat-of-arms of New York city."

The Senators yelled again.

"Of course."

"Bully for the harp!"

"Put in a dhudeen, too!"

"And a whisky bottle!"

"Or a shillalah!"

"Don't forget the shamrock!"

"Nor a pair of corduroys!"

Muldoon gestured for all to be still.

"New York city," he read on, "should remember the Irish. New York city is ruled by the Irish. Who built New York—the Irish. Who made our prisons, our public buildings, our railroads, but the Irish? And who fill our prisons—"

"The Irish," roared the Senators with one accord.

Muldoon faltered.

He looked carefully at his speech.

He read the next three or four pages, disregarding the request of his fellow-senators to "go on."

Suddenly, he flung the roll of closely-written sheets down.

His face got as purple as a sunset cloud.

"Jintlemen," spake he, "I have been the object av a dirty thrick. Some sucker has changed me spache. Instead av being in favor av me bill it is dead against it. It concludes as follows: 'In conclusion allow me to say that the verdict av me constituents will be that I am—an ass.' That is a foine doxology for a spache, isn't it?"

The response he got was a perfect roar of merriment, and tearing the unfortunate speech into fragments, he left the Senate Chamber.

He tried hard to find out how his speech had been changed, but without avail.

It had been performed very easily, though; for, as you already suspect, the Hon. Mike's mission to Haggerty was to prepare a speech in opposition to Muldoon's original one.

Haggerty had written it, and Mike had easily made the exchange of speeches while Muldoon was asleep, the original motion being in Muldoon's coat-pocket; and Muldoon had never noticed the change till he began to read it.

This explanation, of course, is between you

and I, because Muldoon isn't aware till this day who worked the racket upon him. Mike and Haggerty both keep the secret well.

Our story is finished—for the present, at least.

Muldoon is still in the Senate, starting that august body at least once a week with some new and totally impossible bill.

Congress being in session, the Hon. Mike is back to Washington with his wife.

Mrs. Muldoon and Dan are taking charge of the New York house, Roger having been sent back to boarding-school.

Mulcahey still runs the old boarding-house, at which Hop Ski, or St. Patrick, is now employed as a sort of male chambermaid, he having left Muldoon's employ.

Pythagoras O'Neil is still about, suave as ever, softly rubbing his hands, and looking out for political pigeons who he can pluck.

Hippocrates Burns is married for the second time to a fat, fair-and-forty widow, with plenty of wealth, and, as Hippocrates say, "a soul for genius."

The old idolater is at Muldoon's yet, a pensioner of the family.

As for young Dennis—Muldoon's adopted son—he waxes strong and healthy. Perhaps we may hear from him some day.

So closes our comedy.

[THE END.]

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